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WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ANASTASIUS,

OR

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

CHAPTER I.

Had my fancy for trade been a confirmed passion, Smyrna was the place to indulge in all its luxuries. In that blessed city, peoples' ideas run upon nothing but merchandise: their discourse only varies between the exchanges and the markets: their heads are full of figs and raisins, and their whole hearts wrapped up in cotton and broad cloths. They suppose man created for nothing but to buy and sell; and whoever makes not these occupations the sole business of his life, seems to them to neglect the end of his existence. I verily believe they marry for no other purpose but to keep up the race of merchants.

No wonder then, that I should soon decline in

their good opinion; for it was now full two months since I had taken up the commercial line: and of course my enthusiasm for its charms must have been on the wane, even without the surfeit I got of them at Smyrna. My last mercantile transaction which that place witnessed, was buying of Isaac-Bey a pair of pistols, made for use in England, and rendered ornamental in Turkey. They were destined for Hadjee Bollad-Ogloo, chief of the mighty house of Kara-Osman, lords paramount of a great part of Anadoly. I had long purposed visiting this venerable old Aga (for notwithstanding his real power, his nominal rank rose no higher) at Magnesia his residence; and now took the opportunity of my return to the capital, for executing this plan.

When presented to the Chief, in his thriving residence; "Accept these arms," said I, "as the homage of a grateful traveller, who has found them useless amid the security which you have established in your wide domain."

Hadjee-Bollad received my offering, not with the contemptuous indifference of a Constantinopolitan upstart, afraid lest the smallest symptom of admiration should be construed into an acknowledgment of inferiority; but with the courteousness of one whose ancestors had for many generations back stood high in the public estimation, as well as himself. He praised the beauty of the present, and appeared

anxious to make an immediate trial of its excellence. "Age," said he, "has somewhat impaired my strength: but between this sort of weapon and my hand there has subsisted so long an acquaintance, that they often still seem to understand each other, almost without my participation!"

He then, from his very seat, took aim athwart the wooden trellice of the window at a magpie chatter-on the top of a cypress-tree in the court. To this bird had been given the name of Tchapan-Ogloo. It was that of another great territorial proprietor in Anadoly, the rival of the house of Kara-Osman in wealth, in power, and in extent of domain. He fired exclaiming, "Fall, Tchapan-Ogloo!" and brought down the bird.

"I do not know," continued he hereupon in great glee, "whether you think your present thrown away, but I am quite sure that the one of which I am going to beg your acceptance, cannot be better bestowed." This was a handsome horse, richly caparisoned, which Hadjee Bollad desired me to keep, "in remembrance," he said, "of the patriarch of Magnesia."

Impatient to justify his compliment, I vaulted into the saddle, wrested a spear out of the hands of an attendant, and at full gallop hurled it deep into the trunk of the tree on which had sat the magpie.

"Well done!" cried the Aga. "Your race I perceive has been like my own: with this difference, that you are just starting in the career, and I am near its end. You may tell them so at Stambool; but lest their joy at hearing it be too extravagant, tell them too that the old stock leaves a few offsets —like yourself!"

I had intended to proceed on my journey the same day: but, without pressing me to stay, the Aga seemed to have taken it so fully for granted that I could not think of going, as to deprive me of all resolution to take leave. I had not even an opportunity of representing the prolongation of my visit as a deviation from my original plan. To the Aga's hospitable disposition it would have appeared like owning a nefarious design.

Seeing me in admiration of the activity and bustle which prevailed throughout his residence: of the piles of cotton, the strings of camels, the goods loading and unloading, and the guides coming and going: "this," said the Aga, "is only our peace establishment: but we are equally well equipped for war. At a days notice we can bring into the field twenty thousand sturdy horsemen, as well mounted as armed, for the defence of the Empire— or for our own!"

"And with so much wealth," cried I, "and so

much power, you have been able to avoid the Sultan's dangerous honors?"

"It has cost us a little," hastily rejoined Hadjee. "We have paid greater sums to keep our head out of the noose, than others do to thrust theirs into it: but simple Agas we came into the world, and simple Agas we are determined, God granting, to go out of it. Independance, and the right of leaving our vast domain, inherited from a long line of ancestors, to a long line of descendants, would be ill exchanged for the empty name of Visier, with the certainty of servitude, and the probability of confiscation of the paternal estate!"

At this moment a steward advanced to inform Hadjee that a troop of Albanians, fled from the oppression of some Roumiliote Pasha, were just come to crave his protection, and to beg some employment or some waste land.

"Tell them," replied the Aga, "they shall have both." Then turning to me: "in granting such requests," he added, "the giver is the gainer." I praised him for his liberality.

"Praise me for my sense," answered he, "in having discovered, that my income bears more fruit in my tenant's hands, than in my own coffers. You complimented me on the security of my roads.

It was obtained, not by watching my subjects, but by giving them work. When people toil in mind and in body to improve their own property, they have not leisure to covet that of others."

For three days my ears feasted on Hadjee's wisdom, and my palate on his good fare: on the fourth I took leave of my kind host. "I suppose," said he, "you only quit me to go and visit the younger branches of my family at Bergamo[2] and at Yayakeui." I answered that I had not time at present for so desirable a circuit; but begged permission on my return from Stambool again to visit the chief of so noble a house. "Then do not tarry long," answered Hadjee: "I myself have a journey to perform, in which, old as I am, ten to one but I out-run you, spite of all your activity." On this we took leave. I mounted my new horse, and departed.

All the way to Constantinople, I could think of nothing but the novel species of existence I had witnessed at Magnesia. I felt charmed with that tranquil enjoyment of life's present sweets, undisturbed by ambitious desires as to the future, or by unavailing regrets of the past. It gave me a contempt, unfelt before, for long concerted schemes, of which the labour was certain, and the success alone precarious. "Not only," cried I,

distant aims are never sure to be attained; but are not even sure, when attained, to afford the happiness they promise. They resemble the regions which from the mountains summit I espy at its base. Viewed from afar, these vallies indeed appear a level plain; and it seems as if, the moment I set foot within their boundaries, all fatigue is to cease, and a delicious saunter over a velvet turf is to terminate my journey. But this apparently even surface,—what hidden pools, and torrents, and quagmires, may I not still find it to contain, a thousand times more irksome than the steep and rugged path along which I am toiling!"

As with these vallies, so it fared, I thought, with every object of human pursuit. When considered in the gross, and from that remote point of view, from whence only its leading features could be discerned, each alike promised a series of unalloyed enjoyments. But how different the scene, when we approached within sight of the minuter details! What numberless little troubles, nameless inconveniences, and hourly cares, unthought of before, often started up when in possession, inch by inch to devour like a gnawing worm, that felicity which viewed from a distance seemed so entire! What diminutive insects will, by their numbers,

consume the soundest fruit, ere it be ripe for gathering!

Upon this principle I now renounced all distant pursuits, and resolved only to seek the enjoyments within my immediate grasp:—forgetting that many objects, even though we should never approach them near enough to impress the sense of touch, may still by their towering splendor long at least gladden the sight or the fancy; that pleasure, whether it actually thrill the body, or only warm the mind, still, while it lasts, is pleasure: and that he manages his means of happiness but poorly, who, while his existence affords ample room both for realities and dreams, gives up, in his blind devotion to the present, all the smiling visions of the future.

Indeed, in my ardor for tangible enjoyments, I went so far as to deem unworthy of my seeking every present pleasure itself, which rose beyond those of the most grovelling description. "Who," cried I, "would only contemplate the gilded clouds over his head, that could cull around his very feet rich fruits and fragrant flowers? Let those rest their hopes solely on the airy phantoms of the imagination, who possess not the means to taste the daintier sweets of the sense: I, in whose composition flesh and blood more than balance soul and intellect,

am impelled to follow a different course, and to gather all I can of the milk and honey which bountiful nature, the true Ephesian Diana, pours from the thousand springs which cover her bosom!

Thus, in my partial calculations,—in my fear of neglecting half the pleasures of existence,—I was going to give up the other and better portion,—the enjoyments which flourish in age, in infirmity, and in durance, as in youth, in health, and in freedom!

How frequently does it happen that the same external objects promote, according to the different predispositions of the mind, the most opposite sentiments and resolves! I still continued impressed with the wisdom of securing the present, and committing the whole task of my happiness to the sense, when I began to discover Scutari, the principal outpost of the capital on the Asiatic shore; and in the neighbourhood of that city,—edging the horizon,—the black streak of cypress groves that mark its immense cemeteries,[3] the last resting place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if committed to the unhallowed ground of Europe.

A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a

chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he approaches them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow shaking ground, which loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this spot with the sad relics of mortality,—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of mouldering bodies, and its gardens of blooming sepulchres in every direction stretch far away across the brow of the hills, and the hollow of the vallies: already are the avenues which cross each other on every side in this domain of death, so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, has to travel many a mile between endless rows of marshalled tombs shaded by mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet every

year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly encreasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves.

As I sped through this awful repository, the ranges of sepulchres, terminating in evanescent points, rose to the right and the left on my passage, —only for an instant to strike my sight, and then again to disappear and to make room for new ones,—in such rapid and yet such unceasing succession, that at last I fancied some spell possessed my soul, some fascination kept locked my senses; and I hurried on with accelerated rapidity, as if the end of these melancholy abodes was to be the end of my waking delusion. Nor was it until, near the verge of the funereal forest through which I had been pacing for a full hour, the brighter light of a gayer landscape again gleamed athwart the ghost-like trees, that I stopped to look round, and to take a more leisurely survey of the ground I had traversed.

"There," said I to myself, "lie, scarce one foot beneath the surface of a soil, swelling, and ready on every point to burst with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued for near four centuries to mow down in the capital

of the Turkish empire. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban somewhat longer or deeper, — somewhat rounder or squarer,—personages in life far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep,—alike food for the loathsome worm,—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarce known in his own hamlet: Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving horse: elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes, the beauty of Georgia, and the black of Sennaar; Visiers, beggars, heroes and women. There perhaps mingle their insensible dust the corrupt judge and the innocent he condemned, the murdered man and his murderer, the adulteress and her injured husband, the master and his meanest slave. There vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence! All the soil pressed by me for the last two hours, once was animated like myself; all the mould which now clings to my feet, once formed limbs and features like my

own! Like myself, all this black unseemly dust once thought, and willed, and moved!—And I, creature of clay like those here buried; I, who travel through life as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewed around me; I who, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, in a short time rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse, and be left to rest, for the remainder of time, with all my hopes and fears—all my faculties and prospects,—on a cold couch of clammy earth:—shall I leave the rose to blush along my path unheeded, the purple grape to wither over my head? and in the idle pursuit of some dream of distant grandeur that may delude me while I live, spurn all the delights which invite my embrace?—Far from my thoughts be such folly! Whatever tempts let me take: whatever bears the name of enjoyment, henceforth, let me, while I can, make my own!"

It was thus that scenes at which might have sickened even stouter hearts than mine, did but send me forth confirmed in the schemes of sensual gratification with which I had entered their awful precincts.

On my arrival at Constantinople I proceeded to execute my sage intentions without loss of time.

So constantly did I keep the fear of death before my eyes, that I suffered none of the pleasures of life to escape me: nor the least unseasonable reflection to break in upon my wiser employment of my hours. I wanted no attendant to remind me daily that I was mortal; but, wholly unadmonished, lived each day as if it was to be my last.

While skudding full sail down the stream of pleasure, a sudden side puff of the most extravagant ambition I ever yet had conceived, blew across the current, and drove me for a time wholly from my forward course. It was occasioned by a report, true or false, but sedulously spread at Pera, of the state of complete anarchy into which had fallen the autocratical boudoir of all the Russias, by the dismissal, or discomfiture, or death, of some reigning favorite. Two or three youngsters, it was added, gifted only with overweening presumption, had attempted to succeed him, but had died of mere fright previous to their installation. In this situation of affairs it struck me that I might have a chance, and need only be seen, to charm and win the prize.

It seemed worth while trying, every way. In the first place, a Greek of talent was always sure of promotion in the Russian service. It is true, I had been in that of the Turks: but that circumstance only rendered my posture the more promising. Friends after

all were friends; while enemies must be won over. It is true, moreover, that there was a great disparity between the lady's age and mine: but I knew that if I could get over the objection, she would; and in order not to let it arrest me, determined only to see in every furrow of her face the fold of a well filled purse, and in every spot or freckle on her fair skin, the insignia of some brilliant order. Once, therefore, a smart tight laced colonel in Catherine's own Bréobraïskî body guard, who doubted the rest? Not Anastasius for certain! "Chill of age nor of climate," cried I, "shall stop me; I shall grasp at all, become another Potemkin, rule an empire, have a court, alternate between arranging fetes and planning campaigns; pay my card-money in diamonds, make mosaïc-work of provinces, plant orange and citron groves on hanging terraces of icicles, and, when tired of illuminations on the Neva, set on fire the Bosphorus,—and transport the seat of empire from the vicinity of the White Sea, to the shores of the Black Sea!"

I had already put myself into regular training; and for the purpose of stimulating my ardour by the daily contemplation of the great Ekatharina's charms, had actually, Mohammedan as I was, bought a plaster bust of her Majesty, in more respects than one, as I was told, greatly resembling the original;

when a little Greek baggage of Péra stepped in between, and audaciously seized upon the destined minister of the autocratrix of all the Russias.

The place where by preference I sat ruminating upon my project, was my bow window; and this bow window happened to face a gaze-boo on the opposite side of the way, where usually sat, in the same manner musing on her projects a fair Greek widow, who, it seems, was not reserving herself for any Northern potentate whatsoever. Somehow the fascinating Katello contrived—without the least intention—to shew me through the trellice work of her Shah-nishin,[5] almost every item of her various attractions (and she possessed a good many,) in regular succession. First was beheld—by mere chance—a bright eye, very dark, full of fire, and not at all the worse for wear, notwithstanding all the service it had seen. It incautiously shewed itself while in the innocent act of watching the state of the weather, and the aspect of the clouds. Next peeped out—lest I should think there was but one—its companion to the left, very much resembling the other in most particulars, and which went forth into the street very much upon the same guileless errand. In adjusting these said eyes to the small openings left by the laths, came in view somewhat lower than themselves, the tip of a little nose very prettily turned. Presently

some acquaintance of the lady's on my side of the street,—but whom I never could descry,—gave cause for certain signs in dumb shew, chiefly performed by a pair of pouting lips of the true vermillion hue; and these signs were accompanied by certain looks, whose lightning glanced so close by me, as actually almost to singe off the end of my left mustachio. Nor did the reluctant display of attractions end here. Ever and anon the settling of the perverse blinds required the ministry of a certain number of rosy fingers, most gracefully tapered; but these ill trained attendants set about their task with such provoking aukwardness, that for the most part two round white arms were obliged in their turn to venture out as auxiliaries, for the purpose of reinstating what the hands had undone. In fine, one day, more than usual efforts to put to rights an entangled window curtain caused such dreadful confusion, that, through the double care of adjusting the drapery overhead, without deranging that situated lower, neither object was attained, and at last the upholstery of the room came down on that of its fair tenant. Civility now no longer permitted me to remain an inactive spectator of my neighbour's embarassments. I ran down to my door and up to the opposite window, and tried to extricate the adorable widow from her manifold difficulties. Until

that instant I had only had sight of her person in detached samples; and what I now saw in the piece, did not belie their promise. It seemed to defy criticism throughout. I who could worship the cloven foot itself, *bien chaussé*, was fascinated with the one I beheld, and, like another Mark Athony, gave up for love the empire of the world!

For the sake of hastening my possession, and securing the lady a decent retreat, in case I should prove inconstant, we agreed upon one of those short hand marriages, called by the Turks Cabeen. Deeming this a scarcely reputable mode of union, the fair widow made me promise inviolable secrecy, and insisted on my abusing her in public, in order to cloak my good reception in private. At first I objected, and found my gallantry check my attempts at detraction; but by degrees I gave into the scheme more readily. In fact, from some defect, whether in my charmer or in myself, I began to think, after a certain time, I might contrive to find a fault here and there without doing great violence to truth. Some of her beauties seemed really much diminished in my eyes, and others wholly vanished. Her eyebrows had lost their evenness, and her lips their color: her very eyes, I thought, had shrunk in their sockets: and though her mouth was become

proportionably larger, this scarce made amends. What I had before viewed as a beauty spot, I now saw as a huge mole; and a certain easy languor of gait, had grown into a positive lameness. The lady affirmed herself to be equally out in her calculations with respect to me. When, therefore, I boasted of my zeal in following her instructions, and, in particular, of the unfavorable description I had given of her ancles, so far from seeming pleased with the account, she fell into a violent rage, and cried, "it was her conduct, not her person, she had bidden me abuse!"

I thought this a good opportunity for proposing to the *light of my eyes* to pay the forfeit money, and to rescind the bargain: but at the bare suggestion my tender spouse fell into hysterics; and when I pulled out my purse to settle accounts, swore she never would take her money. She however took mine, and carried away the whole bag of which the half only was her due: but it was in the distraction of her grief, and only shewed the excess of her love! With bitter sobs she bade a hamal remove her trunk, buried her paramana under her band boxes, hung her shawls and trinkets about her own person, and giving me a parting nod, stepped across the street, and resumed her old seat in her own Shah-nishin.

Scarcely had I been single a fortnight, when the more devout among my Mohammedan friends represented to me very seriously that celibacy was a continual transgression of the law, and that every man as well as woman of a religious turn of mind, made it a point to live constantly in the marriage state. Merely to get rid of their importunities, I deputed two Armenian ladies of my acquaintance on a journey of investigation; but so favorable was the report they made of a young Halebeen[6] just brought by her parents to Constantinople, that I feared I should have nothing to object to the union. The fair one was not fifteen yet, and already weighed near an hundred Okkas! I however pleaded my unwillingness to give credit to such an exuberance of charms without ocular evidence. This favor was refused me, as I expected, prior to the wedding, and did not seem extraordinary enough, after that ceremony, to fix my resolution. The preliminaries were thus broken off, and my friends entreated to trouble me no more.

Hard is the labour of having no employment! Heavy the infliction of being obliged constantly to seek amusement! Night and day I toiled at this task with the utmost perseverance: night and day I strove to get rid of the burthen of idleness; and, in the absence of real wants, to conjure up imagi-

nary necessities, that might rouse my activity, and afford it the requisite food. But none of my contrivances struck at the root of the evil, and ennui always sprung up afresh. Often, in the midst of a life of entire gaiety, I regretted those times of toil and danger, when I used one day to have my dinner and the next to go without it, one night to lie down under a hedge and the next to remain like a stork upon my legs, and, always on the alert, alternately to smoke a pipe and to dispatch an enemy.

In the midst of this surfeit of ease, a letter came most opportunely from Smyrna to give a new impulse to my thoughts and wishes. It was written by a distant relation settled at Trieste, who, having employed his whole life in accumulating a considerable fortune, was now beginning to consider how to prevent its waste after his death. Grown old and infirm, he wished for some younger branch of the family stock, willing to bear him company during the remainder of his days, on condition of becoming his heir on his decease. Cassis Pharaoon, formerly collector of the customs at Cairo, but lately fled with all his treasure to the Emperor's dominions, had mentioned me as likely to acquit myself well in both offices; and my cousin, called to Smyrna on

business, felt anxious to see me, and to sound my disposition. His invitation held out such flattering hopes, that I could not resist it, but again set out for the place of figs and raisins; determined to out-do them in sweetness, in my intercourse with my well-intentioned relation.

Before I could reach Broossa the night had come on. Its obscurity just allowed me to perceive, creeping among the tombs, a something which bore a suspicious look, and at first left me doubtful whether I should honour it with my notice, or continue my way. Curiosity at last got the better of discretion. I followed the vision; bidding it, whether man, demon, or jackal, to stop and to answer. But, as I advanced it silently retreated, and with so much speed, that I must have lost the scent, but for a gravestone, over which it had the ill-luck to stumble. It now, to my great amazement, divided in two. One part remained motionless where it had fallen, the other kept running on; and both, as it proved, with equal reason for their different behaviour,—the stationary half being nothing but a sack full of dead men's bones, the moving one the living thief who had stolen them in the cemetery. Again I cried to this personage to stop, or I should shoot him: and he now faced about; but fell upon his knees in the

shape of a Caloyer, who, to move me to compassion, related his story. Sub-deacon to one of the monasteries on the Agios Oros, he was with his Archimandrite on an eleemosinary tour, and happening at the last place of halting to examine their stock of relics, the worthy pair had found it run so low as to require replenishing. The nearest burying ground offered the readiest means: and the contents of the bag were nothing more than a few straggling bones of Turks, picked up in the said repository, to compose a fresh assortment of Christian relics.

On hearing this account, "Wretch," cried I, "who thus come to despoil our graves! What should prevent me from making a relic of yourself?"

"Only the circumstance," humbly replied the Caloyer, "that it would not be worth the while—at least in the way of punishment. My halcyon days are over. The route marked out in our credentials draws to a close; and in less than a fortnight we must perforce return to our convent, to fast, and pray, and see nothing in a human form worth looking on, for the remainder of our lives!"

"Then to kill you would be a mercy!" said I, and let the fellow go. I myself hastened to a khan in the town, where, jumbling together in my brain the Caloyer's bag of bones, and what my friend

Eugenius once had told me of the periodic renovation of whatever has life, and the successive appropriation of the same organic particles by different bodies, I dreamed I heard the last trumpet calling up the dead, but behold them sadly puzzled how to obey the summons; half the souls thus roused being each individually assailed by at least a dozen different bodies of different ages, which all with equal earnestness asserted themselves to be their own; while the other half were still more at a loss from finding no bodies at all with which to rise; theirs having been occupied since the death of their first tenants by a whole series of later generations.

My hurry to get to Smyrna was much too great to go round by Magnesia, and pay Kara-Osman another visit, as I had promised. Far from making an unnecessary circuit, I pushed on the shortest way to my destination: but I needed not have used so much diligence. On my arrival I found my loving cousin gone! He had returned to Trieste, and without so much as leaving a note or message to account for the abrupt proceeding. This was rather mortifying, and made me look very foolish. I stormed, and raved, and blustered: I considered whether I should not go after my perfidious relation, and call him out in single combat; but at last, recollecting that the disclosure of one slight provokes others, I determined to look

highly pleased; swore I only returned to Smyrna for the benefit of the climate, and, to make good my assertion, resolved to stay the winter, and to spend all my money, that I might seem very happy!

CHAPTER II.

I AM now come to that period of my life, when, in most individuals, the more youthful passions at least have exhaled their greatest fire, and have become more tractable: but there are constitutions by which, either from their natural weakness, or from the exuberance of certain of the noxious principles mixed up in every human compound, the virus of peculiar maladies cannot be wholly thrown off in the first conflict, however decisive it appear. In these, after all the danger is considered as past, and all the poison as exhaled, there often comes on a relapse, which ends in death, just as every heart rent by agonising fears had began to re-expand at the prospect of a speedy recovery.

And such a constitution was that of my ill-poised mind! At the very period when I felt peculiar exultation at having successfully borne some severe trials of my steadiness, and manfully resisted some temptations of a very perilous nature; when I considered myself as henceforth safe from the sway at least of

those more common-place passions, whose tyranny while it lasts is the direst, and renders its slaves the most abject: as if I had only been collecting fresh materials for a last breaking out of the latent fire within me, more destructive than any former, a flame kindled in my bosom, which shook my being—body and soul—unto its very basis; and, influencing the whole remainder of my life, has left its sequel an almost unmixed scene of sorrow and compunction.

Yet did the events commence in gaiety, which had so fatal a termination!

In the course of my former mercantile transactions at Smyrna, I had made in that city a few sober acquaintances, whom I used occasionally to visit. The men with whom I habitually lived were a more jovial set:—amphibious beings, found in all sea-ports, who consider the land only as a place of passage, regard the sea as their proper element, and feel equally at home wherever its waves waft their restless existence: who, like the pebbles on the beach, which the tide alternately covers and leaves exposed, lose, through constant friction, all their original distinctness of shape, present one uniform similarity of rude, indiscriminate polish, and with a very complete assortment of the vices of every different region which they in turns frequent, seem to belong to no one race, or country, or religion in particular.

In order to exclude irrevocably from their society

all such individuals as might feel the smallest natural tendency to a sober and sedate deportment, these giddy sons of joy had most sedulously drawn up a long set of regulations, which every candidate proposed was held to subscribe ere he could be admitted. Such however was my anxiety to become one of the props of this noble institution, that I did not even take time to enquire what were its laws, but put my hand and seal to them blindfold.

It required but a little time to learn that the first rule,—that which admitted of no exception,—was that by which every associate was prohibited from marrying, or from taking—in the language of the place—a female partner for his own direct account, and at his own risk and peril. He who was weak enough to become a principal in a connubial firm, and untdertook to carry on a matrimonial partnership under his own name and responsibility, was immediately struck off our list. Our refined band would even expatiate on the exceeding indelicacy of the marriage contract, by which, the possession of a fair one was, in a true mercantile spirit, purchased by a definite jointure. "What indeed was it but assimilating the most disinterested female to the venal syren who openly professed to let out her endearments for hire; and who could deny that all the life of love must evaporate, where no difficulty preceded, no mystery enveloped, no danger

accompanied a tender intercourse! In order to ensure these indispensible requisites of perfect bliss, and through their means to possess the unquestionable assurance of their mistresses unbounded devotion to them, our fastidious youths scarcely permitted themselves to pursue a prize that could yield without setting at nought for their sake every consideration of fear, shame and pride; but, fettered by these severe restrictions on the latitude of their choice, they all joined in sincerely pitying the number of poor females smitten by their charms, to whom they could not extend the solace of their attentions.

It may be reasonably supposed that I could not brook to be outdone by any of my new companions in feats of gallantry; and, merely for the support of my character, I was in the act of engaging to find favor in a given time with whatever beauty might be considered as the most inaccessible in Smyrna, when, in the very midst of my boasting, I received the following note.

"You are a man of enterprise; you part with your money freely; you complain, I am told, of too much facility: but is not the game you pursue ignoble? you visit the house of Chrysopulo, and yet you overlook Euphrosyné!"

I made no doubt that this note had been indited by some of the party present—perhaps by the whole set,

in council assembled. It seemed a sort of public defiance, a gauntlet thrown by all, which I must take up, or lose my reputation with my fellow rakes. I therefore read the epistle aloud, and pledged myself on the spot to gain the prize pointed out, or to forfeit the place I held in the society. Every head shook in doubt of my success, or rather every lip curled up in derision of my presumption. Flushed with wine, I felt my foolish pride alarmed, and offered to stake large and unequal sums all round the circle on what I imagined to be a certain conquest. They were eagerly accepted: I found myself engaged ere I scarcely knew to what; and when I looked round, I had the satisfaction to see all my friends chuckle inwardly, as if already in possession of my money.

The subject of the fatal wager was a young lady related to a wealthy Greek merchant, with whose wife she lived as a companion. Euphrosyné passed for a great beauty, and had recently been betrothed, it was said, to the son of another Greek merchant, likewise very opulent. Money, therefore, which on all other occasions I had found an useful weapon of attack, was in this instance turned against me, and converted into a powerful means of defence.

I used indeed, as stated in the insidious note, sometimes to call upon the family of which the fair

Euphrosyne formed so great an ornament. Its experienced chief had assisted me in some of my mercantile purchases: but these meetings on mere business Euphrosyné's beauties were never allowed to illumine with their radiance. The destined husband himself could scarce ever get sight of his intended spouse. The moment that even his licensed footsteps were heard to approach, the older females of the family used to conjure the nymph away, or at least to form round her person a fence so impenetrable, as so set at defiance her swain's hottest fire of sighs and glances. What wonder, therefore, that a stranger and a Mohammedan, whose visits were necessarily rare, and whose appearance put to flight every member of the gynecæum unprotected by the Ægis of age or ugliness, should never have beheld this paragon of perfection, or known aught of her charms but from common report!

This circumstance, however, no longer had power to influence my conduct. Such was the dilemma into which my thoughtlessness had betrayed me, that, even were Euphrosyné to offer to my eyes no charms whatsoever, I still must obtain her, or submit to ruin,—ruin of a reputation in truth sufficiently despicable; and ruin of a fortune which I thought by no means deserving of that epithet.

Upon the whole, therefore, I rather wished not to behold my destined victim sooner than was absolutely

necessary for the execution of my nefarious purpose; lest a countenance so heavenly as her's was said to be, should disarm my villainy of the coolness requisite to crown its attempts. All that I wanted in the first instance was to gain some intelligence among the inferior inhabitants of the fortress menaced, fitted to second from within such operations against it as I might judge most expedient to carry on from without.

On this subject I began intensely to meditate, the moment the long protracted revels of the night permitted me to go home and lay down my weary limbs; and on this same subject I still continued meditating with equal intensity, as, after the late and lazy rising of the next morning, I trailed my torpid limbs to the door, in order to inhale, with fresh air, fresh ideas and fresh spirits.

Alas! Cupid, fond of mischief, saw what was passing in my mind. In the midst of my uncertainty he sent tripping by my threshold, as if going on her mornings errands, one of the female attendants of the very family, selected by our society to writhe under the pangs of unmerited dishonor; and one of no less consequence than Euphrosyné's own waiting woman; the very person whom, in my unprincipled eagerness I could have implored my stars to throw in my way. The waiting woman's face,—I do not know why,—seemed familiar to me; and equally

familiar to her appeared to be my own features: for on catching my eye she curtsied so graciously as almost to assure me by her mere manner, of an unlimited devotion to my most unbounded wishes.

It would have been positively churlish toward the smiling nymph, as well as neglectful of my own interest, to let so fair an opportunity slip through my fingers. After some requisite ceremonial on my part, and a decent demur on her's, I induced the diligent Sophia to enter my abode; and there! ..... but of what consequence is it that I should detail by what arguments she was won over to my purpose? Suffice it to state, that, on disclosing my situation and wishes, so poorly acted was the indispensible preliminary abhorrence of my proposal, as almost to make me conceive, from the facility of the waiting woman, a prejudice against the fair fame of the mistress herself. A well filled purse, given on the spot as an earnest, and a considerable sum of money, pledged as a more substantial final reward on the completion of the business, sufficed very soon to obtain a promise of unrestricted cooperation in all my designs. It was only when so ready a compliance elicited the loud thanks it deserved, that the lady made some faint attempt at disclaiming a title to my somewhat distressing gratitude. "Had Euphrosyné been suspected of harbouring

the smallest spark of affection for her future consort," she now thought it incumbent upon her to state, " not all the treasures in the universe would have obtained from her so much as a mere patient listening to my scheme: but the contrary being notorious, she in fact favored my suit as much from anxiety for her mistresses happiness, as from compassion for my sufferings." This first intelligence, however, so kindly vouchsafed me of a circumstance so well known to all, was of no avail in saving the suivante's modesty from fresh blushes. I only praised her considerate motives the more, in doing for the sake of her mistress, what I had only supposed her to have undertaken for mine. Nor was the information of a nature to lessen the satisfaction I felt at the result of the rencontre. It rendered my design at once less heinous in the conception, and less difficult to execute. To erase old impressions ere new ones are substituted, is an arduous task, and of doubtful success; but on a blank sheet of paper, what penman, even of the most ordinary abilities, flourishes not away as he pleases?

Fully as Sophia understood the object to the achievement of which she had kindly pledged her good offices, to be independant of any very violent feelings of love on my part, she nevertheless could

not help observing how much it might be forwarded by some such sort of sentiment on the part of Euphrosyné: and after sagaciously adding that nothing was so essential to falling in love with people as seeing them, she proposed to submit me for the approval of her mistress, in a walk with a large party of friends, planned for the next day in the fields outside the city. "It is absolutely necessary," cried she, "that you should be there by accident. Take no notice of us, but only give us an opportunity of noticing you. Mine shall be the care to improve the incident. A turn or two will suffice;—then, away again, on your life!—and wait patiently till the next morning disclose to you what conversation may have taken place at bed time."

The hint was not lost upon one so eager as Anastasius to embrace whatever could gratify his vanity. With more than usual attention, therefore, to my toilet, I began the next day. I attired myself, not richly,—for on some occasions I felt jealous of my own dress, and fearful lest my finery should eclipse my person,—but as becomingly as possible. No insignificant gew gaws were permitted to conceal the athletic structure of my frame, and the graceful knitting of my limbs. A mere tuft of jesmine, white as my own teeth, was made to relieve the brown

polish of my skin, and the jetty black of my beard; and art and nature were, throughout my whole appearance, blended in such just proportions, as every where to contrast with and to relieve each other.

Thus attired for conquest, I sallied forth on a solitary ramble, and sought the verdant meadows with as much eagerness as does the fiery courser, when, liberated after long confinement from his gloomy stable, he rejoins in the fields with loud neighings the rest of the prancing stud.

Not long had I reached the happy valley when the youthful troop appeared, and by long peals of laughter proclaimed its deceitful security from danger. I first kept myself concealed at a distance; let the gigling girls duly begin their sports; and only, when from my ambush I saw them fairly entrapped in a small and secluded nook, of which I commanded the entrance, did I, like one attracted by the noise, leisurely step forward, to petrify the gay band by my sudden appearance. Every gambol immediately ceased; and long before I could come up with the outermost detachment, was every scarf and shawl at its office to conceal its fair owner under a treble envelope. The change from the brightest sunshine to a sky all clouded over, is less rapid even in the inconstant month of March. I therefore only once walked round the party, more

to be seen than to see, and having cast a single furtive look on its soaring leader, or rather on the ample veils which completely dimmed her lustre, I immediately retired with the air of one who begs pardon for an unintentional intrusion, which he dares not exult in, but cannot regret.

It may be supposed that athwart all Euphrosyne's jealous fences of silk and wool and cotton, rendered doubly impenetrable by every addition of fringe, and trimmings, and tassels, not one single feature of her face had been revealed to my searching eye; and even her figure had been but indistinctly discerned: but what of that? Such is the force of imagination, that I felt as if I had been permitted to dwell unto satiety on all I could have wished to see. I went away completely smitten with her air, her grace, her bounding step, her playful manner. What I had not been permitted to behold I moulded after my own taste; and all the rest of the day, and all the ensuing night, I kept my fancy busied with the beautiful image, chiefly of my own creation.

Early the next morning walked in my friend Sophia. Her practice was not to waste time in forms. I eagerly inquired what symptoms my appearance had produced in Chrysopulo's fair charge. "Draw your own conclusions," said the waiting woman, "I shall simply relate facts."

"As soon as at bed time with Euphrosyne's bo-

dice her nimble tongue was let loose, and the nightly hour arrived for reviewing the occurrences of the day, you came on the *tapis* ;— for to have left unnoticed so remarkable an incident as that which interrupted the morning's sports, would have been the most suspicious circumstance of any. "You know the person, by whom we were thus surprised," said I, significantly."

"No," replied Euphrosyné; and wondered I should be able to remove her ignorance.

"That is no fault of mine," rejoined I, "when our good or evil stars have made him a friend of your cousin's, and a visitor at our house. Had I however conceived the possibility of our meeting so dangerous a youth in so secluded a spot, we should have directed our walk elsewhere. They say it is impossible to behold this Moslemin, and to refrain from loving him.

"Nonsense!" cried Euphrosyné, with a forced laugh, and an involuntary sigh.

"Nonsense it probably is," resumed I, in a careless manner—"though I might, if I pleased, add what certainly is not."

"How?" cried Chrysopulo's cousin precipitately;—but immediately again checking herself, "No," added she, "do not tell me: it is no business of mine!"

"Indeed I would not tell you, even though you

should entreat me," replied I, "unless you made me a solemn promise that I never should have cause to regret my too ready frankness."

"Euphrosyné now began to apprehend that the silence she had exacted might look like want of confidence in her own steadiness. "I make the promise you required," said she, "but merely lest you should fancy I fear any danger from your indiscretion."

"I then told the blushing girl that you had seen her, and suffered for her all the pangs of unrequited love. Emboldened by the silence with which this disclosure was received, I even went so far as to enlarge on your merits; but soon I found that agitation alone stopped the trembling maiden's breath. My comment gave her time to recover. Having however suffered me to begin the encomium unimpeded, she allowed me to conclude my speech unchecked, in order that her not cutting it short from the first might seem done with design. It was only when I no longer knew what to say, and hemmed as for an answer, that I was asked with an affected composure, to what all this was to lead?"

"I felt disconcerted, and Euphrosyné, after waiting a few seconds, desired I might not trouble myself to seek a reply: "she must," she said, "inform

her relations of my improper conversation." I could only make her desist from this intention by recalling her promise."

"No matter," cried I, already fully satisfied with what I had heard; "it is plain, the dart has penetrated! all therefore we have to consider.....

Here a tremendous noise shook the door of my lodging. It announced the riotous entrance of all my bosom friends. I only had time to thrust Sophia into my back room, and went out to meet the jolly party. So loud were the enquiries from all quarters respecting the progress of my love affair, that, terrified lest Sophia should hear them, and feel deterred from her perilous purpose, I tried to entice the troop away, by running down stairs the first. The whole procession immediately followed; to my great relief under my conduct again sallied forth into the street, and proposed to take a turn on the quay, in which expedition,—disposed or not—I was forced to join: it however gave Sophia an opportunity of slipping away unperceived.

During the remainder of the morning I could think of nothing but Euphrosyné. From not feeling any desire to behold my charmer's features, I now was unable, from what I already had seen and heard, to rest until I had obtained of them a full and unrestrained view. The day happened to be a Greek

festival. In the evening, by calling at Chrysopulo's, and entering his habitation unannounced, I was sure to find the whole family collected.—I determined to risk the adventure.

The peals of merriment which resounded through the house, both guided my footsteps and drowned the noise of my approach. Unperceived, I stepped into the very place of entertainment. Euphrosyné, seated in her costliest attire at the further end of the hall, had just begun to recount,—half in speech, half in still more expressive pantomime—a playful story. Every eye and ear, rivetted on her performance, was turned away from the door, and I advanced a considerable way into the room before my visit was perceived. When indeed my presence became noticed, such was the sensation it created, that a kite could scarce have made a greater, alighting among the timid tenants of the poultry yard. All the females set up a warning shout, rushed forward, threw a veil over Euphrosyné's still unconscious face, and formed round her person an impenetrable fence. The merry tale with which the thoughtless girl was entertaining the company, immediately ceased; the magician she was in the act of killing with her bodkin, remained alive to do his mischief, and, in the confusion which pervaded the assembly, her own form, as if conjured away

by witchcraft, rapidly vanished from my prying sight!

But it was too late: I had seen and I had heard! One single glance of her languishing black eyes had, from between her silken eye-lashes, unrecalled, met my look, and like liquid fire penetrated to my heart; while, at the same time, one last expiring note of her soft melodious voice had, from her ambrosial lip, gently dropped upon my ear, and there continued to vibrate like the lyre's last dying strain! At once I felt every string of my weak brain wound up to madness.

All the powers of language of course were inadequate to express the pleasure diffused among the Greek party by my unexpected visit. While the only object I came for was most studiously kept out of sight, I was with the utmost assiduity made welcome to every thing else in the house: was introduced to every individual I did not care to know, and was offered every dainty I did not wish to taste. Fascinated, and fixed in that same spot which had so lately felt the pressure of Euphrosyné's lovely limbs, I seemed half to enjoy her presence, and did not retire until wished by every person present, where indeed of my own accord I was going fast enough.

Having with faultering step reached my house, I there yielded myself up, body and soul, to my

newly conceived delirium. Only after I had sat musing until my lamp burnt dim, did I retire to my lonely couch. I then undressed and went to bed; but went not to repose. Instead of blood unquenchable flames seemed to circulate through my veins: and, racked with love which was become hopeless in proportion as it had become ardent, I tossed about all night, trying to grasp my fair one's unsubstantial image. At last, exhausted by my fruitless efforts to give body and colour to the delusive phantom, all power of thought forsook me, and I sunk into a state, not of sleep, but of half conscious half insensible torpor.

I rose with the lark, though not as blithe; and counted the slowly passing hours until Sophia was to come. I panted for the appearance of this new depositary of my thoughts and schemes, no longer as before, merely to settle my plan of operations, but to talk of, to expatiate upon, to rave about Euphrosyné!

In vain I waited and waited; and at every footstep in the street, and at every rap at the door, and at every noise on the stairs, flew out to meet my Iris. The faithless messenger came not at the time appointed; she came not after; she came not at all! Nor did note or message come in her stead to account for her non-appearance.

I would have gone, if I durst, to the house blessed by my angel's residence. I did all I could: I walked all day long in sight of its froward door. I watched all that went in, and all that went out. I kept myself in readiness, the moment Sophia appeared, to pounce like a hawk upon the dilatory suivante; but no Sophia did appear!

Meanwhile, every possible mode of ingratiating myself with the heavenly Euphrosyné passed through my, alas, less heavenly mind. According as she might be more or less sensible of the charms of gold, or accessible to the lures of vanity, or charitable or devout, the mere glitter of St. Mark's dazzling images', or the means of relieving the wants of the necessitous, or the pride of seeing the haughty Selim prostrate at her feet, or the wish to save his falling soul from perdition, might be tried, I thought, as bribes to win her affections: but which of these motives for listening to my suit assimilated most with her character, and what were the virtues or the faults in her disposition which might be rendered propitious to my views, remained to me a secret; for while the sun continued to light up this hemisphere, (and in wonder at my behaviour he certainly more than once forgot to move), I saw not my traitress of a waiting-woman darken the door with her shadow.

At dusk, however, and just as I was returning home

entirely hopeless, the well known form brushed by me. I followed it to a retired spot, where, precipitately turning round, as if afraid to waste time: "What have you done!" exclaimed the agitated suivante; "Why would you shew yourself in the only place from which you should have staid away?"

"Only," answered I. "to see the lady I was making love to."

"And so," rejoined Sophia, "to lose her for ever, as now you inevitably must: for your abrupt visit last night has had the effect of producing all that you could have wished to prevent. The period of the nuptials, uncertain before, is now fixed for to-morrow!"

A short struggle in my breast kept my answer, during a few seconds, suspended on my lips: at last, with one concluding but victorious effort: "Sophia," replied I, my resolution is fixed! While I knew not Euphrosyné, while I yet felt no preference for that angel of heaven, come to render earth worth staying on, I could regard her ruin as my sport; but I have beheld the lovely girl, and have fallen into my own thrice cursed snare. Her innocent looks have melted the hardness of my heart. I no longer can bear, like the Simoom to blast the lovely flower. I am now ready to perform any

sacrifice for her permanent possession,—for a possession that may make me happy, without making her miserable. I shall attach her to my fate through the holy ties of wedlock. It is but paying a few sums which I deserve to lose, and feeding afterwards upon love alone!

Sophia here set up a hellish laugh. As soon as the burst was over, "And so you think," cried she, "that all is to be settled to your liking by this magnanimous resolution;—that you have nothing more to do but to announce your pleasure, and take away your bride! Allow me to undeceive you. Euphrosyné's relations are rich, they are proud, and they are bigoted. Under no circumstances whatever would they suffer a kinswoman of theirs to marry a Mohammedan. No! not if the Sultan himself were come in person to demand her. Then judge whether you have a chance; and that with the faith of the whole family pledged to a wealthy young Greek, ready to tie the nuptial knot! Believe me, if you should ever wish Hymen ultimately to crown your flame, you must begin by rendering your success independant of his assistance."

"Sophia," resumed I, "once more I tell you that my resolution is fixed. Adoring Euphrosyné as I do, nothing shall induce me to rob her

existence of its bloom, her life of its lasting pride. For once I shall subdue my lawless passions; I shall pay the forfeit of my idle boastings. If after making sacrifices to her virtue and her peace so weighty as those of all fortune's valued gifts, and all love's unfettered raptures, she accept me for her husband, well and good. Luxuries she will not find, but affection in abundance. If on the contrary she reject me: patience! For once in my life I shall have done what was right, at the expence of my vanity, my fortune and my happiness."

Sophia at these words turned pale. She seemed to labour with a fearful secret; but seeing me determined: "Man," cried she at last, "let not woman deceive you any longer. Fear not to despoil what has ceased to exist. I hitherto have felt loth to disclose the dark mystery, but rather than that I should suffer you to become the sport of an arrogant family, and the subject of a solemn mockery, I shall reveal to you all—all that hitherto remains a secret from a prying world. Then, learn that you no longer are in time to make on too tender a heart the first unlawful impression! Hot kisses have already pressed her lips, for whom you resign yourself to an unavailing martyrdom. The plant still flourishes green and gay; but other hands have culled the blossom.

Here Sophia put her mouth to my ear. I felt as if a snake crept into its folds, and deep sunk into my heart the venom of her frightful story. "As, however," added my confidant, after her tale had worked its way,—"the unlucky occurrence has hitherto been successfully hushed up, they are in the greater hurry to conclude a match on all accounts so desirable, ere it be divulged or suspected.

"And this," exclaimed I, "is the conclusion of all my love! and innocence and purity then exist not on earth! Even where one would wish to worship them as things sacred, they elude one's keenest search; and woman's licentiousness out-strips the thoughts of man! Oh that a bud so fair, so young, should already contain the foul worm of corruption in its bosom! that another should already have rioted unrestrained in what with such painful struggles Anastasius himself was going to give up from sheer virtue!" And in my wrath I resolved no longer to sacrifice both pleasure and fortune to the shadow of an undeserved reputation. I resolved to resume my before abandoned scheme, no longer from love but from sheer resentment; at the same time binding Sophia by all that was most awful, never to divulge the odious secret, lest by its publication I should be prevented from reaping my

golden harvest, as I had already been in gathering one far dearer and more valued..

When however—the first ebullition over—I reconsidered the matter, the thought struck me that Sophia had only disclosed her mistress's secret shame from a fiendlike greediness, and in order not to lose the promised reward; and carrying this reflection somewhat further, I now conceived it possible that a motive, so powerful in her breast, ight have made her invent what she pretended to divulge. Hereupon all my waverings returned, and at last—determined to remain on the right side—I reverted to my prior resolution of giving up the pursuit: nay, from fear of fresh relapses, when I saw my informer preparing with a sanctified air to call the whole host of heaven as witnesses to her veracity, I stopped both my ears, and bravely ran away. The moment my astonished informer found her endeavours unavailing to bring me back, her oaths, methought, changed to curses; but these died away on the distant breeze.

Half pleased, half angry with myself for my forbearance, I walked about the town, shunning my friends, to whom I had nothing to impart but what must gladden them at my expence, and seriously considering whether, both for the sake of their morals and my purse, I should not, by a sudden evolution, quit them and Smyrna for ever: when,

in the midst of my meditations, a messenger,—of those that ply about the streets in search of commissions—struck me on the breast with a small bunch of flowers.

Skilled in the meaning of these mute heralds of love, I snatched the nosegay out of the rude hands by which it seemed profaned; but when I came to consider its arrangement, I found that all I had to learn had not been left to the vague language of the pink and gilly flower: their fragrant leaves concealed a note, and this note contained a lock of hair and a ring.

Eagerly I perused the billet. It began with reproaches: but they were of a nature to be endured with composure: "not less painful to a lady was the task of making the last advances than the first; and were not the morrow the day when what had not been might never more be, no consideration would have induced the writer to inform me that a narrow passage only separated from the chamber of the married couple the closet where slept their young cousin; that this closet looked out upon a garden; and that this garden was only divided from the street by a low wall. "Sometimes,"—added a wary postscript, "careless servants would leave shutters unbolted: but always a sober family was in bed by twelve!"

Euphrosyne's handwriting I was a stranger to

and this note probably had only been penned by deputy; though couched in better terms than those generally used by servants: but in how far the professions of the maid had the sanction of the mistress, it was easy to try, and by an unerring test; and the difference between two thousand sequins to pay, or that sum to receive, made it well worth the while. Nor was there any time to be lost. The very next day—as the note itself suggested—would be too late for the experiment. Should I find the passage barred, it was but returning as I went. Why however suspect Sophia of risking a falsehood, which, as such, could not command success, must soon be discovered, and must end in her disgrace? For as to the idea of her scheming to betray me to Chrysopulo, though it had entered my brain, I held it not worthy of a moment's thought. I therefore determined to obey the welcome summons.

Ten minutes before the hour appointed my pistols were loaded, and my person lightened of all useless incumbrance. Wrapped up in my capote I sallied forth, found all things disposed according to promise, easily scaled the wall, had only to push open the blinds, and leaped into the chamber of love, where, half covered only by a light Barbary haïck[2], Euphrosyné lay apparently unconscious of aught but the dreams that might flit through

her youthful fancy. So sweet indeed seemed her slumbers, that, but for every convincing circumstance, they might have been mistaken for those of innocence, and once more made me hesitate for a moment, ere I threw off my cloak, deposited my pistols, and extinguished the lamp.

If at first the real or pretended sleep of my mistress somewhat surprised me; if that surprise grew greater at its long continuance; what was my astonishment when Euphrosyné at last only awoke to start from my embrace, and to utter loud screams, which the pressure of my hand was hardly able to stifle.

Her outcry had been heard ere it could be stopped. Chrysopulo himself had quitted his consort's side, and with the carbine which he always kept loaded, had run to whence proceeded the sound. With one effort he burst open the door of the closet.

Already I was standing near its threshold bolt upright, with my capote on, and my pistol pointed. In the dark the merchant mistook me for a robber: he fired his piece, and missed.

I now put mine to his breast. "All I wish," cried I, "is to make you listen. If you value your cousin's honor, favor my escape, and pretend that you were dreaming."

Chrysopulo, thus enlightened, now trembled with rage. His eyes glistened amid surrounding darkness like those of a maddened tiger. Yet, uncertain how to act, he remained motionless where he stood, while Euphrosyné, mute with shame and despair, was only heard striving to suppress her bitter sobs.

Meanwhile the report of the musket had roused the whole family. Chrysopulo's wife was crying "murder," in her bed, the servants starting up from their first sleep, and the people that passed by in the street knocking at the door until the house shook to its very foundations. Each instant the noise encreased, and the uproar came nearer. Another minute, and the immediate scene of action must witness a general irruption.

Chrysopulo now became sensible of the wisdom of my suggestion: rousing himself from his trance and pointing to the window, "away, away!" he cried, but cried too late. Already a number of voices in the garden sent forth a confused murmur from the very spot where I must have alighted. Chrysopulo looked whether I might slip under his cousin's couch:—it was too low; or upon the wardrobe opposite:—it was too high.

Aghast, we now stared at each other, until in his perplexity, the trembling banker—for want of a better expedient—pushed me down in a corner, and

there,—tearing from off Euphrosyné's own couch the counterpane, her only covering, threw it over the much injured girl's prostrate ravisher.

Just at this moment rushed in the whole posse. A thousand questions succeeded each other without intermission, and, all circumstances considered, the story which Chrysopulo made out in answer was sufficiently plausible. Euphrosyné's terror and confusion, with the other apparent objects of the scene, might, without any great stretch of probability, be attributed to her cousin's mistake; and the whole terminated to the satisfaction or rather dissatisfaction of the curious, who, fully expecting a long list of dreadful murders, were seemingly somewhat wroth at being put off with a bad dream, and went away wishing the rich Chrysopulo worse suppers or a better digestion.

Meantime, seeing so many people rush by her door, Chrysopulo's wife herself had mustered courage to follow the crowd. Being the last to come, she was the last to depart; or rather, she had a mind not to go away at all, and insisted on staying, in order to tranquillize her cousin's agitation. She mistrusted her husband's dream, and wanted to sift his conduct to the bottom: wherefore, unable to confide in her discretion, the alarmed Chrysopulo at once resolved to conquer her resistance by force. He

took her by the arm, dragged her out of the room, and, lest she should return to listen, locked her up in her own chamber.

If, fearless myself, I had only reluctantly acted the coward for the sake of others, and had more than once felt tempted, while the mob remained assembled, to start up, to shew myself, and to carry away as a trophy of my victory the instrument of my concealment, I now, when the coast was clear, and the way open for my own retreat, felt equally desirous of staying, and that, with views similar to those of Chrysopulo's wife,—namely, to obtain an explanation of a few circumstances not quite intelligible even to the framer of the plot himself: but for an enquiry of this sort neither the time nor place were fitted; and fresh noises at the door made me run, without further delay, to the still open window. I thence leaped into the garden, overset or trampled down every flower and vegetable in my way, and, after climbing the wall, got safe into the street, and back to my lonely lodging. There I lay down, and began to reflect on the inconstancy of women, who send flattering invitations, and then scream out on finding them attended to,—until at last all my bewildered thoughts were hushed in sleep. The next morning, on awaking in my own bed, with every object around me as orderly and tranquil as the day before,

it seemed as if, during the whole of the eventful night, I never had quitted my solitary pillow!

The first circumstance which afforded me distinct evidence of having trespassed on premises not my own, was Chrysopulo suddenly standing before me, as, still undressed, I lay musing on my couch. Determined to brazen out what could not be denied, I thanked him for the honor of his early enquiries, and begged he would be seated. He took little notice of these insolent civilities, but immediately coming to the point, "You have offered my hitherto unsullied house," said he, "the cruellest of injuries! How far you have succeeded, I neither know nor can bear to enquire. Should your baseness have been disappointed, the fault is not yours: yet, much as I am bound to abhor you, I must stoop to a request."

"Speak," said I, "a petition so agreeably introduced can scarcely meet with a refusal."

"Your crime," answered Chrysopulo, "is thus far only known to ourselves, and to whatever vile abettor of your wickedness may reside under our roof. Even Euphrosyné's intended husband presumes not to cast upon his future consort the smallest shadow of blame, or wishes to defer the long concerted nuptials. Humbly therefore let me entreat, that out of compassion for the object—the unfortu-

nate object of your lawless violence—you will not carry your cruelty any further, or be so devoid of mercy as to boast of your base attempts. Divulge not the foul stain which you destined our house! Thus may we still hold up our heads among our envious countrymen; and the unhappy Euphrosyné still preserve both her husband and her honor!"

Moved by an entreaty so earnest and so discreet, I wholly forgot that I had only conceived the crime for the very purpose of that boasting which Chrysopulo deprecated, felt as anxious as himself to prevent the consequences of my outrage, and said all I could to quiet his fears. Greatly relieved by my assurances, the merchant almost thanked me for my goodness, and returned home with a mind more at ease.

But as soon as he was gone, it recurred to me that the engagement I had taken must defeat even my purpose of mere emolument: nay that, unless I published my victory, I must not only renounce what I had won, but pay what I had not lost: an irksome sacrifice to make for one, who, like Euphrosyné, when I first saw her, no longer herself had any virtue left to lose. Yet could I not, consistent with my promise, speak, even when the object of my silence was fully attained.

Deeply regretting my precipitance, and loudly cursing my good nature, I paced up and down

my room, half dressed, and expecting every moment to see Sophia come and claim her vile, her now bootless reward: until tired at last of waiting, and attributing her delay to the bustle of the day, I proceeded to achieve my often interrupted toilet. Once indeed a slight tempation came across me to honor the wedding with my presence: but I still had some grace left, and contented myself with awaiting at home, in the utmost anxiety, the news of the nuptials being completed.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD scarcely finished my dressing, when a distant clamour in the street drew me to the window, and made me espy a veiled female, whose uncertain gait and faultering steps had attracted the notice of a troop of foolish boys, and made them follow her with loud hootings. It was impossible not to set down in my mind one so carefully wrapped up and so desirous not to be known, as the partner of my guilt, coming to demand the wages of her iniquity; and all that baffled my utmost power of conjecture, was the change from Sophia's wonted boldness of demeanour, to such apparent timidity and helplessness, as that which she seemed to manifest on this occasion. I could only attribute the phenomenon to the discovery of her nefarious conduct, and to her consequent dismissal from Chrysopulo's family with every circumstance of reprobation and disgrace; on which account I immediately sallied forth to my ally's assistance. My surprise still increased, when,

tendering the bewildered suivante a protecting arm, I first saw her hesitate, then shuddering withdraw the hand which already I held firmly grasped in mine, and at last only suffer herself to be dragged into my habitation, after the terror produced by the insults of the gathering mob had as it were entirely deprived her of consciousness; but my astonishment only rose to its highest pitch, when, tearing off the cumbrous veils, in order to give the fainting maiden some air, I beheld, instead of the daring Sophia, the gentle, the reserved Euphrosyné herself, who scarcely, on recovering her senses, had opened her eyes and cast them around her, when, again sinking down to the ground, she struck her face against the floor, and began wringing her hands with every symptom of the bitterest anguish.

The cause of her having quitted her home I was at a loss to conjecture, but the effect it had of bringing her to mine I hailed at first as a highly fortunate circumstance. Thus would my triumph be blazoned forth without my word being broken. When, however, I witnessed the excess of my fair one's grief, contrasted as it was with my own joy, I too felt moved, tried to assuage her sorrow by every expression of pity and concern, and as soon as she seemed able to speak, ventured to enquire what had caused her coming forth, thus

unattended and forlorn, at the very time when I supposed all Smyrna collected to witness her nuptials?

"My nuptials," cried she with a bitter accent, —now first suffering her voice to strike my ear,— "when my dishonor is the universal theme!

"The universal theme!" re-echoed I,—in my turn truly dismayed.—"Then may heaven's direst curse alight upon her who has divulged it!"

"That was myself," replied Euphrosyné, "and your curse has struck home!"

I remained mute with surprise.

"Could I," rejoined my mistress, "to dishonor add deceit? Could I bring a dower of infamy to the man so noble, so generous, that even after my frightful tale he spurned me not away from him:—to the man who deigned in pity to affirm that my avowal of my involuntary shame rendered me worthier in his eyes, and gave him a stronger assurance of my fidelity, than if I had come to his arms as spotless in body as in mind?"

"And who," added I, "after this sublime speech ended by rejecting you."

"Ah no!" cried Euphrosyné, "it was I who rejected him: it was I who refused to carry reproach into the house of a stranger; and who for that crime was threatend by my own friends with being

cast off, and thrown upon the wide world, helpless and unprotected!—But," added she, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing more bitterly than before, " I suffered not the threat to grow into a reality; I waited not to be turned out of doors. I resolved at once upon the only step which was left me; I asked permission to go to our church, in order that, in my fervent prayers, heaven might inspire me how to act: and, when alone and in the street, tried to find out your abode, and to seek refuge where alone I had claims.

" What then!" exclaimed I, " you set out from home determined to come to me?—and it was not the shouts of the mob only.....?—I fancied I saw you shudder when I seized hold of your hand!"

" And could I execute such a resolve, and not shudder at the thoughts of the consequences?"

These now began to flash upon my own mind also in all their fearful varieties. At first indeed the surprise on beholding Euphrosyné thus unexpectedly, the consciousness of my own iniquities, the exultation at seeing its triumph sealed without the smallest violation of my promise, and the sympathy excited by my mistress's evident sufferings, together with a thousand other mixed and indescribable sensations, had induced a momentary forgetfulness of all those reports against Euphrosyné's character, which had

encouraged me to prosecute my plan, had made that plan receive its fulfilment, and had in their turn been confirmed by my very success. But on hearing not only of an act so uncalled for as Euphrosyné's spontaneous disclosure of her shame, so wanton as her refusal of her still urging suitor, and so strange as her deliberately leaving her husband for her despoiler, the truth—dimmed for a moment—seemed again to burst upon me, and with double conviction. I now conceived that even my crime might only be the pretence, rather than the real reason of Euphrosyné's renouncing an advantageous match. Her former dishonor again rising to my mind, lent even her present conduct the colouring of artifice; and, if I thought it hard upon me that an assignation proposed by my mistress herself, and that as not only the first, but also the last I could hope for, should end in her inflicting upon me the burthen of her permanent support, I thought it harder still to be thus heavly visitied in consequence of the sins of others. That shelter, therefore, which I had gladly granted Euphrosyné under my roof, while I only considered it as accidental and transient, I began to grudge her when I found it the beginning only of a sojourn which was to have no end; and I resolved to ward off its permanence with all my might.

To give my real reasons for so doing was impossible. On reviewing every past circumstance, I felt that, from the first wording of the assignation to the close of the interview, matters had been so conducted as to leave me, with every presumption, not one positive proof of Euphrosyné's having willingly shared in my stolen pleasures. No argument against complying with my visitor's petition, founded on that circumstance only, would consequently be admitted: and, as to the report of her prior guilt, even my own vanity shrunk from suffering an imputation so odious to lessen the merit of my victory, or the value of my prize: besides, I beheld pangs too acute still to increase them by a reproach, which must inflict equal agony, whether founded or not. Appearing therefore to speak more from tenderness for my mistress than for myself, "Euphrosyné," said I, "It was unwise, methinks, to divulge what, but for your own spontaneous avowal, might have remained an inscrutable secret; it was a thousand times more unwise still, when you found that by an unexampled privilege this deterred not your suitor, yourself to refuse him; but it seems to me the very height of folly willingly to court every form of disgrace where, as it appears, you still may enjoy every species of distinction. You cannot justify your conduct in casting, without necessity, such a

'tain upon your family. Hasten then to repair the mischief while you still are in time; return home immediately, as if you had only offered up an hurried prayer in church, and obviate by your ready acceptance of Mackari, all the impending consequences of your thoughtless and precipitate step!"

Alas! I addressed one who, wholly bewildered by her own feelings, heeded not a single word I spoke. Euphrosyné, fixing upon me an eye at once vacant and supplicating, continued to preserve an unbroken, and, as I thought, stubborn silence, until at last I deemed it necessary to use terms more decisive and peremptory. Taking two or three hasty strides across the room, as if still to encrease the ferment of my already heated blood: "Euphrosyné," cried I, "it is impossible you can stay with me. I myself am a wanderer on the face of the globe: to day here, to morrow perhaps flying to the earth's furthest extremity. Your remaining under my uncertain roof, can only end in total ruin to us both. I must insist upon your quitting my abode, ere your own be no longer accessible to your tardy repentance.

"Ah no!" now cried Euphrosyné, convulsively clasping my knees: "be not so barbarous! Shut not your own door against her, against whom you have barred every other once friendly door. Do

not deny her whom you have dishonored, the only asylum she has left. If I cannot be your wife, let me be your slave, your drudge. No service, however mean, shall I recoil from when you command. At least before you I shall not have to blush. In your eyes I shall not be what I must seem in those of others. I shall not from you incur the contempt I must expect from my former companions; and my diligence to execute the lowest offices you may require, will ensure me not wholly unearned at your hands, that bread which elsewhere I can only receive as an unmerited indulgence. Since I did a few days please your eye, I may still please it a few days longer: perhaps a few days longer I may therefore still wish to live; and when that last blessing, your love, is gone by; when my cheek faded with grief has lost the last attraction that could arrest your favor, then speak; then tell me so, that, burthening you no longer, I may withdraw—and die!"

Spite of the tears with which I answered this speech, the conviction that all might still by diligence be hushed up, was going to make me urge more strenuously than before Euphrosyne's immediate return,—when a new incident took place, which wholly changed my inclinations and my feelings.

This was no less than a sudden and forcible

irruption in my abode of the maiden's relations. It had soon been discovered by them, that, instead of going to church, she had come to my house; and her friends had hereupon walked forth in a body to claim the stray lamb, and to bring her back. Chrysopulo himself indeed was not of the party: it only consisted of half a dozen of his nephews and cousins: but this posse unceremoniously enough broke in upon me just as I was urging my mistress by every motive in heaven and on earth not to delay her departure another minute; and immediately proceeded to effect by force, what I was only trying to obtain by persuasion.

My readers already know how little I liked being interfered with, and how apt I was to act in opposition to those around me from no other motive but to assert my independance, or to shew my daring: they will not therefore be much surprised to hear that this incident caused an entire and sudden revolution in my sentiments with regard to Euphrosyné, and that, from wishing her to go while she expressed a wish to stay, I now would have detained her by force, even if she had wished to go. Taking hold of her therefore by one arm, while Chrysopulo's friends were pulling her away by the other, I swore that nothing short of death should make me give up the maiden who had sought shelter under my wing; and as Euphrosyné

herself, when appealed to, seemed to sanction my proceedings, by drawing her veil over her blushing features, her friends were at last persuaded, by the threatening gestures with which I accompanied my assurances, to give up all further attempts at violent measures.

In truth, they rejoiced in their hearts at having it to say that an insurmountable resistance had baffled all their efforts. Euphrosyné had early been left an orphan: her nearest of kin were all dead; and though the more distant relations to whose lot it fell to protect her, would have upheld their fair cousin most sedulously while they had any chance of deriving an additional lustre from her establishment in life, they were willing enough to drop the connection as soon as her situation was likely to reflect discredit on their name. However loud and boisterous therefore might be the wish they expressed of restoring her to her family, there lurked not the less satisfaction at the bottom, when they found her resolved not to go: and while they pretended to feel exceedingly hurt at her refusal, they took her at her word with the utmost alacrity; or rather, suffered her mere silence to stand for a denial. Piously lifting up their eyes to heaven, and groaning from the inmost of their hollow hearts, they turned away from one whom they saw so irreclaimably abandoned, and hurried out of the

house, lest she should change her mind ere they were out of hearing. When however they found themselves safe as they thought in the street, they stopt to announce for the benefit of all who passed by, their determination to renounce so unworthy a namesake. Thenceforth they were to regard her as among the departed, and, happen what might, never more to inquire after her fate; and to their credit be it spoken, they adhered in that instance most religiously to their word.

My undisturbed possession of Chrysopulo's fair cousin therefore was now a matter settled; and the lofty, the admired Euphrosyné, who that very morning might still have beheld all Smyrna at her feet, saw herself before mid-day installed in the lodging of a roving adventurer, as his avowed and public mistress!

Of Sophia the lovely girl could give no account. While Chrysopulo continued in hopes of seeing the affair hushed up, he abstained from rousing the anger of this fiend by expressing his suspicions: but the moment Euphrosyné herself had made public her adventure, Sophia, no longer feeling safe in the family, had disappeared: nor had she since been heard of;—but her fate was the least of my cares.

The foremost at present was the payment of the sums I had won. The addition to my establish-

ment permitted me not to be unmindful of my interests. As soon therefore as I had said and done whatever seemed most calculated to dispel Euphrosyné's settled gloom, I immediately walked to the meeting place of our society, and found its members in council assembled.

My first salutation was a demand upon each: but, to my unutterable dismay, the first answer was aloud and universal burst of laughter at my presumption! As soon as this peal of merriment subsided a little, I was told that I might think myself well off in having nothing to pay instead of to receive; and, on demanding a further explanation, I learnt that the infernal Sophia had been before hand with me, and the instant she left the house of Chrysopulo, had gone round to all my companions, in the first place indeed to inform them of my success with Euphrosyné; but, in the next, to comfort them with the assurance that it had only been the consequence of those prior adventures of the same sort, which my confidant had sworn to me never to divulge. Every person present therefore immediately called out: "a drawn wager!" and I was voted entitled to not one single para!

What could I do with a bad cause, and a parcel of fellows each to the full as sturdy as myself? Only this: to renounce with a good grace what I clearly saw I never should obtain, and to join in

the laugh at my own impudence; of which, I observed, it was worth while at any rate to try the powers.

But tolerably as I had contrived to preserve my good humour with my strapping companions within, the case became different when, on going out again to return to Euphrosyné, I met Sophia, coming, as I guessed, to receive the reward of the mischief she had done me, or to do me some further injury.

Great as was my pecuniary disappointment, it seemed nothing to the wound inflicted on my pride, in the infamy heaped upon her, whose fate was now connected with my own by links more indissoluble even than those of matrimony, inasmuch as I had deprived a lovely female of the power of being restored, even by a divorce, to her former home. The insulting epithets still rung in my ear, by which Euphrosyné had just been designated; and these opprobrious names were the work of Sophia!

So conscious indeed was this wicked girl of her iniquity, that far from seeming to harbour any thoughts of enforcing her still unsettled claims, the moment she saw me she tried to make her escape,—but it was too late!

"Wretch!" cried I, "thus then you have performed your promise. Now behold in what way I perform mine!" And hereupon I seized her by the wrist, and loading her in the midst of the

gaping crowd with every epithet more disgraceful if possible than those which she had drawn down upon my mistress, I shook her until she almost fainted, and then left her to recover her senses in the black filth of Smyrna's kennel! Thanks to this immersion she tarried not to revive; and no sooner did the fury think herself safe from my wrath, than setting up a hellish laugh, "Wipe clean your Euphrosyné," cried she, "ere you bespatter others with your dirt!" and then walked off with threatening gestures,—alternately wishing me joy of my prize, and auguring me every misfortune under heaven. Heated as I was with passion, her curses made my blood run cold, and in return I would ave chilled for ever the noisome tide in her own viper veins—but with a home thrust of my dagger; had I not been prevented by the mob from annihilating the reptile!

But its venomed bite left a print in my heart which no power could efface! To fail in all my schemes both of profit and of pride; to be burthened with the whole weight of my mistress's existence, while bereft of all esteem for her character; to feel myself the victim of the deceit or the sport of the caprice of one whose tenderness had been prostituted to others,—and more than that; to find the shame which I had hoped to bury in the inmost recesses of my own bosom, divulged to all the world; to be pointed at with derision by those very com-

panions over whom I had made sure to triumph, was beyond what I had strength of mind to bear,—at least, to bear alone; and the embers of affection for my new inmate, still glowing in my breast when I last left my home, seemed all extinguished by what took place ere I re-entered my abode. If however I only returned to it with the determination of making my hapless guest a partaker in all the sufferings which she had drawn down upon my head, it was also with the full intent to keep the cause of my behaviour locked for ever within my own swelling heart! Why indeed dwell without necessity upon the painful thoughts of an infamy, of which I was unable to bring the proof, and despaired of extorting the confession!

Under her former playfulness of manner Euphrosyné it seems had always concealed great decision of character. She had shrunk from going home to a husband or from staying with friends, whose reproach she must fear or whose forbearance endure. To me, on whom my outrage had given her the claims forfeited in every other quarter, she had come for refuge, as to the only person whose abode still owed her protection: but she had come oppressed with the sense of her dishonor; she had come so heart-struck with anguish, that, had the innate fertility of her imagination still made it put

forth, amid all the disgrace of her situation, the smallest bud of sprightliness or fancy, she would have thought it a duty to repress or to crush these intellectual blossoms as noisome weeds, whose rank luxuriance ill became the sadness of her soul. Nothing but the most unremitting tenderness on my part could in some degree have revived her drooping spirits.

But when after my excursion I reappeared before her eyes, one look,—one single look she cast upon me as I entered the room, sufficed to inform her of the change in my sentiments—and that look for ever destroyed in her breast the last seeds of hope and of confidence! Like the wounded snail she shrunk within herself, and from that moment never more expanded to the sunshine of joy. With her buoyancy of spirits she seemed even to lose all her quickness of intellect, nay all her readiness of speech: so that, fearing to embark with her in serious conversation, and finding no response in her mind to lighter topics, I at last began to nauseate her seeming torpor, and to roam abroad even more frequently than before I had secured a companion at home; while she—poor miserable creature—prevented from stirring out by the sneers of an unfeeling world, passed her time under my roof in dismal and heart-breaking solitude.

It is true that, had an almost indefatigable endurance of my ill usage been able to soothe the pangs of my disappointment, Euphrosyné's angelic sweetness must at last have softened my stubborn heart: but in my jaundiced eye her resignation only tended to strengthen the conviction of her shame: and I saw in her forbearance nothing but the consequence of her debasement, and the consciousness of her guilt! "Did her heart," thought I, "bear witness to a purity on which I dared the first to cast a blemish, she could not remain thus tame, thus spiritless, under such an aggravation of my wrongs; and either she would be the first to quit my merciless roof, or at least she would not so fearfully avoid giving me even the most unfounded pretence for denying her its shelter.—She must merit her sufferings, to bear them so meekly!

Hence, even when really touched by the gentleness of my mistress, I seldom relented in my apparent sternness. In order to conquer, or at least to conceal sentiments, which I considered as effects only of weakness, I even forced myself on these occasions to encreased severity. Unable to go the length of turning Euphrosyné out of doors, even though she had agreed from the first to make the continuance of my love the measure of her stay, I almost turned myself entirely out of my own

dwelling; and plunged more headlong into every species of dissipation than I had done before. Unto this period I had quaffed my wine to enjoy its flavor: I now drank to drive away my senses. Unto this period I had gamed to beguile an idle hour: I now played to produce a feverish excitement of my spirits. I stayed out while I was able to renew my stake, and only returned home when utterly exhausted by my losses. Nay, when Euphrosyné, after sitting up alone all night, saw me return late in the morning, it often was only to vent on her unresisting meekness the spleen collected in my nocturnal career of disappointed extravagance. Yet she tarried on: for to me she had sacrificed her all; and though in me she found nothing but a thorn, yet by that thorn alone now hung her whole existence!

Euphrosyné was wont to be in readiness with a hot cup of coffee when I came in from my nightly revels. After gambling it served as a restorative; but after drinking it was the only thing capable of allaying the sort of temporary madness with which wine always affected my irritable brain. One morning when alternate losses at dice and libations to Bacchus had sent me home half frantic, instead of finding my mistress as usual all alacrity to minister the reviving draft, to chafe my throbbing temples, and to perform what other soothing offices her awe

of me permitted, I found her lying on the floor in a trance. I only thought her asleep; but on attempting to lift her up, her features were bruised, and her face all besmeared with blood. Unnerved by excess, and shaking with agitation, my arm however was wholly unable to support even her light weight, and I let her drop again. She thought I did so on purpose, for raising her head with great effort, she fixed on my countenance her haggard tearless eyes, and clasping her hands together, now for the first time vented her anguish in audible words. "I had been warned." She cried, with half stifled emotion.

"How?" said I.

"That morning," answered she, "when unexpectedly you appeared among us in the meadow, you were scarcely out of sight when the cause of your coming was discussed. We agreed—foolish girls as we were—that chance alone had not brought you to that place, and drew lots to find out where lurked the secret attraction. I got the prize; if prize it was! A friend some years older than myself, observing my emotion, "Euphrosyné," she whispered, "if you care not for that stranger, frolic with him as you like: but if ever he should gain your affections, O! avoid him like a pestilence. From the moment he knows himself master of your heart,

he will treat it as wayward children do their toys; he will not rest until he has broken it to pieces."

"This was but the first warning, and only given by a human voice," continued my mistress: "A higher one came straight from heaven! You know the marble image found in our field, which now adorns our garden. Once, they say, it was flesh and blood, —a hapless maiden like myself: but alas, less susceptible, and therefore turned into stone! On the night of your outrage, as I rose from the prayer which once used ever to precede my repose, a deep hollow moan issued from its snowy bosom! Another and a louder shriek was heard when I confessed the tale to Mackari; and one still more dismal than the former rent the air, when I left my kinsman's roof to fly to your arms!"

"And warned even by an insensible stone," I cried, "you would not see the precipice?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Euphrosyné, "reproach me with any thing but my love. It was that which, in spite of every circumstance that should have opened my eyes, still kept me obstinately blind."

"Your love," cried I, "neither merits my reproach, nor yet calls for my praise. It depends not on ourselves to withhold our affections, as it depends not on us to renew a worn-out passion."

"Is it then true," cried Euphrosyné, "that you love me no more?"

"Has not that question been answered already?" said I peevishly: "but you will not understand, unless all is spoken!"

At these words Euphrosyné put her hands to her ears, as if fearing to hear her formal dismission; and immediately ran to shut herself in her adjoining chamber. I left the wayward girl to the solitude she sought, and, unable to obtain any refreshment at home, immediately went out again. Exhausted with watching, sleep overcame me in the coffee-house whither I had gone for my breakfast, and as soon as I felt somewhat recruited by my short rest, a detachment of our party carried me away by force, to make me woo fickle fortune afresh at the gaming table. Within the irresistible influence of its magic circle I stayed, and played, and drank, and slept,—and played, and drank, and slept again,—until, reeling out in the dark to go home, I fell from the steps, sprained my ancle, cut my face, and lay awhile senseless on the pavement. Carried in again as soon as discovered in this plight, it became my fate to be tied by the leg in the very gambling room which had already kept me spell-bound so long.

I was so far an economist of time, as always to devote that of forced confinement to the irksome business of reflection: and I had a great deal of

that sort of occupation, accumulating on my hands, to employ my present leisure. The unconcern of my pretended friends on seeing me suffer, very soon made me draw unfavourable comparisons of their sentiments with those of Euphrosyné. Granting that she had been too susceptible before she knew me; how patient, how penitent, how devoted had she shown herself ever since! Yet, how cruel the return I had made, and how deep the last wound I had inflicted!

The thought grew so irksome, that, not daring to send for my mistress among a set of scoffers, and yet impatient to make her amends, I crept as soon as the dawn again arose, off my couch, stole away, and limped home.

When I knocked at my door, no one answered from within. Louder I therefore knocked and louder; but with no better success. At last my heart sunk within me, and my knees began to totter. Euphrosyné never stirred out:—could she . . .? I dreaded to know the truth, and yet I was near going mad with the delay. She might be ill, and unable to come down, though not yet beyond the reach of succour, or the comfort of kindness! It was possible she heard me, and had not strength to answer or to let me in. Timely assistance still perhaps might save her: even tardy tenderness, though shewn too late to arrest her fleeting soul, might still at least

allay the bitterness of its departure. A word, a look of sympathy might solace her last moments, and waft her spirit on lighter wings to heaven!

Frantic with impatience, I endeavoured to break open the sullen door, but could only curse its perverse steadiness in doing its duty. In despair at the delay I was going for an axe to hew it from its hinges, when an old deaf neighbour, who began to suspect she heard a noise, came down half dressed to lend her assistance. She employed nearly as much time before she let herself out, as I had lost in trying to get in. At last, however, her feeble efforts were crowned with success. Forth she came, and put on her spectacles to scrutinise my person. A deliberate survey having satisfied her respecting my identity, she thrust her withered arm deep in her ample pocket, and drew out fifty things which neither of us wanted, before she ended by producing the key of my lodging, which she put into my hands with a low curtesy, as having been left in her care by the lady who was gone away!

"Thank God!—I have not killed her!" was my first exclamation. "That weight at least is off my mind!" And as soon as I had sufficiently recovered my breath, I enquired of the old woman the time and circumstances of Euphrosyne's departure;—what conveyance had taken her away; in what direction

she went; and, above all, what message she had left?

These were useless queries, and a fruitless expenditure of breath. It took me half an hour to make my neighbour hear me; and when I succeeded at last, so near was she to dotage, that I could make nothing of her answers. On my asking, as the easiest question to understand, how long the key had been in her possession, she could only say, "ever since it had been given her."

Despairing of more explicit intelligence outside my threshold, I went in, and in three strides reached the top of the stairs, and my own empty room. From that I ran into the next, equally empty and desolate; looked upon every table and shelf, under every seat and cushion, in every box and drawer, and behind every chest and wardrobe. My hopes were to find some letter, some note, some scrap of paper, written, if not in kindness, at least in anger, to inform me which way my poor girl had fled: but I looked in vain; there was nothing!

I possessed no clue whatever to a probable surmise; I could form no opinion on the strange event; I sat down in mute amazement, trying to think, and yet finding no point on which to fix my thoughts. At last, as my eyes continued to wander in total vacancy round the room, they fell upon

some writing, which assuredly had not been intended to court my sight: for it run along the skirting of the wainscot, and could only have been written by Euphrosyné with her pencil as she lay on the ground. I stooped down to read, and only found some broken sentences, probably traced by my mistress the last time she left me, to seek refuge in solitude. The sense seemed addressed to herself more than to her destroyer, and the words were scarce legible:—thus ran the few lines I could make out.

"At last he has spoken plainly!—I shall go—no matter where!—Let him rejoice: when he boasts of his triumphs over unsuspecting innocence; he may now add to all his former vauntings: "I have ruined Euphrosyné!"—and be proud to think a greater fall from purity to corruption, from honor to infamy, and from happiness to misery, never was achieved by his hands!" Then followed a string of half obliterated words, among which all I could make out was an invocation to the Almighty not to cease pouring its blessings on my head, for all poor Euphrosyné's wrongs! A thousand daggers seemed, on reading this sentence, to pierce my heart at once.

Every thing remained as I had left it, except Euphrosyné alone! She had taken nothing with her; for she had nothing to take: the last articles

of her apparel, worth any money, had been sold to supply her necessities, or rather my extravagance.

A film now all at once dropped from before my eyes, and my former behaviour presented itself to me in a totally new light. Though I might still believe, —and indeed now most anxiously wished to believe for the relief of my conscience,—that Euphrosyné had not at all times been equally watchful of that perfect purity she boasted; that in some unguarded moment the inexperience of early youth had suffered her virtue to contract a slight speck; that the tale so boldly told by her waiting woman was not wholly without foundation: yet, on contemplating her conduct on that eventful day, when she might for ever have wrapped every former stain in the ample impenetrability of the nuptial veil, but, with a magnanimous disdain of all meanness or subterfuge, resigned herself to poverty, persecution and disgrace, I could not doubt that already at that period, at least the mental corruption, the taint of the soul, (if ever it had existed,) had been so entirely washed away by repentance,—so entirely obliterated by subsequent propriety of conduct, as still to leave the whole crime of plunging a noble creature into irretrievable ruin, ultimately chargeable upon me alone!

And supposing that even the account of Euphro-

syne's early frailty itself,—that only sheet anchor of my conscience amid a sea of distracting doubts,—should after all turn out a mere fabrication, as seemed from Sophia's unprincipled conduct a thing not impossible: supposing the whole first chapter of Euphrosyné's short history should have been nothing but a scene of artless playful innocence; nay, supposing the thoughtless girl should have been ignorant even of the assignation itself,—no doubt only brought to bear by some soporific drug; supposing that when the forlorn creature first came to my abode, only to avoid being driven publicly out of her own, she should have had nothing to reproach her own heart with but some latent sparks of love for her despoiler, which sentiments of a loftier nature would soon have extinguished, but for the abasement to which she had been driven; supposing I thus had only plunged into everlasting perdition a being, throughout the whole of her once happy career as unexceptionable in conduct as she had been enviable in circumstances, and that, for no purpose but to end her race of undeserved sufferings by turning her out of doors, and forcing her upon the wide world without a friend, a relation, or a home,—and at a time too when her situation demanded more than ordinary tenderness! . . . . . The thought was too dreadful even for me to bear:

it racked me to the soul; and what rendered my remorse doubly pungent: love itself, that love which I had thought long annihilated, seemed to re-enter at the rents torn in my heart by pity. A thousand excellencies in my mistress, before unheeded, now flashed upon my mind. From the embers of a more sensual flame extinguished almost as soon as raised, now burst forth a brighter intellectual blaze never before experienced; as from a body in dissolution arise flames of pure ethereal fire.

Sorrow, self-reproach and uncertainty, seemed for a while to deprive me of all power of exertion; but the moment a ray of hope roused me from motionless dismay into fresh activity, I ran frantic all over Smyrna in search of my lost mistress. I abruptly stopped in the street every person high or low, male or female, whom I thought likely to have witnessed her escape; I forcibly invaded every house in which I fancied she might be concealed. No place capable of harbouring any thing in the human shape, and which I dared investigate, did I leave unexplored. Of the individuals assailed by my enquiries some laughed, some took offence, some reproached me for my inconsistency, and some supposed me to be a maniac, broke loose from his confinement. I minded not their surprise

or their scoffing, but continued my pursuit while I had strength. Alas! I continued it in vain. No Euphrosyné could I find!

Reluctantly I now again turned me to the abhorred Sophia, to assist me in my labour. The wretch had not only deceived me, betrayed Euphrosyné, and, by divulging all she ought to have concealed, involved the one in ruin and the other in disgrace; she had even, as if on purpose daily to enjoy the shame cast on Chrysopulo's house, hired a lodging directly opposite his gate: but vast failings are overlooked in those whose aid we want. I hied me to the ex-suivante full of conciliatory speeches: she met them with assurances of equal contrition, and expressed so much regret for her indiscretion, so much compassion for Euphrosyné, and so much sympathy with me, that, in view of the readiness she shewed to second my search, all was, or appeared to be forgiven. We shook hands; I made fresh promises, and Sophia entered upon fresh services.

My resolution this time was formed, and will be allowed to have been unexceptionable. The instant fortune crowned our united labours, Euphrosyné was to receive the meed of her long sufferings; or at least the offer of every reparation which I could make for my manifold offences. Not only I meant immediately

to proclaim her my honored, my wedded, my inseparable wife: but, what to some might seem more difficult or more problematical, I intended to become myself the best and most faithful of husbands.

Fate allowed me full time to study the requisites of that new character. Our twofold search did not turn out more successful than had done before my single-handed endeavours: by no means, however, for want of activity in Sophia. Like Satan her master, she seemed endowed with the gift of ubiquity. Not a day passed that she did not come to me with a long account of the places she had visited, and of those she meant to visit; of the hopes she had been disappointed of in one quarter, and of the expectations she entertained in another; of her glimpses here and of her surmises there. So often did she drag me after her through every street and lane of Smyrna, that my friends pretended to think that she had herself stepped into Euphrosyné's place, and when the city had been ransacked through to the last garret and cellar, we extended our search to every village and hamlet within ten or fifteen miles round.

When at last I had explored every district within the Mootsellimlik of Ismir, until I no longer could think of any place unsearched, and found nothing left to do but to sit down in contented

ignorance, or rather, in calm despair, there flew in at my open window one evening a small silken bag, thrown by an invisible hand, and conveying a gold ring. It was one which I had put on Euphrosyné's finger, immediately after the memorable farewell visit of her kind-hearted friends, and ere I called upon my companions to claim my bets. On the slip of paper twined round the ring were written the following words. "Cease a pursuit, as vain as it is thankless: nor seek any longer to disturb the peace of Euphrosyné, now cured of a worthless passion, and at rest in more merciful hands. The ring you once gave her in proof of your love, reverts to you in sign that she never more can accept your tardy, your unavailing tenderness."

These words, evidently written by the same hand which had originally pointed Euphrosyné out to me as a desirable conquest, seemed at last fully to explain her motives for leaving me, or at least her conduct since her disappearance. Nothing could be clearer, in my opinion, than that the artful schemer who had first instigated me to seduce the lovely girl, had availed himself of my forced absence from home, to take her off my hands. I had been a mere tool to some more designing member of the nefarious set.

It might however, in one sense, be called considerate, thus at last to relieve me from all further anxiety and trouble; and nothing but the inherent perverseness of human nature could have changed, as it did, the cold indifference with which I had treated my mistress, while she depended wholly upon my affection, into the warmth which her image re-kindled in my heart, the moment I supposed her comforted by another: but this new ardor, conceived too late, I kept to myself, and judging that other individual now preferred to be—though unknown—frequently in my company, I took uncommon pains to evince my gratitude for his proceedings. Lest he should have any doubt on this subject, not a day passed without my joining some festive party in excursions to Boornabad, to Sedi-Keui, and other places; and by these means I at last in reality recovered the lightness of heart which I affected; and that to such a degree, as almost to grow frightened at my own unusual mirth, and to apprehend it might forebode some new impending calamity.

An excursion had often been projected, and as often put off, to a village a few miles from Smyrna, celebrated for the beauty of its situation. At last the party took place. We were sitting, half a dozen thoughtless souls, under the cool shade of a

locust tree. I had taken up a lyre, laid down by one of my companions, and was just going to try my long neglected skill in a Greek ballad which I used to sing to Helena, when a peasant brought me a note of a suspicious appearance.

Determined this time to know the author of this single-handed correspondence, I began by laying hold of its conveyer. The messenger seemed the quintessence of stupidity: my catechising could draw nothing from him, except that the billet had been committed to his care three miles off by a female hidden in her veil, come from a distance, and who immediately again took herself off. All that the bearer could or would say ending there, I turned me to the epistle.

It ran thus:

"Did you ever hear of a Greek merchant whose name was Sozimato? Once he excelled Chrysopulo himself in riches, in ambition, and in sway; but fortune turned fickle. Chrysopulo saw new thousands weigh down his former thousands, and Sozimato ended a bankrupt. The match contracted between Chrysopulo's son and Sozimato's daughter now of course was cancelled; for between the rich and the poor no engagement could subsist. To sharpen the sting of the insult, the humble daughter of the bankrupt was offered a servant's place in Chrysopulo's

family: for the upstarts exulted in treading on the neck of the fallen! The offer of arrogance was however accepted, and the taunts of insolence borne. A fever, it was supposed, carried off Chrysopulo's son; and Euphrosyné,—a distant relation—became the adopted daughter. She too was rendered the victim of just revenge. A set of lawless young men had established a society for the purpose of ruining the peace of sober families. One member of this noble fraternity was spoken of in the town as more bold and unprincipled than the rest: he was singled out to cast dishonor on Chrysopulo's house, and to sow misery among its members; and at last, through his instrumentality,—for he was but a tool,—that Euphrosyné, most unjustly aspersed in her unsullied virtue, became the kept mistress of a needy adventurer. Foul disgrace, conjured up from all quarters, thus cast its cloud over Chrysopulo's name."

"Here the work of vengeance might have ended, had not the adventurer too dared to treat with indignity the daughter of Sozimato. It was for this she joined in the search after his departed mistress; it was for this she permitted not the unfortunate girl to be found: it was for this she prevented her from being solaced by her lover's returning tenderness, even when she lay totally destitute, in a miserable garret, at the last period of her labour; and it was

for this finally that she prepared the infidel wretch a world of endless pangs, by plying his hapless mistress with false accounts of his unrelenting barbarity, unto the last day of her existence. !"

"Great, no doubt, were the difficulties in preventing a meeting between the repentant sinner and his innocent victim. One day he penetrated into the very abode, where she lay writhing under every agony of body and of mind. A ragged curtain alone kept her from his sight, and a single cry unstifled must have, thrown him in her arms! Watchfulness however triumphed: the adventurer turned back in ignorance; and his Euphrosyné saw him no more. She was delivered, unaided by any one but the person who had served, had sold her, and now was striving that she might be sainted. Yet did the angel try to do what she could for Selim's child: seeing it ready to perish for want of sustenance, she resolved to save her infant's life, by compleating her own shame. Ere however the sacrifice could be accomplished, she expired;—expired among strangers, pronouncing Selim's name! The more merciful hands in which this miserable man was informed she was at rest, were those of her Maker: the ring he received, had been taken from her cold corpse; and the sole worker of all this woe, I scarcely need add, was the injured and now satisfied Sophia."

I do not know how I was able to read this letter calmly to the end, except from a sort of stupor, which for a moment kept all my faculties, save that of mere perception, suspended! The first word however which one of our party uttered, broke the fascination, set loose my entranced senses, and with them all the dæmons of hell which had been gathering all the while in my bosom. What species of violence I committed in breaking away from the convivial scene to pursue the detestable Sophia, is wholly beyond my knowledge. I neither saw, nor heard, nor thought, until I reached Smyrna.

Sophia knew me too well to wait my return. Ere I received her note, she had left that place for ever: nor could I trace her flight. It was only some time after, when, hopeless of discovering her abode, I had committed to heaven the care of her punishment, that in the least likely of places I met the fury. She again tried to avoid me,—again commenced the race of conscious guilt: but this time to no purpose. Her crime was one of those, which, more atrocious than many that call forth the utmost rigour of justice, yet deride its limited power. I therefore took into my own hands the punishment of so dire an offender: nor did that circumstance render her chastisement more lenient.

This unlooked-for event seemed somewhat to

refresh me. For a time I felt the thirst of my soul assuaged, the raging fever of my blood allayed: but the cessation of pain was only transient: the image of Euphrosyné expiring on a bed of wretchedness, and in the belief that I was hailing the hour of her final departure with songs of cruel joy, when I would have given my own life to have found the poor sufferer, to have taken her back to my now softened bosom, and there to have cherished her to the end of her happier days, soon began to haunt me incessantly; and too truly I found that the fury Sophia had succeeded in insinuating into my contrite heart a canker, which I was destined to carry alive to the grave!

CHAPTER IV.

THE painful chapter is concluded: that chapter to which I looked forward with dismay; and which I hurrried over with shame and sorrow. Frequently during the dreary course of the last pages has my hand felt as if arrested, and my pen ready to drop from my fingers: but I wished to offer in the faithful narrative of my injustice, the only sacrifice in my power to the memory of my Euphrosyné; and having performed this severe but wholesome penance, I seem to breathe somewhat more freely, and to proceed on the sequel of my narrative with less reluctance. Too forcibly however do I feel that the film which obscured my judgment during the sad events of which I have made a full confession, will be admitted with the unimpassioned reader as a feeble palliation only of my offences: nay, that even my bitter repentance itself will scarcely prevent such an abhorrence of my fault to take

possession of his mind, as must pursue me with its blasting influence to the end of my tale.

After learning the fate of my unfortunate mistress, there still remained one other task of fearful anxiety to be performed; namely, to ascertain that of my no less pitiable child. I knew not whether the babe had followed its mother to the grave, or was still alive to share its father's misery: but no Sophia any longer intervening between me and the object of my search, it was soon successful. I discovered the poor people under whose humble roof my Euphrosyné had breathed her last: I found in their arms a lovely infant, depending on charity for its support, and learnt that the smiling babe was my own. External proof was not requisite to confirm the assertions of its fosterfather: too brightly shone in the cherub's eye the heaven of its mother's looks;—that heaven in which, but for my own waywardness, I might have lived for ever blessed. Alexis had her radiant brow, her pouting playful lip, her dimpled chin. The very rag which enveloped the poor infant was a relic of Euphrosyné's last earthly vestment: once, in her days of splendor, a rich tissue of purple and gold;—now so tarnished, so stripped of its original lustre, that it seemed to have continued to the last the faithful emblem of her, whose graceful limbs it had encircled until they waxed cold in death.

I pressed my child to my bosom, to my lips, to my eyes. Hurt by the roughness of my face, perhaps annoyed by the copious flowing of my tears, the poor babe began to cry. So full of terror were its looks, one might have fancied it had recognised its father: I therefore, reluctantly laid it down again and discontinued my endearments: but fearful lest gratuitous care might have less merit in the execution than it had in the design, I told the poor people I should rid them of the burthen, and take my child away. They turned pale at the intelligence, and, though rewarded to the full extent of my scanty means, wept on resigning my Alexis into other hands. What little sum I was able to raise by the sale of my remaining trinkets, I deposited for his maintenance with the most trustworthy people I could find: and then began to consider how I should live myself. The Turkish law, it is true, grants not to the disappointed creditor the vindictive pleasure of shutting up for life his disabled debtor, nor punishes the man who has got into debt, by preventing him from ever getting out again; but still in Turkey, as elsewhere, one may starve even out of gaol.

There were some who would have had me inform my friend Spiridion of my distress: but I could not bear to ask a favor of one to whom I could make no return. "Far better was it,"

thought I, "to be indebted for my subsistence to my own bravery, than to the reluctant compassion of others. Weary of life, and anxious only to banish reflection, I meditated joining some of those bold fellows who, having occupied an abandoned district, imitate greater states, and very fairly tax the traveller for trespassing on their domain. Theirs was the employment—doubtless noble in itself—of transferring to the needy the superfluities of the affluent; and who could plead more pinching wants than a father burthened with the necessities of a motherless babe, and forced to fight for subsistance, or to see his infant starve! Nor in Turkey did the profession of a bandit lack its respectability. A high minded man might embrace the career of the haïdoot without blushing. While most busily employed in reaping its benefits, he still recognised certain principles of honor; and when tired of its perils,—if fortunate enough never to have been caught in the fact—nothing prevented his laying down his dangerous trade unmolested, boasting of his past exploits, and seeking some safer and less precarious employment, on a par with such among his fellow citizens as had, in the capacity of magistrates or rulers, pursued the same profession more unostentatiously. Sick at heart and ruined in

purse, I saw in a robber's life the only remedy for both diseases. Besides, the scheme, if well managed, might be rendered preparatory to another, which I had secretly cherished ever since the commencement of my embarrassments. At Bagdad was seated on the throne of the ancient Kaliphs, a Pasha more resembling an independant sovereign than a Sultan's representative. Himself the disposer of sundry lesser Pashaliks, his wide domain and constant warfare with his manifold neighbours offered to the soldier of fortune a fertile field for promotion. I wished to try his service. Some of the principal troops of banditti that grace the Turkish empire, lined the various roads to his capital; and I might, in my way to that new theatre of my ambition, either occasionally join their numerous marauding parties, or sportsman-like, take my gun, and singly arrest the flight of some passsing traveller, to while away my time, or supply my necessities during the tedious journey.

Nobler game, however, was for a moment near attracting me to more distant realms, where rulers themselves were despoiled, and kings hunted down. An Italian had dropped as if from the clouds at Smyrna, who in appearance only wooed the Muses, but in reality belonged to the sect of political propa-

gandists, about that time disseminated all the world over, to preach emancipation from every bondage, natural, civil, and religious. The disturbance of my mind and the distress of my situation could not remain long concealed from the keen-eyed improvisatore, and he resolved to make them subservient to his secret purposes.

"Listen," would he say in a prophetic tone: "The time is at hand when all the tottering monuments of ignorance, credulity, and superstition, no longer protected by the foolish awe they formerly inspired, shall strew the earth with their wrecks. Every where the young shoots of reason and liberty, starting from between the rents and crevices of the worn-out fabrics of feudalism, are becoming too vigorous any longer to be checked: they soon will burst asunder the baseless edifices of self-interest and prejudice, which have so long impeded their growth. Religious inquisition, judicial torture, monastic seclusion, tyranny, oppression, fanaticism, and all the other relics of barbarism are to be driven from the globe. Total annihilation awaits the whole code of hereditary rights, exclusive privileges, and mortifying distinctions, only derived by men born equal, from mouldering ancestors and musty parchments. Soon shall armorial bearings, empty titles,

and frivolous orders cease to insult man's understanding. Whatever appeared great only through the mist of error; whatever was magnified into importance only through the medium of prejudice, shall have its deceitful size detected by the torch of reason, and shall then be hurled back into its pristine insignificance. Sceptered imbecility, nodding on its crazy thrones, shall ere long be laid prostrate in the dust; and subjects, making sovereigns their footstools, shall assert man's primeval equality, by mounting upon their tyrants' necks into their tyrants' places. Already does in more than one realm the hallowed work of regeneration advance with rapid strides: already throughout Gallia streams day and night the blood of victims: already dungeons forced open, castles levelled with the ground, and feudal records committed to the flames, mark the approach of a happier era; while one monarch shot in the midst of his court, and another dragged to the scaffold by his own subjects, are but the first fruits offered up at the new-raised shrine of liberty, whose temple must some day encompass the whole universe. You then, who here pine in inglorious sloth, drive away the tedium which oppresses your spirits, by joining the noble cause. Enlist among the uprising liberators of mankind. Leave this worn out

empire of despotism and slavery, this den of tigers doomed to speedy destruction, and seek on the yellow banks of the Seine the blessed dawn of a fast spreading revolution. Hasten to that busy capital of all nations, where, from all quarters of the globe flock the lovers of liberty, and the haters of kings; and meet with welcome and with denizenship all that yearn to establish sword in hand more liberal opinions. Your part on this grand theatre already is marked out for you. All you have to do is to present yourself in the august assembly of the great nation, as the representative of oppressed and mourning Greece. Be the eloquent, the pathetic organ of its ardent wish to share in the benefits which France confers on the world. Tell of the myriads that to her lift their imploring hands. Your person is shewy, your lungs are potent, your speech untramelled by troublesome timidity, and with a dress designed by the painter David (I would advise a Grecian tunic) and a few attitudes of uncontrollable emotion, imitated from the sublime Talma, it will be your own fault if, in the convention, you are not hailed as the worthy descendant of Harmodius and Aristogiton !"

This rhapsody made me laugh; but I thought the subject serious. In the midst of all my grief, it interested my vanity, and I enquired the shortest

way to Paris. We agreed that as soon as arrived on European ground, Cirico (the poet) should in view of his superior local knowledge act as my *avant courier*. Unfortunately his impatience marred the project. Desirous of giving a specimen of his talent, he improvised himself away from Smyrna ere I had the least intimation of his departure. In his hurry, he left his bill unpaid, and took away his landlord's silver spoons. This mistake cast a shade upon his doctrine. I bade mourning Greece wipe away her tears without me, and, instead of journeying in behalf of universal liberty to Paris, resumed the plan of my predatory expedition to Bagdad.

In conformity to the nature of my views, I set out lightly provisioned but heavily armed, and the first stage of my journey witnessed the first trial of my skill. At a hamlet where travellers sometimes stop to refresh, a caravan of Franks was waiting for the cool of the evening to proceed in greater comfort. Only come from Sedi-Keui, and only intending to visit Ephesus—or rather the spot once adorned by that city—these dilettanti in ruins had provided no guard. I proposed to two or three loiterers whom I picked up by the way to teach them more prudence. Neither I nor they, we agreed, would commit a serious robbery, but this was only a frolic; and we swore to each other faithfully to restore what

we took, unless we thought it very particularly worth keeping.

A little circuit and a quicker pace brought us first to a defile, which, very soon after, and just at dusk, our travellers also entered. Their attendants were suffered to pass on; but we could not help interrupting a very earnest discussion in which the two principal personages, lagging behind a few paces, were engaged: — it was only for the purpose of demanding their money. The request they readily enough complied with; and to his purse, the elder of the two, in the excess of his liberality, moreover added a very appropriate lecture.

But for this circumstance, the orator's somewhat singular travelling garb would eternally have kept concealed from my knowledge that I had the honor of stripping the Baron H——, Swedish Consul-general at Smyrna, and my own very worthy acquaintance. Residing in the season at Sedi-Keui, he had insisted on accompanying his young friend — an Eastern tourist—on this antiquarian excursion; and I was the first object, not quite two thousand years old, which I suppose had engaged their attention. It was impossible to keep the money of a man whose good fare I had more than once enjoyed; wherefore, falling at the Consul's feet: "Take

back your purse!" cried I; "it would bring me ill fortune; and I have had enough already!"

At these words H—— stared on me in mute astonishment, until, convinced that his senses did not deceive him, he at last exclaimed with a loud groan, "Selim Aga, for heavens sake is it you?"

"It is," answered I.

"And what," resumed the Consul, "can have brought you to this?"

I blushed; and seeing my companions had chosen to decamp during the parley, "We are alone," said I, "let me go on with you to your next halting-place, and there you shall hear all."

The proposal was accepted, and the stage achieved in five or six hours,—for my travellers never went out of a foot-pace. By a little brook, under the already acceptable shade of a plane tree, we sat down an hour after sun-rise, and I told a not very exhilarating story. At its conclusion the Consul was again entreated by me to take back his purse; but this he would not hear of. He had not much liked, he owned, to have it forcibly taken from him; but he now earnestly begged I might think it worthy my acceptance.

"To what purpose?" exclaimed I:—"my object was to try my hand at a highway robbery, more for

the sake of the act than the plunder. The things which money may purchase I can no longer prize. Life to me has lost its sweets!"

"Subdue your passions, young man;" answered H——, "it is to them you owe all your misery."

"Alas!" was my reply, "what am I to believe? Do not philosophers maintain that the passions are the only road to knowledge, to power and to virtue? that the inert being who never has felt their influence on his own mind, knows not how to guide the will of others, sees man as a machine whose movements baffle his skill, constantly miscalculates the conduct of his fellow creatures, and, only attempting to move men like blocks, by force, must find a resistance which mocks his merely physical impulse. Without the passion of love would women encounter the pangs which preserve our species on the globe? without that of ambition would man endure the toil of maintaining order, through means of a well conducted government, among his headstrong fellow-creatures? Is it not the passion of avarice alone that brings in contact, for universal benefit, the industry and the produce of the most distant countries; and what but the passion for fame makes man risk health, fortune, nay life itself, for the advantages, perhaps the amusement, of generations yet unborn? Like the heat of

the sun, that of the passions may strengthen a few poisons, but alone it brings forth all the sweets and healthful plants of the creation."

H—— shook his head. "It is feeling," said he, "which, like the sun's genial warmth, ripens each fairest fruit. Passions, like a scorching blaze, only burn them to ashes. Would you behold the effects of the former; look at my young friend here. Calm, healthful and blooming, he is the bee that sucks the flowers of every clime, some day to add their honey to the stores of his grateful countrymen. Would you know the consequence of the latter; look in the brook beside you."

I advanced my head over the glassy pool: but from its deep bosom up rose to meet my searching eye, a countenance so pale and ghastly—a cheek so wan and so feverish, that I started back with horror. I felt the reproof, bowed assent, and said no more.

To his purse, which H—— positively refused to take back, but allowed me, if I liked, to keep only as a loan, his companion, rich as well as romantic, now insisted on adding his mite. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and with the pen and ink which he carried in a case about him, wrote a draft on a banker at Haleb, to whom he was already known. This order he made me promise solemnly to present.

Greatly could I have wished to devote to the

new friends thus strangely made, the time which they meant to stay at Ephesus: but I feared lest my presence might be a restraint upon the freedom of their rambles, and when Ayasolook rose in sight, with its Moorish mosque and its citadel, I blessed them, kissed the hand of the elder, embraced the younger, and went my lonely way.

As nothing happened in the sequel of my journey to answer the promises of the beginning,—as I stopped no more travellers on the road, nor received no more purses, I shall be brief. Alternately pushing on by land or by sea, according as opportunities offered, I found the one irksome and the other tedious. A Turkish vesssel conveyed me to Scanderoon. The cabin had been hired for a wealthy merchant's harem. Nothing so little seen except thunder ever made so much noise. On the least motion of the ship, all the women used to abuse the captain. The only instrument capable of restoring them to order was the husband's pipe stick: indeed it was much oftener applied to his wives' backs than to his own lips; and the whole of this good gentleman's active life seemed to be divided between a puff and a blow.

The very day I landed at Scanderoon I proceeded on to Baïlan, there to wait in a purer air a caravan of Armenian merchants. On the arrival of the good folks I thought I beheld, instead of the most

pacific people on earth, a troop of Tartars, only breathing war and blood-shed. Each man looked like a walking armoury, stuck all round with every species of offensive weapon. In confidence, however, they soon desired me not to be alarmed: "they made it a rule," they said, "never to use the arms they carried."

Of this circumstance a detachment of Coordish horsemen[1] which we met on the road seemed perfectly aware. Though not quite half our number, they no sooner saw us approach, than they drew their sabres, flung a sheep-skin across the path, and civilly desired each of us to drop into it as we passed the sum of five piastres. I took the liberty of expostulating: but my friends were so averse to acts of violence and so anxious for the honor of paying my share of the contribution, that I could not, either in conscience or good breeding, deny them that pleasure. Notwithstanding these little rencontres might lead to a contrary conclusion, there are guards stationed in the narrow passages of the mountains, to protect the travellers, and to awe the banditti; but they constantly make mistakes, and inform the Coords of the approaching traveller, instead of warning the traveller of the neighbouring Coords.

The fourth and last night of our journey we stopped at Martahwan; a village of Ansarieh's,[2] of

pleasurable notoriety among the Halebines. The owner of the hovel marked out for my lodging, however, seemed ill provided: but the piteous manner in which he apologised for the poorness of the entertainment, by informing me that his wife was dead, his daughter an infant, and his mother a decrepit old woman, made me hasten to relieve his mind, by stating that a mouthful of rice, and a corner to lie down in, were all the comforts I aspired at. As to the conductor of our caravan, whose whole life was spent in travelling backward and forward between Haleb and Scanderoon, he had wisely contrived that his conveniences should not depend, like those of its other ever changing members, on the chances of the road. Taking advantage of the utmost latitude of the Mohammedan law, he had not only provided himself with four wives, but had distributed these so judiciously between the four stations of the journey, that, though every night on the road, he every night slept at home.

At Haleb I failed not to go—lest I might seem forgetful of the kindness shewn me—to the suburb of Djedaïdé, and there to present the draft, given me by the young traveller for my trouble in waylaying him. It was addressed to an old Provençal merchant: a sort of humourist, who always appeared in a rage, never agreed with any body, contradicted himself when he found no one else to

contradict, and, if a stranger to his whims incautiously fell into his opinion, took it as an affront, and demanded explanation. On my handing him the check, he alternately looked at the bill and at me, and seemed to wonder how the two came together. This I explained to a certain degree, and thereupon he readily paid me, launching out into long praises of our common friend, "who," he said, "was a youth capable of teaching many old ones." I observed, that to me he had seemed quite the child of nature; but here I found I had got on the wrong scent. "Child of nature!" cried the Provençal, "no more than you, or I, or pickled olives. If he were, I should expect to be devoured by him. The human beings that are nearest to nature eat their enemies, make love to their mistresses by felling them to the ground with a club, beat out their wives' brains when they get tired of their persons, and inter with the dead mothers their living babes. Except such monsters as these, all our fellow creatures are in different degrees the children of art; the Indian and the Arab, as well as the European and the Chinese: for with reason begins art; and the first man who made use of the reasoning faculty—if it were only to scoop out a drinking bowl, or the point of a fishing hook—for ever took leave of simple nature; and did very wisely!"

After this *tirade*, the worthy gentleman, inviting

me to be seated, informed me that finding little of the resource of conversation at Aleppo, where the natives were, to use his own words, *naturellement bêtes*, and his own countrymen *passablement animaux*, he had addicted himself to philosophy *à corps perdu*:—an expression perhaps not wholly applicable, as I found him on the contrary to be of the sect who, only seeking the useful, never by any chance lose sight of the body, and only estimate things according as they can be eaten or drank. "In fact, fragrant odors, delicious music, beautiful gardens and such like," my friend observed, "lose all their merit the moment one becomes deaf, or blind, or afflicted with a cold in the head!" He therefore—only esteeming *le solide*,—held them in great contempt, as totally unphilosophical; and, whenever they were praised in his hearing, used shrewdly to ask: "*à quoi bon tout cela?*

Meanwhile, dinner being announced, he jumped up, and cried out with exceeding glee; "*allons-y, car il est très philosophique de manger*:" a truth to which I so fully assented that I was invited to take my share, and for once had an opportunity of beholding a sage truly intent upon putting his doctrine in practice. Indeed he did this to such a degree as almost to overshoot the mark, and to exceed the limits of utility; for, though at every

one of the good dishes which a well trained confidential servant successively enumerated in a loud voice, he emphatically exclaimed, "*Eh mon Dieu, qu'est-ce que cela me fait?*" yet, being wholly absorbed in the eloquent invective this gave rise to against the pernicious art of cookery, he went on practically evincing its dangers, until I feared his philosophy might end fatally, and was going to impart my apprehension to his servant,—when luckily the same idea struck this faithful domestic. He whispered something in his master's ear; who, hereupon reddened, and turning round to me, said, "*Je fais si peu attention à ce que je mange, que je suis sujet à m'oublier, et à ne pas discontinuer jusqu'à ce qu'on m'avertisse:*" in order to ensure the performance of which necessary office, the prudent Provençal had with infinite forecast granted his trusty attendant a considerable annuity;—but upon his own more philosophic life.

Dinner, desert, coffee and liqueurs being over, I thanked my host for his entertainment and took my leave. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "why must I remain here to look after pistachios and tobacco, while you are going to behold the august site of ancient Babylon; that cradle of wisdom, that fountain head of gnosticism, which let man into all the secrets of the Divine emanation, and into all the mysteries of the

universal soul! No doubt you will tread with veneration its hallowed soil, kiss with rapture its sacred dust, and make an ample store of its inestimable bricks. But, no — you only go to seek the filthy gold of a Pasha!" I laughed; owned I saw more of the *utile* in a few sequins than in a whole cart load of worn out brick bats, with inscriptions which no one could understand, even though they should have been manufactured in Babylon; begged the merchant's commands for that august place, and took my departure.

To an unphilosophical traveller Aleppo was not a disagreeable abode, though it had its inconveniences. The stranger risked being torn to pieces by the Shereefs if he liked the Jenissaries best, stoned by the Jenissaries if he preferred the Shereefs, and knocked down by both if he liked neither pre-eminently. Every day the city was disturbed by the feuds between these rival bodies. I left them to settle their differences without my assistance, and made my bargain with the Kerwan-bashi of a small kafflé,[3] for my conveyance to Bagdad. The conductor of the caravan was to defray all expences,—tolls to Turks, Arabs and Turkmen included; and to go, not by the great desert, where we expected nothing but pilfering Bedoweens, pestilential winds, and clouds of parching dust, but by the longer and more agreeable circuit of Moossool, described as an uninter-

rupted succession of populous villages and cultivated tracts.

On the appointed day we set out. Among the party was an inquisitive prying marmoset, who could not rest until he had sifted out the business and profession of every member of the caravan. When it came to my turn to be cross-questioned, I honestly told him, under promise of betraying me to nobody, that I was a physician, disguised as a military man, to avoid the annoyance of consultations. The secret was soon buzzed about, and immediately the whole party paid court to no one but me. Each individual contrived in turns some opportunity cunningly to introduce the topics of health and disease, and in a discreet way to consult me on all his complaints, past, present, and future. One Arab only of the suit was endowed with so perversely good a constitution as not to be able to discover in himself the symptom of a single lurking ailment; and feelingly lamented his ill-luck in being obliged to forego so fine an opportunity for a cure. The first medicines I distributed were mere balls of bread and soap; but I soon found the bowels of the company too *exigeant* for so gentle a prescription. I therefore made bold to purloin some portion of a bale of ipecacuanha, directed to the missionaries at Bagdad, which I knew by the smell, and so found means to satisfy my friends. They were not particular as to the

mode in which the medicine operated, but merely as to the vehemence of its action. A man in a fever slily drank off the restorative I had prepared for one with an absces; and one in the cholic put into his stomach the lotion intended for the leg of another who had broken his shin: but these trifles affected not my reputation. It presently grew so splendid, that in our evening halts I no longer dared to stir out of the khan where we stopped, for fear of being forcibly dragged away to feel pulses. Fortunately, the crossing of the small desert, which we preferred to coasting the banks of the Tigris, enabled me to drop my assumed character, by interrupting for a while the affluence of patients. I declared I was not a physician; and immediately the complaints of my travelling companions, which they thought radically cured, all returned upon them with double force.

Halting in a plain between Nissabeen and Mossool, we came in contact with a party of travellers, whose rout crossed our track, and who stopped to rest where we did. At first our guides and the strangers conversed together very amicably, but presently high words arose between them, and the quarrel at last became so loud and violent that I expected it to end in a pitched battle. We thought it wisest not to interfere, and contented ourselves with

listening attentively. For a long while, however, none of us could make any thing of the dispute, except that it was about some great personage, whom, it seems, our Arabs had not mentioned with due reverence. When the matter came to be explained, this personage turned out to be the devil. The strangers were Yezidees; a sect who maintain that, whether Satan be at present in or out of favor in heaven, he continues not the less to exert great sway upon earth, and therefore ought to be treated with proper respect; and, as they think it wise to make friends every where—not knowing where their destiny may ultimately place them—they judiciously divide their worship between the powers of light and of darkness. The party in question was on a pilgrimage from mount Sindjar their residence, to the tomb of Schaich Adi their patron.

Hearing all these circumstances, I immediately walked over to these worthy people, and begged most earnestly to state to them that we were all in reality much more in his satanic majesty's interests than we pretended; for my own share requested particularly to have a good word spoken for me in their prayers to him, and, after mutual civilities on parting, very respectfully wished them at the devil.

New figures joined the caravan at Moossool. Among them stood prominent a fat, sleek, ruddy-

faced Armenian. His nominal residence, he told me, was Yulfa, his real abode any part of the road between Turkey, Persia and India. Already had he spent, in carrying merchandise backward and forward between those countries, two good thirds of man's ordinary span of life; and still did he as little as ever meditate a more tranquil mode of existence for the remainder of his days. It is true, that though maallim Moorsa's body was in constant motion, his mind seemed stationary, and neither to advance nor to retrograde an inch: and it was no doubt owing to the complete repose of his intellectual part, that the corporeal portion so well stood the fatigue he made it undergo. With him, the sword, so far from wearing out the scabbard, appeared of no use but to keep that scabbard properly poised, amid the jolting of his horse or camel.

"Tell me, maallim Moorsa," said I one day, as we stopped to water our camels, "what can tempt you, at your age and with your fortune, to toil harder, and to allow yourself fewer indulgences than the meanest of your own domestics? and far from home and friends to spend your days jolting on a rough-paced dromedary, and your nights sweltering in a wretched birth? Are hunger, thirst, burning sands, nipping blasts, tormenting insects, venomous reptiles, extortionary guides, rapacious enemies,

ruinous engagements, and unexpected losses so very indispensable to your happiness, that you must travel hundreds and hundreds of miles in search of these little adventitious enjoyments?"

"I will tell you;" answered the placid Armenian. "It is habit, all powerful habit that makes me live as I do: habit, more persuasive than the suggestions of reason, and the remonstrances of friends. When first I commenced my wandering mode of life, I only intended to continue it during a limited period. The repose at home which followed each journey seemed short, the setting out afresh was irksome: I reluctantly quitted a young and handsome wife, a group of fond and playful children, and a set of jovial and hospitable friends, for new fatigues and dangers, and never did I startwithout saying to myself:—"well! Let me only possess a decent competency, and I shall sit down never more to move, until packed up like my own goods, to be carried to the grave!"

"But mark the sequel! As years rolled on, my wife grew old and cross, my children left me to set up separate establishments, my convivial friends became sedate and parsimonious, and I myself by degrees began to lose, in my lonely journeys, my former keen relish for society. As with my increasing wealth my ideas of a decent competency enlarged, my taste

lor the things it was intended to secure diminished. Instead of feeling a greater impatience to get home, and more pleasure in staying under my own roof, than I used to do, I now find precisely the reverse to be the case. I travel homewards more leisurely; I am able to sleep more soundly on the night which precedes my arrival; and the happiness of being with my family sooner loses its zest. My increasing torpor of mind and of body more speedily crave that excitement which only the bustle and shaking of the caravan can give: the desire of returning to my business and journeys revives more quickly: I am bent with greater force upon still achieving one last lucrative expedition ere I sit down for ever; and I can less bear the idea of already crossing myself up, like the worm in the web of its own weaving, for the whole of the time that is to precede my final change."

"Man, man!" cried I, "struggle against this increasing restlessness; or what good are your riches to do yourself or others?"

"Alas, I have struggled!" replied the Armenian. "It was but the very last time of my being at home that I said to myself: maallim Moorsa, maallim Moorsa, dost thou mean never to be quiet? Thy daughters are well married, thy sons in excellent business, thou possessest three times as much as

with thy old Rachel thou canst spend in the most profuse living. Then wander not any longer about the world, like one bereft of house and home; but, by staying among thy friends, and giving up all further ventures, secure thyself from the risk of losses and sorrows," and thereupon I forced myself to try to enter into all the various enjoyments of a sedentary life. But alas! the thing would not do: I soon found a noisome evil steal upon me, penetrate my inmost marrow, and spoil the relish of all my pleasure. It was not loss; it was not sorrow: but it was far more intolerable than either;—it was ennui! An insuperable listlessness took possession of my being, a nausea past all enduring pursued me incessantly. In the midst of friends, of good cheer, and of comforts of every description, I cast a look of envy upon every human being who set out to encounter new fatigues and dangers. The recital of the speculations, the purchases, the sales, the commissions and the profits of other merchants, made my heart bound, and my mouth water with longing. My own existence, while unemployed in similar transactions, appeared to me a mere blank, or rather, a gloomy expanse of entire darkness; and my melancholy and pining must at last have brought me prematurely to the grave, had not a sensible physician been called in to give his opinion of the actual

disease of the body into which my mental gloom had degenerated. Instead of a certain dose of bark and senna, to be taken at noon and at night, he prescribed so many pieces of shawl and bales of silk, to be bought in Cashmeer and to be sold at Smyrna. The very prescription made me revive. The moment I set about taking the remedy I felt like a fish put back into the water; my decaying strength returned, and my fading cheek resumed its pristine hue."

"Your case," said I, shrugging up my shoulders, "I see, is hopeless."

"I fear it is," answered Moorsa. "I have lived a constant traveller, and a traveller, I suppose, I shall die. On these roads on which I spent my youth and manhood, I feel destined to end my days. But I do not much repine at this ordination: it affords me a pleasure which no other could give. I talk not of that of seeing different manners and customs. Those are things we Armenians care little about. But while abroad, I fancy that all the beings I possess at home are angels; and I never stay at home long enough to be undeceived."

This account of maallim Moorsa made a deep impression upon my mind: it alarmed me for myself. If a heavy Armenian with a comfortable home, had, by excessive indulgence, suffered roving

habits to take such root in his constitution, as to despair of ever enjoying a stationary existence on this side the grave, how much more was a state of incurable restlessness likely to become the confirmed disease of one who, like me, was by nature moreover averse from domestication, and possessed not in space the least little clod of earth of my own, on which to sit down when tired of rambling, but like the loose sands in the desert ever remained liable to be blown about from place to place, by every slightest gust of wind. I felt the danger so great that from that instant I determined, on the first opportunity, to fix myself somewhere. Already I possessed in my little Alexis a polar star, to which began to point all my thoughts, all my wishes: a magnet, whose attraction I felt even when steering in a contrary direction. Him I should some day have near me, him I should educate, him I should make the sole object of my care: but to execute that project I must have a home; I must have means;—and in search of that home, and of those means, I must for the present go on wandering as before.

CHAPTER V.

Our journey ended not with maallim Moorsa's description of his: we still passed on the road many a weary day. At last, however, we reached a vast suburb of mud, crossed a long bridge of boats, and entered the celebrated city of Bagdad. As I advanced I could not help at every step exclaiming; "Is this the capital of Haroon-al-raschid? this the residence of Zobeïdé; this the favorite scene of Eastern romance? How fallen from its ancient splendor!"

Suleiman still governed the vast Pashalik of Bagdad; the last and highest fruit of many successive vicissitudes and promotions. A Georgian by birth, and by condition a Mamluke, he had in 1775, on the death of his predecessor and patron, been appointed to the Mootsellimlik of Basra. Besieged in that city by Kherim-khan, the usurper of the Persian monarchy, he held out fifteen months ere he

surrendered the place; was, in consequence of the capitulation, carried a captive to Sheeras, and, after a two years detention, had, on the death of Kerim, the good fortune to be again restored to his government. To this subordinate appointment the Porte, in consideration of his valor and his services, soon after added the Pashalik of Bagdad, the most extensive and powerful of the Turkish empire.

Long did Suleiman sustain with unexampled dignity the weight of his manifold honors. His warlike talents kept in awe the fierce hordes of tributary Koords and Arabs at the two opposite extremities of his vast province, while his justice and moderation endeared him to the milder inhabitants of the intervening districts. But ere I beheld his dominions his glory had begun to fade, his resplendant sun to set. For some time past both the body and the mind of the mighty Suleiman seemed to have lapsed from their former energy into a state of imbecility and torpor. Achmet, once a groom in Suleiman's stable, now held in his stead the reins of empire. In the capacity of the Pasha's kehaya, he enjoyed both the direction of his councils and the command of his armies: but he was not content merely to represent; he totally superseded his master. Suleiman was forgotten in his favorite, and while the Pasha only resembled the

inert idol concealed in the sanctuary, the Kehaya was the high-priest, who holding the keys of the adytum, ruled the people with despotic sway, and swept away all their offerings.

My former situation and services in Turkey procured me access to this all powerful personage. I was received at his levee with the utmost courtesy. Nothing, indeed, could be more fascinating than Achmet's exterior. His features were fine, his figure noble, his manners dignified yet mild, his wit playful without pungency: he seemed to promote unrestrained liberty of speech, even where it attacked most directly his opinion and interests; his own expressions often dropped as if from an unguarded lip and a guileless heart. He spoke with affability to all, and never ceased bewailing the pomp his situation required. No passion ever could be perceived to disturb the serenity of his countenance, or the placidity of his temper. He would occasionally perform acts of great liberality; always expressed his repugnance to harsh or cruel measures, and when compelled by reasons of state to sign the death warrant even of his bitterest enemy, shed tears of sympathy which he seemed afraid to show.

But black was the heart wrapped in this fair covering. If Achmet's countenance remained ever serene,—if no angry word escaped his lip, no pas-

sionate gesture ever gave vent to his resentment, his malignant feelings only rankled the more fiercely within his steel-hardened bosom: his apparent candour was but the snare in which he entrapped the confidence of the unwary. Humble in his manner, his heart swelled with unbounded pride: for every piastre he gave in gifts, his agents doubled their exactions tenfold: his aversions, his hatreds, undiscoverable in the presence of their object, broke out with greater virulence in distant times and places. The more he expatiated on the pleasure of pardoning, the more certain it was that he meditated some act of signal revenge; and if he sighed at being obliged to represent his master, it was because he longed for Suleiman's death, to be master himself.

Achmet had for some time been waging war, in the Pasha's name, with a new sect of heretics, sprung up in the deserts of Arabia, under the name of Wahhabees. A short sketch of the origin and progress of these innovators may not be inapposite in this place.

The arid but extensive province of Nedjd, the inmost centre of Arabia, was not only the first cradle of Islamism, but the country where in after ages the doctrine of Mohammed remained most exempt from adulteration. The roving children of Anahsse, of Kaïbar and of Taï, distantly dotted in

small tribes over its wide and sterile surface, had but little communication with each other, and no intercourse with strangers. They were neither numerous nor stationary enough to breed any religious ferments in their own bosom, and they lived too far removed from all foreign influence to receive the infection of new and heretical doctrines from without. Their erratic life allowed neither time nor inclination to burthen with idle speculations and difficulties the simplicity of their original creed, nor to institute a cumbrous hierarchy and a complicated ritual. The text of the Prophet was their only rule, the surface of the desert their only temple, and the Schaich or leader of each tribe its only Imam or priest. Constant motion, to which the stream owes its limpidity, preserved the faith of the Arabs from alloy, and their practices from corruption: they transmitted the Koran to their posterity, as they had received it from their ancestors, in all its primitive purity, unchanged by explanations, and unperverted by comments. It is true that the very circumstance of their rejecting the distinctive forms of any mode of worship in particular, facilitated their assimilating with whatever sect they were led amongst, either by business or by pleasure. The casual ramification of Islamism, to whose shade the care of their flocks or the conduct of their cara-

vans brought them nearest, was that under which they outwardly ranged themselves; and, Sunnees on the borders of the Turkish empire, they no sooner approached the vicinity of Persia, than they became to appearance very notable Sheyees.

However great might be the abhorrence or contempt entertained for the absurd dogmas and superstitious practices superadded to the Koran, this feeling could only by the lonely inhabitant of the desert be cherished in the recesses of his own bosom. He neither had the means to collect his meditations into a regular code of doctrine, nor to preach them to other nations. But when these same opinions insensibly penetrated from the sterile plains of the Nedjd into the hilly and fertile districts of Ared, what, among thinly scattered tribes, pitching their tents at random, had remained mere vague insulated sentiments, amid a stationary population, crowded in towns and villages, became condensed into positive precepts, and a peculiar code, which enabled its adherents distinctly to mark their scission from the rest of the Mohammedans.

And this happened toward the close of the seventeenth century. At that period the district of Ayanii was ruled by a Schaich of the name of Suleiman, descended from the same noble family of the Koreïsch—now reduced to a few obscure in-

dividuals—whence sprung the Prophet. This Schaich derived a considerable income from the numerous herds of camels which he let out to the Indian Mohammedans who yearly disembarked at Katif, and traversed Aŕed in their way to Mekkah: but loaded with riches, he long remained unblessed with progeny. In his old age, and when he no longer had any hopes of offspring, heaven most unexpectedly bestowed on him a son.

Every species of prodigy is said to have announced and accompanied the birth of this high-fated child. An universal earthquake made every mosque that rests upon the ground shake unto its foundations, and every minaret that shoots up in air topple on its base; and while, during several successive nights, cities, villages, castles and fields shone with a supernatural and brilliant light, the lamps which burned in the sepulchral chapels of Mohammed and of the other saints of Islamism, were dimmed and went out preternaturally, spite of Imams and of snuffers:—miracles so well attested, that no one can doubt them, except determined unbelievers.

Abd-ool-wahhab, or the Slave of the Most High, was the name given to the infant for whom heaven seemed to reserve such lofty destinies. Sent to study the law in the most celebrated medresses of Damascus, the youth learnt from the sturdiest

Mohammedans themselves to attack the corruptions introduced into their creed. He no sooner returned to his home, than he began publicly to preach the necessity of a thorough reformation.

His doctrine has been represented as pure Deism: but nothing can be more erroneous. Abd-ool-wahhab maintained not merely the divine origin of the Koran; he might even be said to enhance the importance of the sacred text, by asserting that alone it was able to supply all the spiritual wants of the faithful, without any adventitious aid, and by divesting of the smallest remnant of authority every article of faith or rule of conduct, since added to the book sent from heaven, either by the Prophet himself, or by any of the later doctors of Islamism: for while Abd-ool-wahhab regarded the Koran as received directly from the Most High, he considered Mohammed its organ as only an ordinary mortal. Endowed, according to the new sectary, with no one superhuman attribute, no gift of miracles, no peculiar sanctity, this man resembling other men could not give a stamp of holiness even to such oral precepts distinct from the Koran as he himself spontaneously uttered; and if any worship addressed even to Mohammed was reprehensible in the eyes of Abd-ool-wahhab, still infinitely more so was the least character of sanctity attached to other indivi-

duals—Imams, doctors, or expounders of the law. Pilgrimages performed to peculiar tombs, virtue attributed to peculiar relics, were treated as rank idolatry; and the first pious performance, enjoined the new proselytes when they had acquired sufficient strength, was the destruction of the chapels of Mekkah and Medina, of Iman-Aly and Iman-Hussien, where Sunnees and Scheyees yearly unite in devout orisons to the ashes of pretended saints. Their dust was, like that of the desert, to be scattered in the wind; and the treasures which adorned their monuments were to reward the piety of their despoilers.

When about the middle of the eighteenth century, Abd-ool-wahhab,—oppressed with years of renown and sanctity, was at last gathered unto his fathers, his son Mohammed, educated like himself in the study of the law, and consequently also distinguished by the title of Moollah, succeeded him as preacher of the new doctrine. Mohammed gave himself more wholly up to its internal light, since that from without penetrated not his eyes, struck from his childhood with incurable blindness. This circumstance indeed prevented him from leading out his proselytes himself, in the wars for the defence or propagation of his new creed, but its irrefragrable truth had already found a champion of the most martial description in Ibn-Schood, the su-

preme ruler of Ared, who resided at Derayeh, and who became the temporal chief of the Wahhabees, while Moollah-Mohammed remained their spiritual leader.

From the moment that the new doctrine, adopted by old established princes, became enabled to add the force of arms to that of arguments, it made rapid and extensive progress. Almost immediately on the promulgation of Wahhabism, its more recent name had sanctioned the tenets already professed of old by the roving tribes of the desert; and soon after its establishment in the Ared, the stationary Schaichs of the province of Kherdj enlisted under its banners. It now rapidly approached the Hedjas; and the Shercef of Mekkah, the guardian of the Kaaba, began to tremble for his power and for his dominions. Loudly inveighing against the apathy with which other states saw the danger approach them, he determined to avert it from the realms he ruled, by promoting a powerful diversion.

To the eastward of the Nedjd extends the half desert half cultivated province of Hadjar; the ancient domain of the mighty tribe of Beni-Haled. One part of the year, Ibn-Arar its chief roves with his tents over the boundless plain, the other part he resides in El-Hassa the capital. This city once recognised the authority of the Sultan; but has since

been reclaimed by its Arab founders. Turkish fortifications, however, still surround its precincts, and Turkish families form a principal part of its population. Its Ayals or primates bore the Wahhabees a peculiar hatred both in their quality as Osmanlees and as Sunnees. The Shereef of Mekkah found little difficulty in exciting them to hostilities against the spreading heretics; Arar took up arms and marched to Derayeh.

Already had internal anarchy and dissensions began to shake to its foundations the new doctrine. Nothing therefore seems more probable than that, like many older heresies, that of the Wahhabees would have blazed an instant in the district where it arose, and then have sunk again for ever into oblivion, had not the unseasonable interference of strangers providentially preserved it from the general fate it seemed destined to share. The danger which threatened the Wahhabees from without, forced them to stifle their internal feuds. They united for common defence and safety. Schood, before harassed by continual murmurings and mutinies, now found his subjects all obedience and zeal. And after several years of warfare with Arar, instead of the children of Beni-Haled getting nearer Derayeh, the sons of Wahhab had sensibly approached El-Hassa.

As soon as Abd-ool-azeez, the son and successor of Ibn-Sehood, felt himself secure on the side of Hadjar, he turned his views towards Mekkah. Revenge as well as avarice animated him against its chief. But where all lived upon the holy things which he came to destroy, he found very few within the city disposed to second his attempts from without. It was only at the close of the third campaign that he got sight of the fortress of Tayif, situated on a high mountain, at a small distance from Mekkah; and before he could lay siege to the place, the death of his spiritual partner, Moollah-Mohammed, —whose earthly career had extended to near a century,—forced him, by the confusion it caused among his sectaries, to return to Derayeh.

The Shereef of Mekkah thought this the time for changing his defensive into an offensive war, and pursued the Wahhabees into their own territory. There, however, rapidly facing about, these sectaries, with their strength now refreshed, so completely routed his harassed army, that he was hardly able, in his flight, to reach the gates of his capital.

The Porte now awoke from its trance, and began to feel some alarm at the progress of the Wahhabees. The Sultan directed the Pasha of Bagdad to provide for the defence of the holy city; and the Pasha of Bagdad transmitted the Sultan's instructions to his

vassals, the Arab Schaichs of Montefih and of Beni-Haled. Both prepared immediately to obey: but the Schaich of Montefih was murdered by a disguised Wahhabee, in his own tent; and the Schaich of Beni-Haled, after an unsuccessful campaign, saw El-Hassa, his capital, sacked by the victorious enemy, who took Sobier by storm, made Basra tremble, and threatened Meschid-Aly with annihilation.

Suleiman's kehaya at last himself determined to advance. In 1793—the year before my arrival at Bagdad,—he had succeeded in making Abd-ool-azeez evacuate his new conquests, and return, though with immense plunder, to Derayeh. Great consternation continued, nevertheless, to prevail at Bagdad: for the Wahhab doctrine had now extended its sway to almost every part of Arabia north of Yemen, and had gained the very core of the tribe of Montefih itself, hitherto considered as the chief bulwark of the Otthoman Empire against the new sectaries. It is true the Turkish mob tried to hush its fears by asking with a sneer what could be effected by an undisciplined rabble armed only with matchlocks, against regular armies and fortified places; but the shrewder part of the community felt that no temporary check could ensure a vast province vulnerable in every point, an empire tottering to its

base, and a militia enervated by sloth and luxury, against a race of men with bodies of steel, with souls of fire, whose abode was the inaccessible heart of the desert, whose patience of fatigues, hardships, and privations exceeded all idea, as their rapidity of motion baffled all calculation; who, while they heeded not heat or hunger or thirst, appeared in the most sudden and unexpected manner on the points most distant from each other, and most unprepared for their reception; who, on the smallest reverse always had their sands open behind them to retire to, beyond the reach of pursuit; whose obedience to their chiefs in whatever concerned the interests of their new creed knew no bounds, while their bravery in battle and their contempt of death were fed by a fanaticism far exceeding the long worn-out zeal of the Turks; and who in all their expeditions were equally animated by the interests of religion, and by the hopes of plunder. Nay, timid men pretended that in the very midst of Bagdad, in the broad face of day, Wahhabees had been seen, scarcely disguised, to take note of the individuals and to mark the houses, which their vengeance or their avarice had devoted to destruction.

Mean while Achmet kehaya was preparing to employ the leisure which the temporary retreat of these sectaries had left him, in an expedition

against the district of Kara-Djoolan, one of the fiefs of the Pashalik of Bagdad. Its Coordish inhabitants had of their own authority appointed one of their countrymen as governor, and this new delegate was trying to obtain the Pasha's confirmation by force of arms.

I offered to raise a corps of Dellis for this expedition, and was accepted. Knowing dispatch to be the soul of war, I did not in my recruits stickle much for age or size, and when my bairak[5] was complete, had the satisfaction of seeing it offer a most agreeable variety of ages and statures :— but what of that? courage was not measured by the inch, nor bravery estimated according to the colour of the beard. With my raw recruits I was ready for the kehaya, long before he was ready for me.

Babel's ancient confusion of tongues still seems to prevail at Bagdad. Turks, Persians, Indians, Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Arabs were constantly vying, which, in their various dialects, should outbawl the other. Among the motley group collected in the market place, the fat paunch and ruddy face of maallim Ibrahim often shone pre-eminent. Whenever he saw me he failed not to hail his old travelling companion; and one day that his mercantile transaction left him at leisure, he introduced the captain of Dellis to some Ispahan merchants.

who had left their country on the dissensions which followed the elevation of the eunuch Aga Mohammed. They were Scheyees, and certainly, in the eyes of a true Sunnee, a very abominable set of people; for not only did they maintain Aly to be first in rightful succession to Mohammed, and not Aboo-bekr; but they made no scruple of carrying little paintings of pretty faces in their books of poetry. As well might they have had them in their Koran.

Notwithstanding such extreme relaxation of morals, I could not help thinking my Persians agreeable companions enough. It was long since I had met with men who occasionally sought relief from the drudgery of trade in the elegancies of literature. One of them, Aboo-Reza, possessed a very pretty turn for poetry himself. His imagination, it is true, was not of that soaring order which, like the eagle, rises far above the surface of the earth, and embraces in its rapid glance the most distant similitudes which the wide expanse of the heavens affords. It rather resembled the playful butterfly which, hovering near the enamelled surface of the field, is content to sip, in gaudy attire, the honied cup of each humble daisy, half concealed among the herbage. He was happy in the art of seizing the *à-propos* of the moment, the flitting

shadow of the insect, in its noon day flight; and his inpromtu verses on the events of the day were, by his friends, extolled far above the productions of Hafeez and of Ferdousi,—poets, as it was thought, grown somewhat musty with age. The most felicitous fits of inspiration used to seize him, when half a dozen of us were assembled in a little back-room, over a large bowl of a certain ruby colored liquor, whose fumes seem in all ages to have had the property of exciting the poetic fervor. It was then that his eyes began to sparkle, and his lips to pour forth almost involuntary effusions.

One evening Aboo-Reza looked so much more solemn than usual, that all wondered what monstrous mouse the mountain was going to produce. It kept us not long in suspense. Striking against the china vessel round which we were seated, for the purpose of inforcing silence; "Mourn Persia, mourn!" exclaimed our friend, in fine poetic phrenzy:—"when the ancient gem of the empire, the primeval seat of the Sovereign, the proud city of Ispahan, fell into solitude and ruin; when its crystal fountains only continued to play to the hooting owl, and its brilliant basons robed themselves in a veil of green slime; when the King of Kings withdrew the radiance of his favor from the stately matron, and gave himself up to the warmer and more voluptuous concubine; when gay

Sheeraz, crowned with crimson roses, flushed with sparkling wine, and pouring forth a fragrant breath, received him to her bosom, then began trouble and confusion to spread throughout the land; then burst open on all sides the flood gates of purple blood!—but when the whirlwind of war again tore up the blazing throne of the Sofis, scarcely rooted in the South, and, on its iron wings carried the fringed canopy of state to the frozen tracts of the North; when the gemmed carpet of the Sovereign, erst sprinkled with fragrant flowers, was spread on sheets of ice, under the benumbing shadow of frowning Demawend,—then indeed did the genius of the chilling blast imprint on eternal snows the seal of Persia's ruin: then rushed forth to the destruction of Djemshid's tottering empire every demon of darkness, brought forth with frightful throes by the polar lightning; then,—while ensanguined streams crimsoned heaven as well as earth,—was heard among the Sun's orphan children, no sound but the wail of sorrow, and the cry of despair!"

Here Aboo-Reza stopped, to enjoy our admiration, and to collect our applause: but our lips continued locked in silent wonder at the sublime thought of delivering the aurora borealis of a parcel of Russian soldiers,—until in rushed in actual tangible form

a grim looking detachment of those of the Pasha, to take us to prison, as conspirators against the state. The loudness of Aboo-Reza's voice, while reciting his effusion, had made this valiant troop—bent in quest of our party—stop at the door to listen; and the less its members had understood of the drift of the sonnet, the more they had considered it as an undeniable proof of the guilty purpose of our meeting. Nothing, they all swore, could be so evident as that the peak of Demawend meant the Pasha's kehaya, in whose name they had come to confine us; and that we were the hurricane that would tear him up by the root, if not prevented in good time. This was effected by clapping us in prison, where we felt rather uncomfortable, notwithstanding Aboo-Reza tried to give us comfort, by assuring each of our party individually, that, die when we might, he had all our epitaphs ready written in his pocket.

A descendant of one of the tribes of Israel was the secret instigator of this unmerited attack upon our liberties. Formerly chief of the customs at Basra, the Jew Abd-allah had been removed from that situation on some complaint of the English factory. He was since become at Bagdad not only the cashier, but the chief counsellor of the Kehaya, whose financial operations he entirely managed. Achmet would sooner have affronted many a great man in office than his little Jew. Abd-allah, leav-

ing his ancient wife, with his old employment, at Basra, had entirely new furnished his harem at Bagdad; and it was said that, in honor of the young spouse with whom he adorned his new establishment, he abstained three whole days from usury,—the sabbath however included. Little had this proof of love availed him. The fascinating Sarah made but an inadequate return for such sacrifices; and while the husband passed his mornings with the kehaya, one or other of the kehaya's officers used to beguile the solitude of the wife. Anxious to get some money advanced me upon my bairak, I went several times to the seraff's. Sarah, from her grated balcony, espied my visits to her husband's serdar, and seemed determined to console me for his backwardness. But as well might the fair Israelite have tried to communicate her new flame to a heap of ashes as to my worn-out heart. It was proof against all her attractions, natural and acquired.

Among Jews and among gentiles, in scripture and in fable, in ancient times and in modern, it has been the invariable rule for ladies to accuse of too much warmth those in whom they found too little. Sarah departed not from the established rule. She represented me as having manifested a slight opinion of her virtue; and her husband was delighted to see its severity thus confirmed. He had heard of my nocturnal meetings with the

Persian merchants. Forthwith he denounced us to the kehaya as guilty of treasonable practices; but, on an investigation, those of his wife alone came to light.

Our liberation followed speedily. The indignity of the imprisonment however rankled in my mind, and I swore to the kehaya an irreconcilable hatred. From different causes, many in Bagdad shared in this feeling; and a small knot of us, chiefly officers of the Jenissaries, never met without very freely expressing our resentment. One evening, in an armourer's shop where we used frequently to assemble, we by some chance began mimicking a Greek superstition. I knotted a handkerchief into a little puppet, christened it Achmet, and, after loading it with invectives, invited the party to plunge their swords into the little kehaya. Not until he was fairly demolished did we perceive—squatted in a dark corner of the shop—an Arab, who had been cheapening a lot of muskets. He seemed as little anxious to be noticed by us, as we were pleased to discover him: but our conversation had been in Turkish, and we gave ourselves little concern about the impression it might make on a Bedoween.

A few evenings after this meeting, as I passed through a back street far away from my lodging, I

saw myself rather abruptly approached by a man enveloped in his abbah, who had been observing me for some time. I clapped my hand on my pistol: but the stranger, assuring me he came in peace, only begged a moment's audience, in some place where no one might overhear us. I made a sign to him to walk on before me, and when we got to an open area, bade him stop at some distance, and disclose his mysterious business.

He first disclosed his person: opening his cloak, he asked whether I remembered him.

"You are," replied I, "the Arab of Montefih, whom we met the other evening in Feristah's shop."

"Not of Montefih, thank God!" cried the stranger shaking his head; "not of that amphibious race, half Turk, half Arab, which pretends to respect the Bedoween, and yet pays tribute to the Pasha. Mine is a purer blood, and a less corrupt creed. I am a son of Anahsse, and a follower of Wahhab. Only to serve my faith do I stoop to wear the garb of my enemies: only to seek among my foes the weapons with which to slay them, do I breathe their foul atmosphere. You think my mission dangerous.—Know that for one of us who falls in this task fifty are found imploring to fill his place. We fear little on earth, whose wreath of glory is weaving in heaven! Your hatred to the kehaya is known to equal our

own. Many a time have I stood unnoticed by your side, listening to your discourse and watching your actions, when you dared to paint him in his true colours. Then join, if not our belief, at least our measures. We want not bravery, nor zeal, but tactics and discipline. Such as bring among us military skill may expect the highest honors. Leisurely consult your feelings, and let me have your answer."

This answer I felt ready enough to give on the spot, provided I knew my friend commissioned to take it. I saw little prospect of advantage in staying at Bagdad, and I was inclined to try the Wahhabees. All I required on the part of the Arab was a sight of his credentials. In proof of his mission, he took off his turban and shewed me his poll :—it had not the lock of hair which other Mohammedans leave as a handle by which to be taken up to heaven. In further confirmation of his character, he pulled out of his bosom the signet of his leader; and as a third testimonial, he offered to introduce me to a conventicle of Arabs and others, friendly to his sect, who would vouch for his veracity. This party I saw, and was satisfied. Determining upon the journey, I received the seal of the fraternity, and settled the day on which I was to be furnished with the letters and other instruments, which the Arab purposed to commit to my care.

As I went home, I met one of those Tartar messengers of the Pasha, who, like maallim Moorsa, spend their lives on the road; but only carrying words instead of wares, fly like lightning where the merchants creep like slugs. This man, Feiz-ullah by name, had served the Capitan-Pasha during his short Visirate. I had known him on the banks of the Danube, and had done him some service, which he now took the opportunity of repaying on those of the Tigris. "I was on the watch for you," cried he, as soon as he saw me. "What you may have done, I know not, but what will be done to you, if you stay, I can pretty well guess. In a long conference between the kehaya and the Jenissary-Aga, of which I caught a few words, your name was so frequently mentioned, and so angrily blended with the terms of conspiracy, secret meetings and Wahhabees, that I slipt out ere I got my message, to warn you not to stay till I receive it. As you value your life, leave Bagdad immediately.—Ishallah[1] you will be safe among the robbers of the desert.

On uttering these last words, my informer was already out of sight. I ran not after him for further particulars. A month's pay of my troop, just received, was still in my pocket; and purposing within the hour to review my noble dellis, I had

ordered my horse round to a particular spot. Nothing remained for me to do but to hie me thither, and vault into my saddle. Bidding a mental adieu to my corps, which was actually waiting for me under arms, I borrowed its pay for my travelling expences, clapped spurs to my steed, got out of the city by a circuitous route, overset a long file of barbers going in procession to the tomb of their patron the Prophet's barber, at Madaïn, crossed the bridge, traversed the suburbs, and reaching the outer gate, took the road to Hillah.

Divided in two by the Euphrates, and encompassed by delightful gardens, that city might, after a fatiguing journey, have tempted a less hurried traveller to repose; but I feared its constant intercourse with Bagdad, and pushed on to Kefil, where I stopped a few hours. Refreshed by my halt, I left the burying place of the prophet Ezechiel to go to that of the nephew of Mohammed. A wide desert intervenes between the two sanctuaries, and few were the thanks I gave the pious souls who, in the burning sands that lie between them, have built fifty houses of prayer, and not one place of rest. My lassitude at last grew so extreme as to throw me into utter despair: for my faithful courser,—till then wont to ride as on the wind, and scarce to leave the print of his hoof in the wavy sands—

seemed still more worn-out than myself, was scarcely able to set one foot before the other and ready, at every step, to drop down from sheer fatigue: yet I made him toil on, much as it grieved me, lest I should be benighted where we must both have perished from absolute want. At last, after several more hours of a slow and painful progress, during which I frequently was tempted to lie down, and breathe my last on the spot, I began to discern a luminous speck in the horizon, as if kindled all at once by some fairy torch. It looked from the boundless plain like a beacon descried at night on the wide ocean. Yet was it not a blazing fire, nor yet a twinkling star. It was the gilt cupola of the tomb of Aly, reflecting from its burnished surface the last rays of the setting sun. Its splendor, gleaming far in the desert, and marking amidst dreary solitudes the busy haunts of man, restored gladness to my drooping soul. I knew I saw the spot, however distant, which was to end my labours. Even my horse caught the influence. He shook his mane, pricked up his ears, snorted, and directing his wide expanded nostril to whence seemed to blow the fair promise of relief, made fresh efforts to reach the wished-for goal. I patted him on the neck in gratitude, and during the remainder of the journey kept my eye steadily rivetted on the

blazing dome as on my polar star. Anxiously I watched its increase, in order to judge of the lessening distance; but much time still elapsed, and many a wearisome step was still performed, and complete darkness overcast the lonely scene around me, ere I drew sensibly near the end of my journey. Nor did I quit the dismal mounds of barren sands which on all sides encompassed my scarce perceptible path, until at the very gates of the town. When indeed, in the uncertainty how much further I still might have to crawl, I saw the battlements over the pointed arch rise all at once before me, at the small distance of scarce fifty yards, I gave a scream of joy; and when I passed under the sounding vault, dark and gloomy as it looked, I felt as if entering the portals of paradise.

Arrived at the khan, my first care was directed to the faithful companion of my toil. I myself led my weary steed to the stall, and with one hand I stroked his panting loins in thanks for his services, while with the other I offered him his dearly earned repast. Alas! He would not touch his food, turned away from his drink, and lying down on the ground, thrust his head between his legs, cast on me his keen full eye, and, seized with a convulsive shivering, fell on his side, and died.

"Oh my noble, my beloved steed! who bore me

through so many toils, and saved me from so many dangers; who with such gentleness combined such fire; whose mettle my voice ever could raise or could repress at will,—were then your unslackening efforts to save my life, to cost your own! Had I been Sultan Mahmoud, I would have raised a monument over your body; an Alexander, I would have built a city to your memory: Anastasius could only give you his tears!"

I looked about to replace my loss. An Arab brought me a horse, of whose high pedigree he exhibited the most splendid testimonials. I thought it prudent to enquire into the character of the seller himself. He had occasionally stopped travellers on the road, and he might, in ordinary matters, be a little addicted to lying, as well as to thieving; but in an affair in which his honor stood so materially committed as in the present, he was above suspicion. Sooner would he spill the blood of his father than falsely warrant that of his horse. All his certificates were authenticated: I made the purchase I could not avoid; ate my supper, and having bestowed on the kehaya a few hearty curses, lay down and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

Earlier in the morning than a man might have preferred who had gone late to rest, I was awaked by a prodigious clamour. At first I thought Meschid-Aly on fire; then, invaded by the Wahhalees: but on rising found the noise only proceeded from a few Sunnees and Scheyees, assembled round the tomb of the saint to whom the place is consecrated, and engaged in a trial of lungs:—each sect endeavouring in its orisons to outbawl the other. Meschid-Aly belongs to the Sunnee inhabitants, but derives its chief support from Scheyee pilgrims. Within its precincts, therefore, neither persuasion dares to insult the other more grievously than by invoking with all its might its own peculiar patron: and the Sunnees cry out Omar! and the Scheyees bawl out Aly! until want of voice reduces both alike to silence.

Among the other strange faces, attracted like my own by the clamour, I espied some which I was

quite sure I had left at Bagdad. This discovery made me resolve entirely to quit the jurisdiction of Sûleiman, for the scarcely less extended though somewhat less definite domain of the powerful Arab Schaich of Montefîh, whose authority extends far along the banks of the Phrat and of the Schat-el-Arab. I therefore crossed the city, and again plunged into the desert.

Winding round the western extremity of the dry bason of Nedgef, I insensibly advanced in the lonely waste, without precisely knowing whither in the first instance I was going, but intending by degrees to work my way from one lesser Kabile[1] or tribe to another, until I should reach the domain of the Wahhabees, the final object of my journey. An old abbah covered my Turkish dress; a sack of rice on one side, and a cruise of water on the other, were suspended from my saddle; and thus carrying my bed and board, and at liberty to spread my table and couch wherever I pleased under the canopy of heaven, I trusted for the remainder to my pistols and to Providence, not doubting that I should soon reach some Bedoween camp, where I might claim hospitality and protection.

Meantime, beginning to feel entirely out of reach of my enemies, I experienced a lightness of heart and a freedom of breathing to which I had for

some time been a stranger. It was rapture to me to roam at liberty through a plain without visible boundary, as over a vast trackless sea, where I might steer my course in any direction, or make for any point I choose, unchecked by fence, unimpeded by hindrance of any sort, and only guided, while the day lasted, by the course of the sun, and when the dusk came on, by the glittering constellations which seemed to succeed to his glorious employment.

"Here," thought I, ends the domain of civilised man;—of that man whose greater polish of surface only conceals greater hardness of heart, and who only receives a smoother edge to inflict deeper wounds. Here gilded daggers, silken bowstrings, and honied poisons no longer dance around my steps: here the name of a Sultan ceases to sanction measures which his mind never conceived, and the shadow of a Visier to smite men whom his own arm cannot reach: here no one obeys a sovereign he never saw, or is bound by laws he never heard of: here man will give, and woman will deny: here no walls are raised to keep travellers out, nor are tolls demanded for letting them in: no one here legally detains the property of the stranger, nor churlishly avoids his person. Here I may consider all things my eyes embrace as my own; and

in a succession of short easy saunters, roam free as air unto my journey's end!"

At this period of my reverie, out started from behind a little knoll a fierce looking Bedoween, who, couching his lance against my breast, haughtily bade me stop. This was unexpected, and disagreably interrupted my exultation at my newly acquired freedom of motion. The Arab pointed to a small group of goat-skin tents which I had taken for low mounds of earth, as to the place where I must go, whether I chose or not, and give an account of my views and proceedings. Seeing my opponent thus strongly backed, I thought it as well for the present to waive my privilege of unrestrained liberty, and, to make a friend of him, ere he head leisure to treat me as an enemy. I therefore jumped off my horse, flung my pistols to the ground, and calling myself his guest, laid hold of his girdle. Disarmed by this act of submission, he changed his threatening tone into milder language, bade me welcome, and offered to conduct me to the Schaich. So rapid indeed was in his breast the transition from hostile to hospitable feelings, that he insisted by the way on his right to entertain me himself, in consequence of having been the first of his troop to see me; and could only be diverted from his purpose, by my stating that I had special business with the chief.

At the entrance of the most roomy tent in the camp, sat on his wicker stool, surrounded by a number of naked children squatted on the ground before him, this eminent personage. Engaged in the homely occupation of teaching a favorite grandson to hurl the hollow reed in imitation of the heavier spear,—as yet too unwieldly for his infant arm,—the countenance of the sire seemed to radiate with rapturous delight at the feats of his anxious pupil; and his coal black eye, still sparkling with the fire of youth, shone the brighter from its contrast with the snow-white beard which marked his advanced age. On seeing me unexpectedly stand before him, he gave a start of surprise: but soon recovering from it, and seeming slightly to blush for its manifestation, he politely returned my salute; and when, having stated my wish to pass the night in his camp, I claimed his protection as a defenceless wanderer, my request was immediately granted with the utmost courtesy. The Schaich's kindness stopped not here: calling out to a female occupied in the right-hand division of the tent, and whose exterior—as she peeped from under the carpet which concealed her employment—seemed the least of her merits: "Ackshid," cried he, "a stranger is come to us; make haste and bake some bread:" to which injunction the diligent Ackshed replied in

terms expressive of her readiness.—"This beginning," said I to myself, "augurs well! Bread once broken with my host, I am safe under his roof."

A few mintues suffered for the diligent housewife to produce her handy work in the shape of large flat cakes, with the distinctive mark of her own palm left impressed upon the middle. These, with some sour camel's milk and other equally primitive dainties, were set out before me, and I fell to. Soon seeing me sated: "now go to repose," said the Schaich.—"When rested, I no longer shall hesitate to ask you who you are, whence come, and whither going?" This respite gave me pleasure. I made myself a bolster of a dromedary's pilion, and lying down, soon fell asleep.

On again awaking the stars already twinkled in the firmament: so likewise in their sockets did the inquisitive eyes of a dozen of the notables of the tribe, ranged in a circle round the Schaich to hear my story. I took my seat beside them, and expressed my readiness to be questioned:—the answers remained in my own hands. I knew little yet whom I was among, and I neither wished to own that I ran away from Suleiman, nor that I was going to join Abd-ool-Azeez. "I am a Turkish officer;" said I, "I come from Bagdad, and wished to go to El-Hassa.

This seemed to surprise the party. "Stranger," cried a little shrivelled old man, with a shrewd distrustful countenance and a harsh grating voice, seated in a corner, "tell us, pray, what particular motive can induce you, thus alone as you are, to prefer the dangerous and difficult road of the desert, to the easy way by Basra, Sobier, Graïn, and Katif, which, in eighteen or twenty days at most, would be sure to bring you to your destination?"

The observation had something so just and pertinent in it, as to be rather appalling. "I am a lover of difficulties," said I, laughing. "My soul contracts a rust in ease: a few rubs serve to keep it bright. Besides, I wished for an opportunity of paying homage to the virtues of the Bedowees."

The party were too civil to tell me to my face they believed this whole flourish a lie: but I read it in their looks. They said, "they hoped my difficulties might not exceed my wishes, and that their virtues might answer my expectations;" whereupon, —the night advancing,—they took their leaves, and went to their respective homes.

As soon as I remained alone with my host: "Osmanlee," cried he in an earnest tone, "you conceal your true design. And yet, why should you? By giving us your confidence, you would secure our good offices. Believe me; it is not from

frivolous curiosity I speak : Schaich Mansoor wants not topics for idle talk. Your own welfare makes me anxious that those who have just left us teeming with perhaps unfounded suspicions, should be induced willingly to assist a helpless stranger, rather than led to thwart his views, from mere ignorance of this nature. If however the subject be distressing to your feelings, remain silent. I urge you no further."

There was in the tone as well as in the matter of this speech a something not only so earnest but so affectionate as half to unlock my heart. " Mansoor," said I, " a soldier in Roum, I fought the Sultan's battles in the name of the Prophet : I came to Bagdad's Pasha neither wholly destitute of rank, nor of renown ; yet I was slighted, or, if noticed at all, it was by a proud kehaya, only to have snares laid against my life. From these I fly ; from these I seek shelter in the depths of the desert."

" And of this," cried Mansoor; " you feared to apprise me? How unjustly ! If the supreme chief, the Kbir of Montefih himself, the daring Hameed—vulnerable as he is on the side where his peasantry or his flocks penetrate within the pale of Turkestan,—yet only pays Suleiman an unwilling allegiance, can you suppose that the lesser Schaichs of his house, roaming so much deeper in the desert,

should feel desirous to espouse the resentment, just or unjust, of every creature of the Sultan? Ah! so far from this being the case, rest assured that, if as a mere stranger we greet you with good will, as a sufferer by Achmet you may command our utmost services. The only risk you might run would be that of our suspecting a better understanding to exist between you and the kehaya than you avow, and the grievance you talk of to be only a feint, through means of which to draw out and to discover our secret sentiments. I still remember too well how Achmet, by calumniating me and my neighbour Beni-Tamim to each other, was near making the friends, the brothers of early youth, offer each other in old age the cup of perdition! But even with this example imprinted on my mind, my heart rejects such a thought, and you shall witness that we pay Suleiman the tribute of our herds, not of our feelings."

"But why," said I,—interrupting the Schaich's harangue,—"with such proofs of treachery on the part of the Sultan's delegates, not prefer the security of an open rupture to the dangers of a secret enmity? Why not renounce at once all allegiance to Suleiman?"

"Ah!" replied Mansoor, "fate forbids my numbering myself among those chiefs so entirely beyond

the Pasha's grasp as to have nothing whatever to fear from his resentment. My subjects live not all yet in the portable tent; move not all yet from place to place free and unconstrained as the antelope. Many of my vassals, fixed by the attraction of a richer soil, have driven deep in the ground the stakes on which rest their stationary huts, and, like plants, adhere to the clod of earth which their habitations compass. I myself, permitted for nine months of the year to forget that Suleiman exists, am obliged annually, during the three moons employed in collecting the contributions on my tenantry within his jurisdiction, to refresh my remembrance of his being, and to pay him my tithe of the monies I collect, and of the homage I receive."

At the thoughts of these periodically returning burthens of vassalage, a cloud seemed to overcast the Schaich's countenance. Its serenity however soon returned, as, resuming his discourse, he added with encreased animation;—"but I too, with my liability to incur wounds, possess my power to sting. Not only for every injury done to my few stationary tenants, can I retaliate tenfold on the Pasha's wholly immoveable population: I can refuse the escorts and the beasts of burthen wanted for the conveyance of his goods and the safety of his pilgrims: I can, if his

troops, weighed down with their arms, should venture into the desert, leave my battles to be fought by thirst and famine, by the stifling sands and by the fearful Simoom; I can commit to the power of the elements the protection of Mansoor: — therefore, stranger, since I now know who you are, rest secure; and may soft slumbers keep locked your eyelids the remainder of this night! Tomorrow, in honor of your coming, shall fall the fatted sheep."

There was nothing in this conversation with Mansoor calculated to disturb the repose to which I soon retired: accordingly it lasted, as little interrupted by irksome waking thoughts as by trouble-dreams, until broad day light. My first care on getting up was to edify my host by the unction of my morning prayer; my next business to renew the evening's talk. I wanted to bring him on the subject of the Wahhabees. At first he rather hung back,— apprehensive, no doubt, of committing himself: but the respectful terms in which I at all hazards mentioned the new sect, induced him at last to become more unreserved.

"Removed," said he, "as I am from the Ared, and on the borders of Irak, any avowed union with the sons of Wahhab would, in the present stage of their progress, be of little advantage to them and of certain detriment to myself. It must draw upon

my head the wrath of Suleiman, without ensuring me the support of Abd-ool-Azeez. Besides, a man of my years wants repose during the few days God still grants him to live;—were it only to prepare for death; and when the domain of the Wahhabees shall have approached nearer to us, and shall see the authority of a father at rest devolved to my children, these may, if they think the measure expedient, join more openly the standard of the new sectaries: but though a Sunnee in name, my religious sentiments have, in reality, always differed little from those of Abd-ool-Wahhab. Bigotry therefore raises not its insuperable barrier between me and his followers, and when all other barriers shall fall, and the opposite floods come near, they must of their own accord run into each other."

The only thing which, after this candid confession of Mansoor's sentiments, still restrained me from disclosing all my own designs, was the presence of his youngest child,—a boy of ten or twelve years of age, who, standing by the side of his father, and alternately fixing his keen eye on whichever of us spoke, seemed with outstretched ears to catch our words almost ere they fell from our lips, and imbibed them as the thirsting plant drinks the summer dews. "Might it not be well," whispered I therefore to the Schaich, "to send to his sports

this lad, whose lips move not, but whose mind devours all we say?"

"Does it?" cried Mansoor; "Ah then by all means let him stay: let him attend to the converse of men; that by so doing he may learn to become one! Fear not his indiscretion: he has left the womens' chamber; like ourselves he has learnt to fetter his tongue."—On such a commendation from his parent a Greek boy would have spoken to assure me of his silence; the young Arab only looked his delight, in the bright glow which suffused his downy cheek.

I now freely confessed to Mansoor that my destination was Derayeh. "My acquaintance with the plans and resources of the government of Bagdad," said I, "might be useful, and my wish to see them marred, must at all events be acceptable."

Hereupon Mansoor ruminated a little:—at last, "since such is your design," cried he, "I think I may do a thing which will forward it, and be of advantage to both. For some time past I have been thinking of sending Abd-ool-Azeez a token of good-will I shall avail myself of this opportunity. The bearers of my offerings may be your guides and escorts, and you the bearer of my assurance of peace and amity."

This mission I most gladly accepted; and the

preparations were immediately begun. The difficulty lay not in mustering the gifts:—they had been long collected for the purpose. The most prominent consisted of two handsome blood mares, "able,"—observed Mansoor—"to fly without wings;" an abbah tissued with gold; some rich Damascus blades, and some choice Persian stuffs from the markets of Bagdad and Basra: but the spoke in the wheel seemed to be the letter which was to accompany these presents. Mansoor's secretary was become a recording angel in the regions above: Mansoor himself never had shone as a penman; and as to his vassals at present in the camp, they were more remarkable for wielding the knotty reed whose point is steeped in blood, than the smoother tube whose end is dipped in ink. My whole embassy was on the point of falling to the ground for want of a scribe.

In this dilemma I bethought myself of my own *savoir-faire.* It is true it extended not, in Eastern characters, beyond the most ordinary Nesh-khi sort. For want however of a more skilful hand, I offered mine, such as it was; not indeed to write in Arabic;—that was out of all question:—but to indite an epistle in Turkish.

After a little hesitation my services were accepted. I was told the substance of what I was to pen, and

left to give it my own form. For this purpose I retired to the most secluded corner of the tent, and sat down to my work. Alas! I soon felt that neither materials for writing, nor leisure to meditate, could carry me through with the task I had so incautiously undertaken. I sat poring on my endless sheet of paper, like a school boy at his theme, biting my nails, and not knowing what to write. At last a bright thought came to my relief. "Why not, where my Turkish lore failed me, eke it out with Greek, and conceal the scantiness of the substance, under the exuberance of the ornament?"

By this expedient I at last completed my manuscript, and brought it to the Schaich. He looked it over with an air of astonishment. "I do not," said he,—twirling his turban round and round on his head, and straining his eyes to make out a sentence,—"pretend to be conversant in Turkish writing; but I sometimes have seen the penmanship of the Divan, and certainly it never looked like this!"

"No more it could," boldly answered I. "People in the North are constantly changing their fashions. They now think it graceful in the Otthoman chancery to combine the Greek characters with the Persian phraseology. But if this new mode

displeases you,—give back the letter, and let me tear it!"

"No no, earnestly cried the old Schaich, holding my hand from executing the sentence. "It has already cost us trouble enough. If it should not be very intelligible, Allah-Akbar: God is great! my presents will explain its meaning." So saying, he dipped his seal in the ink, and impressed it on the paper. It was then rolled up, inclosed in a case sewed by Ackshid's own henna-tipped fingers, and handed over to my care.

Mean time the fatted sheep was already smoking in the platter. Invited to the feast, all the chiefs of the camp flocked to the Schaich's tent. An inferior sort of self invited guests followed. None were refused that came; and each sating his appetite in the order of his arrival, and then retiring to make room for others, the tide of comers and goers only ceased when the carcase was stripped to the bone.

Now commenced the bustle of my departure. In order to elude the hawk's eye of the roving freebooter I enveloped my Greek features after the country fashion in a striped handkerchief, a gift of the fair Ackshid. The horses were led out, and the guides sallied forth.

"These trusty servants," cried Mansoor, "will take you the shortest and safest road to my neighbour the Schaich (I think he said) of Schoreïfath. Coming as you do from me, he will receive you well, and, when you leave him, will give you a fresh escort. From camp to camp you thus finally will reach Derayeh. Here and there, however, you will find perilous passes. All the Kabile's are not equally friendly: some might be named with whom meeting is fighting; and lately the combats have been so sanguinary, that the private vengeance to be sated on both sides leaves little hopes of a reconciliation. Mind therefore every where to enquire, and always to be prepared both for defence and flight. But on this subject my friend Nasser, more advanced in the desert than your servant, will give you more pointed directions."—Then, taking me aside, and charging me to inform Abd-ool-Azeez how well disposed he was to his cause, but how ill situated to shew that disposition except by his backwardness in assisting Suleiman, the Schaich held the stirrup for me to mount, and bade me farewell. I set forward just as the sun dropped behind the horizon, and followed by the Arabs, the led mares, and the camels which carried the presents, slowly proceeded on.

The month of March was just opening, and the

heat, save only at mid-day, still easily borne. The verdant carpet of the desert, bruised by the horses' hoofs, emitted at night its most aromatic exhalations; and the plants and shrubs in full bloom sent forth invisible clouds of the most powerful perfumes. In the morning scarlet anemonies and purple ranunculuses were seen to enamel the blushing plain unto the utmost range of the eye; in so much that the rosy tint of the dawn only seemed their fainter reflection cast upon the blue sky. Every where our cattle found abundant pasture, and our own appetite feasted on milk of an ambrosial flavour.

Two short days journey and a half, unclouded by any danger or molestation, took us to Nasser's camp. It is true that now and then, like a single fleece in the azure sky, appeared far off in the desert some solitary Bedoween, seeming to rove in quest of plunder: but none came within hearing distance, except one small party; and this, the moment it recognised the Arabs of Schaich Mansoor, again quietly walked off, and vanished in the horizon.

The same hospitality which had marked the reception of Mansoor, shone pre-eminent in that of Nasser. In him I even found, with less loquacity, a more ready frankness. All within and around

him savoured stronger of the freedom of the desert. The wife of Mansoor had only suffered herself to be perceived: the consort of Nasser came forth, and met our gaze without scruple. Not only she permitted me to see her features unveiled, but she very minutely scrutinised my own. A native of the West was, I suppose, a novel sight to the lady: for my person and my attire seemed equally to attract her attention. Indeed her investigations became by degrees so close, that, to my great satisfaction, the husband thought fit at last to interfere. I must otherwise have been, by little and little, completely undressed. Even after she had been compelled reluctantly to retire, I heard the fair Farsané (or whatever was her name) loudly complain to her sympathizing maids of the check offered by her husband to her inquisitive spirit.

The individual of our embassy, on whose powers of persuasion with Abd-ool-Azeez Mansoor seemed to have most relied,—namely the finest of the blood mares sent him as a present,—on this halt happened to evince her irresistibility in a less desirable quarter: not indeed from any fickleness of disposition in the poor beast herself, nor for want of proper care in her keeper; since, of the chain of which one end confined her legs at night, the other was wrapped

round the body of her guide, whenever he lay down to sleep, in so much that no beauty in a harem could be more strictly watched. Yet had a dexterous thief nearly succeeded in cutting her fetters asunder with a file, when the groom, awakened by the noise, caught the robber in the fact. A sound beating was immediately inflicted upon the culprit,—intended to extort from him a renunciation of the right he possessed of naming a protector in the camp: but while the more wary natives kept aloof during the operation, I must heedlessly thrust in my person,—and accordingly was caught. In the midst of the correction he was suffering, the robber contrived to fling his skull cap at my unguarded head so dexterously, that, touched by the insidious implement, I became bound in honor to pay the scoundrel's ransom and to obtain his release: but, in return for this good office, I had the satisfaction to hear him recount in the utmost detail all his former predatory exploits as honourable achievements, and to witness the respect they inspired for his person. In short, if I had paid dearly, it was to liberate a hero, whose only loss in the affair consisted in having to return to his own camp as he had come from it, on his own legs. In the desert, a man's thefts are only called his gain.

When, after this little episode which I could have dispensed with, I too disposed myself to leave Nasser's tribe, the chief pressed me to stay with that blended warmth and discretion, which left me an entire liberty to accept or to refuse. Indeed, combining with the energy of the desert all the politeness of the courtier, the Shaich was like a rock covered with flowers. Seeing me determined to proceed, he gave me all the assistance in his power, and advised me, by means of a little circuit, to avoid his next neighbour with whom he was on indifferent terms: then, having supplied me with a double provision of rice and dates, and with an encreased escort, he wished me a prosperous journey, and tarried at the entrance of his tent while I remained in sight.

For the purpose of eluding as much as possible all observation, I now travelled only at night. Before the dawn I sought some hollow in the plain, in which lay concealed the body of the caravan, while on its outskirts one single Arab kept watch, stretched out on the ground. Thus, making way but slowly, we took five days to reach the encampment of Schaich Amroo, chief of a tribe bound by the strongest ties of reciprocal services to that of Nasser. With him however I staid but half a day.

On my next march we took such exceeding precautions to avoid a particular horde against which I had been cautioned, that we walked right into the midst of it. The encampment had moved from the spot which it was supposed to occupy; and, thanks to our cunning zigzags, we fell in with the troop, just where we thought ourselves most completely out of its reach. Its vanguard, however, contented itself with demanding, in the name of the chief, a considerable sum for letting us pass. "You escort strangers," added the spokesman, "whom we distrust, and you carry goods which owe us a toll." This observation suggested to me the idea of trying the virtue of my cipher received at Bagdad. "Let the chief himself," cried I, "come forward, and state his claims." This he presently did. Taking him by the wrist, I whispered in his ear the Wahhab watchword, and shewed him the signet. At this sight he looked scared, for some time darted his eyes in silence on the instrument as on a talisman which kept his limbs and features spell bound, and then, waving his hand, "pass on," he cried in surly disappointment, —and immediately fell away behind his wondering attendants.

This incident greatly enhanced my importance among my own troop. Mansoor's Arabs now saw very

clearly that I was some great personage, respected even in the heart of the desert; and they paid me additional deference. It went not however so far as to agree with me in an unqualified reprobation of the fines levied by the Bedoween on the passenger. "What the last Schaich we fell in with had attempted was certainly very wrong, but what they themselves did was perfectly right. Because people allowed themselves the free range of their own premises, were they to lose the right of keeping out strangers? When the incautious traveller neglected to make his bargain, to be sure he was mulcted; sometimes even he was stripped to the skin: but what then? were not they the descendants of Ismaïl? Had not Ismaïl been unjustly disinherited by Ibrahim his father, and had not the posterity of Ismaïl an undoubted right to seize upon its lawful inheritance, in whatever hands it might have fallen?"—I attempted not to combat this argument. All I did was inwardly to pray that I might meet as few as possible of these disinherited children.

The remainder of the journey only offered a tiresome repetition of fatiguing marches and of tedious halts; of wells missed in one place and found filled up in another; of skirmishes and of flights. Our reception in the different camps varied throughout every

intermediate degree between the most cordial friendship, and positive fighting: and so uninterrupted was the succession of expostulations, of threats and of protestations, that, ere we had achieved half the way, my voice became almost extinct, and I had to argue in complete dumb shew. Every tribe in whose vicinity we came, supplied our caravan with some new member, glad of the opportunity to reach, under our protection, some neighbouring district; and as those who joined us constantly exceeded in number those that fell off, our troop at last grew formidable enough to awe an enemy of moderate strength. This was fortunate: for the further we advanced, the greater became the concupiscence excited by Mansoor's mares. Every Arab on the road would gladly have given for them wife, children, and friends.

Before the end of the journey we had to encounter an enemy more formidable than any Arab tribe, not excepting the most savage of the desert. I mean the dread Samiel. Our caravan was slowly pacing through the boundless plain,—the horses' steps sounding more hollow than usual on the earth, and a more awful stillness reigning in the atmosphere. Suddenly a lurid glare overspread the eastern extremity of the horizon, while a thick sulphureous mist arose from the ground, which—first

revolving round and round in rapid eddies,—next mounted up to the sky, and finally overcast with threatening darkness the whole heavenly vault. At these terrific symptoms our Arabs turned pale, and goaded on our cattle with headlong hurry—in order, if possible, still to outrun the baleful blast. But in vain! Hoarsely murmuring, the hot stream swept the ground with frightful speed, and, much as we might quicken our pace, gained fast upon us. Perceiving themselves encompassed on all sides by its fiery breath our people shrieked with terror, our very cattle howled with instinctive anguish, and all that had life fell flat on the ground, burying nose and mouth deep in the shifting sands,—in hopes that the envenomed current, gliding over the prostrate limbs, might not penetrate into the vitals.

Near half an hour did the raging hurricane keep us thus rivetted to the ground, without daring to move or to speak or scarce to draw breath, and soon entirely covered with a fine impalpable dust, which not only found its way into every fold of our garments, but, as we afterwards found, into every inmost recess of our boxes and luggage,—when at last our beasts of burthen, as if awaking out of a profound trance, began to shake themselves, and, by all again of one accord rising upon their legs, gave the signal that the danger was past. Every

creature now stood up that was able, and thanked Providence for his escape. Only one member of the caravan, a foreign merchant,—too tardy perhaps in prostrating himself before an unknown enemy,—rose no more. On approaching, we already found him breathless, and weltering in the thick black blood that gushed in streams from his nose, mouth, and ears. My guides lost no time in committing his corrupt mass to the earth, ere the limbs should detach themselves from the swelling trunk: then heaped some stones over the spot, to protect it from the insults of the ounce and jackall; and,—these short rites and simple monument completed,—again proceeded onwards.

This catastrophe closed the adventures of the desert. Soon after we began to descry before us, like a cloud of more benign and promising aspect, the distant mountains of the Nedjd and the domain of the Wahhabees; and with rapturous delight our long procession by degrees penetrated into verdant vallies filled with date and lemon trees, intermixed with towns and villages. After resting at Ramah, at Makren, and in other places equally inviting by their situation and their produce, we at last reached Derayeh, the capital.

CHAPTER VII.

No sooner had my person and Mansoor's presents been made fit to offer themselves before Abd-ool-Azeez, than I requested an audience in all due form. This was immediately granted. It took place in the open air, at the gates of what I must needs call —more from the dignity of its tenant than its own— a palace; and the Schaich received me squatted on a rush mat. Notwithstanding his advanced age of seventy-five, he still displayed good features and a handsome though somewhat harsh and forbidding countenance, and through all the affected meanness of his dress, shone a lofty and commanding air. I felt a sensation of awkwardness at the richness of my own apparel, so much exceeding that of the high personage whose favor I came to seek. On this subject however I might have spared myself any uneasiness. The Schaich seemed to contemplate my glitter—if noticed by him at all—with

perfect indifference; and when I presented to him the gifts of Mansoor, he cast upon them the careless survey of a man who considers such things as beneath his attention. The letter certainl, puzzled him. He seemed to feel as if it ought not, and he saved himself by his supercilious glance the embarrassment of owning that he knew not what to make of it. When at the conclusion of my harangue I repeated to him the sentence, and shewed the signet, imparted to me by his emissary at Bagdad, his brow unfurled and his features relaxed into a more affable expression. Still he remained, after I had done, a few moments musing and silent. At last: "stranger," said he, in a slow and deliberate manner; "wonder not if an old warrior, accustomed to treachery and deceit, should not feel immediate confidence in Mansoor's protestations. If the light of truth has really penetrated his heart, the Lord be thanked, especially by himself, who must be the greatest gainer,—since the choicest blessings of heaven, both here and hereafter, never fail to reward sincere conversion: but I know the faith of Turks, and I distrust the very Arab whose breath mingles often with theirs. Mansoor's artful conduct may have deceived you, and it is only on trial that I shall think myself secure of his sincerity. "The decisive hour," added he,

—suddenly starting up from his seat, "is perhaps not far off, when all who appear not for us shall be treated as if they had been against us. The spears already are pointing, and, at a distance which no no other eye can reach, I already perceive the war dust rising. As to you, stay among us: in the midst of my own children no treachery can reach me, and I shall have pleasure in trying your talents."

I expressed my thanks; and fancying that the Schaich, during our conversation, had eyed my pistols with peculiar complacency, resolved upon the sacrifice to conciliate his good will. Arabs of all ages, like children, always think most desirable the thing that is withheld from them; whence Abd-ool-Azeez shewed himself much more gratified with my pair of pistols, than with all the rich presents of Mansoor. He immediately directed that my expences should be defrayed, and, recommending his new guest to the care of his attendants, mounted his horse and rode off, followed by a numerous and motley suite.

Scarcely had he proceeded a dozen yards, when, just at the turning of the street, he was met by a young man also on horseback, arriving from the country, and like himself attended by a considerable retinue. The opinion which the air of the stranger

made me conceive of his importance, was fully confirmed by the reception which the Schaich of the Wahhabees gave him. He immediately turned back with the new comer, and when both were dismounted, there commenced between them a conflict of civilities partly in speech and partly in dumb shew, which lasted several minutes. Each repeated the same inquiries and the same protestations a dozen times, and each a dozen times touched the hand of the other. In the midst however of this mutual assault of politeness I still thought I could discern in Abd-ool-Azeez's manner a sort of conscious superiority; and the imposing reserve which tempered his professions, formed a strong contrast with the visible eagerness of expression and gesture of the stranger. This latter, they told me, was the Schaich of a smaller Kabilé, connected with the chief of the Wahhabees by the double tie of kindred and of vassalage.

Presently the two personages sat down in the court of the palace, and seemed preparing to discuss an affair of importance. The fear of appearing curious made me retire out of hearing; a ceremony which seemed entirely waived by the rest of the bystanders. The conference soon became animated. Gesticulation, which is never spared among the Arabs, rose higher and higher; opinions

seemed more and more to clash; and such at last became the loudness of vociferation and the violence of gesture, that, from expecting to see the two chiefs devour each other with caresses, I now began to apprehend that another kind of fate would befall them. I know not how it was, but some words which reached me where I stood struck me as relating to myself. I now accused my stupidity in tarrying so long to guess the subject of the dispute. The chiefs had met in perfect amity; they had sat down to converse with the utmost good humour; and the only subject of difference which could have arisen must be my visit, and my merits. Nothing seemed so clear as that one of the Schaichs was my advocate, and the other my enemy. At this discovery all my former discretion forsook me, and, as the audience increased every instant in numbers and in boisterousness, I resolved to mix with the crowd, and to advance within hearing. The first words which distinctly struck my ear were an unqualified sentence of death.

A thunder bolt falling at my feet could not have more astounded me. Had I met with no impediment I would immediately have been off. But fearful to betray my fear, and to draw upon me the eyes of the multitude by attempting to force my way through their closely wedged ranks, I was

contented with making myself as small as possible, in order to elude observation. With a throbbing heart I continued to listen:—but my palpitation prevented me from hearing another word, and all I could do was to watch the looks of the disputants. After the hawk's eye of Abd-ool-Azeez had several times wandered round and round the crowd as if seeking its prey, I at last saw it pounce upon me, and remain from that moment rivetted upon my person. "It is all over with me now!" thought I; and indeed an Arab to my right made but too intelligible a sign to another on my left, that no mercy must be expected. I was therefore ready to sink in the ground, when a third Arab who stood before me, shrugging up his shoulders, cried out: "his fate is sealed;" and then with a deep sigh added: "alas! poor Omar!"

Oh how I felt relieved on hearing that death was to be Omar's portion, not mine. My heart dilated, my lungs expanded, and my blood again began to flow. Ashamed of my silly apprehensions, I stretched myself, resumed my erect posture, and felt as if I rose the whole height of my head above the surrounding multitude, over which I now cast all round a complacent look.

"Who is this Omar?" said I to my neighbour whose fate seems to excite such interest?"

"The boast of his tribe, the flower of his family, and the pride of his parents," answered the man, —wiping the tears from his face.

"And for these offences," resumed I, "doomed to inevitable death?"

"'Tis too certain," replied my informer. "His liberality excited the envy of the ferocious Mooktar, who, only intent upon tempting Providence by the daily recension of his growing riches, never admitted mortal man to partake of his goods. Wroth that Omar, less wealthy, should yet be more respected, he added outrage to jealousy, every where insulted the object of his hate, and even lifted his lance against him; until at last Omar, in defence of his own life, took the life of his foe. Hereupon, lest Mooktar's powerful relations should sacrifice justice to pride, he absconded, and his antagonist's friends swore to revenge their slaughtered kinsman on whatever friend of the homicide—within the fifth generation!—their vengeful spears could reach. From this sanguinary resolve they now however in part desist. They agree to accept a ransom for the lives of Omar's kindred; but from their mercy Omar himself, of course, remains excluded. If found, he still must fall. Ibn-Aly, the strange Schaich, himself related to Omar, came in hopes of the youth's inclusion in this compromise.

He has just been representing in the strongest terms to our chief—to whom Mooktar owed vassalage—the intolerable provocations on one side, and the long patience, and at last, the unpremeditated retort on the other: but in vain! Even Abd-ool-Azeez cannot compel Mooktar's friends to renounce the price of blood,—the right they have on Omar's life. Behold them all ranged in a row behind our Schaich, hissing like scotched snakes: see the looks of rage they dart on Omar's kinsmen, ranged on the opposite side behind their own chief Aly. Does it not seem as if each troop were only waiting for the signal to fall on the other like beasts of prey, and to quench their thirst for blood only in the entrails of the last of their enemies?"

This account of my neighbour's was confirmed by the words which Abd-ool-Azeez now uttered. "Omar," said he, "has incurred capital punishment, and while he remains concealed the sentence cannot be mitigated. If he have any thing to alledge in his defence, let him come forward; let him plead his own cause: let him submit, should he fail in proving his innocence, to the wrath his crime deserves. In fine, let him seek the grant of his forfeited life in the generosity of his adversaries, and not in the impotence of their resentment."

"I understand;" replied with a bitter smile the

strange Schaich, "Omar is to be by a false hope of pardon drawn out of his concealment, in order that his enemies, spurning his defence, may at their leisure drink his blood unto the last drop."

Abd-ool-Azeez gave the stranger a daunting look, but coolly proceeded. "I doubt not," rejoined he, "that the kinsmen of the deceased would pledge themselves for the safety of the murderer, not only while the pleading lasted, but until he were again conducted beyond the pale of this district. What say they?" exclaimed he, looking all round,—as if to invite the party concerned to confirm his supposition.

"We would, we would;" answered several voices from among the cluster of Mooktar's relations; and this was the first symptom, on their part, of a return to something like moderation. But what became the universal astonishment when, upon this, a young man of the most prepossessing appearance, after struggling to break away from among the followers of Ibn-Aly, at last was seen to spring forward into the open space left between the two Schaichs as an arena for combat, and to offer to the astonished eyes of the beholders the actually present Omar! Submitting only to concealment in compliance with his friends' desires, this noble minded youth had impatiently brooked the crouching

attitude of fear and disguise. He thought the circumstances of his case needed only be known to make his most inveterate antagonists own the guiltlessness of his conduct; and the confused and tumultuous assent of some of Mooktar's kinsmen to the proposal of the supreme Schaich he had considered a challenge which his character no longer allowed him to disregard. But Omar wholly trusted to the dictates of justice: he had left out of his reckoning the suggestions of passion. When the brothers of the deceased,—those who most reluctantly had yielded even to the partial compromise in favor of the innocent friends of the guilty Omar,—actually saw before their eyes and within reach of their poniards the youth they had so long and so fruitlessly sought, they could not contain their fury. Drawing the already sharpened dagger out of his bosom, the eldest of the party sprung forward like a tiger upon his unsuspecting prey, and plunged the shining blade into Omar's side, ere the attendants of the Schaich had leisure or presence of mind to arrest his heavy arm:—the blood spouted from the wound.

At this sight the Prince sprang up; and, rending his vestment: "friends of Mooktar," he cried, "what have you done! Under my own eyes, in my very court, thus to break the faith just pledged,

to perjure yourselves, to set me at nought, and to disgrace our whole tribe! O Arab, Arab! Time, while it lasts, never can wipe out this foul stain!"—and he beat his naked breast.

"Our assent," answered deeply blushing the almost breathless offender, "was only founded on the solemn assurance that none of the murderer's friends knew what spot on earth his presence defiled: you see, he was in the midst of their very troop."

"And what of that!" resumed the Schaich. To me you had committed the task of procuring you justice; and all know whether I fulfilled my trust. Speak, foes of Omar, as well as his friends, if I shewed any undue partiality. But you have infringed your promise; you have trodden upon your engagement; and if Omar dies, murder has only been repaid by equal murder. Your own blood will have to atone for the blood which you spilt."

These words were heard by Omar. Weak as he was, and expecting his wound to prove mortal, yet could he not brook to rest the fairness of his own character merely on the foul deed of his adversaries. He insisted on making the defence which before had been granted him, and proving his entire innocence. The Schaich gave the requisite permission; and in order that his almost

extinct voice might be heard, immediately imposed on all the strictest silence.

Supported by two of his nearest relations Omar now advanced, and in words few and faint but most clear and impressive stated the manifold insults he had received, and the daily forbearance he had shewn, until human patience no longer could endure the provocation, and the chastisement had been extorted, which, beyond his intention, had ended in Mooktar's death. Few were those among his hearers who, when he concluded his speech, pronounced him not in their hearts far more than merely acquitted:—worthy of applause, of reward, of every honor.

But among those was not the supreme Schaich. Whether prompted by extreme love of justice, or by a latent bias toward his own tribe: "Omar," exclaimed he to the dismay of all; "you have chosen to rest your safety on the merits of your case, and have compelled me to sit in judgment on one I could have wished to save. I own you deserving of pity, but I cannot pronounce you entitled to pardon. That word may not pass my lips."

Then, turning to the kinsmen of Mooktar: "Friends of the slain," continued he, "I am going to deliver into your hands that which, though in part too hastily anticipated, yet in its whole is

yours. I am going to give you full possession of your victim. If, not satisfied with having drawn blood for blood, you must have the full certainty of taking life for life, achieve your work of vengeance; plunge deeper your daggers into the heart of Omar; and secure yourselves against any remaining possibility of his surviving his wound and boasting of his deed."

At these cruel words, Omar, exhausted with agitation and with loss of blood, fell senseless on the pavement; his friends uttered mournful groans, and the leader of his enemies, having whetted his knife on the steps of the palace, stooped to perform the last act of revenge, by plunging his poniard to the hilt in the heart of the already speechless youth: —when Abd-ool-Azeez, yet holding back his hand, in a louder voice continued

"After however," said he, "having thus performed my duty both as arbitrator and as judge; let me add this one thing more, that the act I am forced to permit must perpetuate between two distinguished families the rancour just kindled, and doom it only to end in the destruction of the tribes to which they belong. I therefore denounce, as ruler of these realms, as minister of the Most High, and as apostle of the only pure faith, on whoever shall draw down upon his country so heavy an evil

my eternal malediction. Cursed be the hand that shall advance to extinguish the embers of an already fleeting life; cursed the lip that shall from an already agonised enemy withhold a free and unqualified forgiveness!"

"Yes; cursed be that hand, and cursed be those lips!" now re-echoed in unison from all the beholders—save one, who himself however, as if already struck by the anathema, and no longer daring to oppose the universal impulse, now with a ghastly look and quivering lip faintly uttered: "take my pardon;" and, overwhelmed with disappointment and rage, fell back among his troop,—and disappeared.

Shouts of joy now arose from every quarter. Of the dead Mooktar all further thoughts were dismissed, and the still breathing Omar alone continued the object of general solicitude. Abd-ool-Azeez assigned him a small abode near the palace; and thither the youth was carried on the shoulders of his friends, but with little hopes of saving his life. In honor of the reconciliation between the two families the supreme chief ordered a sumptuous feast. While the entertainment was preparing he presented me to his kinsman. "This stranger," said he, "is come to bend the knee with us to the Most High in the rightful worship. He abandons the luxuries of the Turks for the frugal life of the

Wahhabees, and brings the sciences taught in cities, that they may fructify in our camps." Then, turning to me:—"the Otthoman's," added he, "boast of once having conquered these regions. Their armies crossed them indeed;—but as the arrow cleaves the air, without leaving a trace. The Wahhabees soon shall march through the land of the Turks: but they shall go as the plough goes through the ground;—cutting up all it meets in its way, and leaving behind it an indelible track. In vain, to conceal his wrinkles, old Suleiman paints his care-worn face: at the bare sound of our name the paleness of fear overcasts all his features, and proclaims his true feelings through the lying crimson that glows on his cheek!"

The repast being ready, the various groups of guests sat down round the loaded platters, according to their rank. Mine being that of a foreign embassador procured me the honor of a place near the Schaichs. Scarce had I, according to the country fashion, thrust my fingers in the dish, when an Arab, so enveloped in his haick[2] that his figure was not more cognizable than his face, walked into the room, with great solemnity approached the place where I sat, put the hem of my garment to his lips, and his lips to my ear, and in a whisper interrupted by loud and frequent sobs invited me

to leave my dinner, and to go where he should precede me. He most obstinately indeed refused to explain who he was, and for what purpose he desired my company, but there appeared something so earnest and impressive in his manner that I could not say nay; and though my neighbours pressed me to stay, and loudly inveighed against the unmannerly Arab who called a new comer away from the feast at its very beginning, I followed my mysterious herald, and bade him lead the way.

Contenting himself with thanking me for yielding to his entreaty by a silent but earnest pressure of the hand, he conducted me to a hovel at the bottom of a narrow lane. There, gently opening the door of a back room into which he preceded me on tip toe; he ushered me amongst a large assembly of persons of both sexes, so intent upon the object around which they were collected, that he was obliged to push them aside in order to shew me where lay, on a species of litter, wan, pale, and seeming at the last gasp, the wounded Omar.

The party assembled round this poor youth were his parents and relations, who, when Ibn-Aly his cousin set out for Derayeh to negociate his safety, had not been able to prevent him—impatient as he felt under the imputation of cowardice—from following, mixed among his kinsman's suite; and had

therefore in their turn also followed, in order if possible to check his impetuosity, or at least to support his valour:—a circumstance which enabled them after the imprudence he committed immediately to come forward to his assistance, and to afford him all the care his situation required. Though his wound seemed not to have reached the vital parts, yet had Mooktar's dagger gone deep in his breast, and the fever and debility it had left rendered his state to all appearances so critical, that his friends felt the utmost apprehension for his life. Hearing that a stranger had arrived at Derayeh skilled in the knowledge of the West, they determined to request his advice; and it was the father,—the afflicted Beder himself,—who came for me to the palace. The fear of marring the hilarity of the feast by his mournful looks had made him conceal his face, and the dread of incurring the reproaches of the host for taking away his guest, had induced him to keep closed his lips. Even now that, out of hearing of the mirthful board and arrived with me near the bed of sickness, he attempted to speak, he could only point in silence to his son, lying almost insensible on his couch,—and moved his lips in vain. No sound came, and the tears which mechanically trickled down his cheeks belied the look of composure he strove to preserve.

As to his wife and daughters, they made not even an attempt to suppress their emotion. Casting away all Mussulman reserve, they convulsively grasped my hand, covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears. "Cure, ah cure our loved Omar!" they cried with heart-rending moans; "for we know that it is in your power."

This supposition was rather appalling; and the first thing I did was to disclaim every pretension to infallibility.

After that protest, indispensable on the occasion, but which met with little credence, I walked up to the patient, and, while all the rest of the party formed around us an immoveable and breathless circle, of which every eye centered on my looks and tried to dive into my soul, I endeavoured to ascertain Omar's condition. The chief medicine his case seemed in my opinion to require, was bodily rest and mental composure.

"Sir," said I therefore to the father, whose breath while I spoke answered not, but whose eyes devoured my words: "The character in which I come to this country is that of envoy of Schaich Mansoor, not of disciple of Ibn-Senna. What little skill in medicine I may possess was acquired as an object of curiosity, not as a means of profit. The gratuitousness of my assistance entitles me to stipu-

late before hand for the most implicit obedience to all my prescriptions."

"Order us to wrest from Aly's tomb his plumed turban," hereupon cried the father. "Command us to crawl on our bare knees to the Kaaba," exclaimed the mother. "Bid us renounce all the honors of the married state," spoke, in faultering accents, the daughters.

"All these," I observed, "would be very difficult achievements; but of very little efficacy as a cure. A much easier thing might be of infinitely more advantage: namely, for the relations not to keep the patient in a constant fever by their alarms and their surmises; but to retire, to stay outside the room, and not to re-enter it, except with my permission."

This prescription, however, was in itself much too easily obeyed, to have a chance of being enforced without the utmost difficulty. Nothing but the threats of losing their son to a certainty unless it were adhered to, could make the good people clear the chamber, and commit their dearest treasure to my sole unwatched care.

Left alone with my patient I very quietly mixed up a draught, and with an air of important solemnity composed a charm; pledged myself only for the efficacy of the amulet, but took care to see the

potion drunk off to the last drop. The confidence in the spell, the composing nature of the medicine, and the quiet of the room, procured the youth a refreshing sleep, and when he awoke he found his fever abated and his strength recruited. I now dressed his wound, gave him some liquid food, and, calling in his friends, shewed them the improvement in his looks. But so loud were their exclamations of joy, and so boisterous the blessings they bestowed on my ancestors for three generations back, that I soon turned them all out again. My part of Cerberus was unremittingly supported, until long intervals of tranquillity and visits of an instant only had removed all danger. When, owing to his good constitution, the youth became visibly convalescent, I stepped modestly forward to receive the thanks due to nature for preserving the hopes of a powerful house, whose gratitude was proportionate to my apparent merits. Had I saved Omar only through dint of the most consummate skill and the most unwearied toil, the feelings expressed could not have been more ardent or more sincere.

CHAPTER VIII.

Abd-ool-Azeez had provided me at Derayeh with a lodging such as became a guest of my distinction. In fair weather it let in no rain, and in foul it stopped not the water from running out, My meals, which came ready dressed from the Schaich's own kitchen, had at least one great merit; that of affording little excitement to intemperance. Now and then there arrived in single state, before or after my dinner, a plate of sweetmeats or a bowl of hoshab, as a more pointed mark of attention. If the custom of the country—I should rather say the strictness of the Wahhabee tenets—forbade my being entertained with bands of singers and dancers, my leisure was equally well employed in myself entertaining all the idle and curious of the place, an assembly of whom attended my levee every morning, except when I went out to pay my own court to the prince, or to visit my patient. With the Schaich I used to talk of Suleiman, of his force,

his policy, the intrigues of those who usurped his authority, and the cabals of those who coveted his succession. With Omar I used to handle a topic to me still more interesting: my own dear self. I related to him every extraordinary object I had seen, and every strange adventure I had experienced.

No one could help loving the young Bedoween. Combining gentleness with spirit, and modesty with noble pride, his mind displayed in the midst of the desert the cultivation of the college and the graces of a court. He used to lie for hours listening to my narrations, which often drew a deep sigh from his bosom; and when I had done speaking, he would sometimes raise himself on his couch, and,—in his turn taking up the discourse—relate the history of his tribe and the vicissitudes of his family. Above all he loved to expatiate on the purity of his blood and the virtues of his parents: to tell how his father, abhorring the frequent divorces in vogue among the Arabs, and the sacrifice they made of lasting affections to transient enjoyments, had never had any wife but his mother; and how he himself proposed to follow his sire's good example. So exalted were his sentiments and so pleasing his conversation, that when I shut my eyes I sometimes could fancy I heard my friend Spiridion. Externals only differed; their hearts wore the same hue: and let me add, that the

right feelings of the Arab, of which I became the constant witness at a time when, softened by sorrow and steadied by experience, my mind was prepared to receive the full benefit of the communication, operated a real and important change in my own disposition. I resembled the clay, which, situated near the rose, imbibes some of its fragrance

What wonder then that each thus imparting to the other new and valued means of enjoyment or happiness, a tender friendship should by degrees have arisen between us. It acquired such intensity that, after the period had been fixed for Omar's return to El-Gaddeh the place of his residence, he found means to linger at Derayeh some time longer on the score of debility, with no other view but to put off the evil day of our separation; and when at last he no longer could urge any new excuse for staying, he made it his last solemn request, on taking leave of the great Schaich, that I might be permitted to accompany him home, and to stay under his roof. This favour, the prince, after some demur, was prevailed upon to grant: but only for a limited period, and on the express condition that I should hold myself in readiness to return to Derayeh the moment I was summoned.

At El-Gaddeh, and in Beder's abode, I need not say that I felt more at ease than I had done at

Derayeh. My kind hosts treated me to every diversion which the country afforded. Sometimes we went out hunting, at others we witnessed sports of agility and strength; and on the days we passed at home, Omar used to collect all the poets and story tellers of the country to pay me high flown compliments. According to their accounts, I might trace my descent at pleasure either from the Genii or the Peris; and as to my achievements,—those of Antar himself were child's play in comparison. Omar's relations and friends behaved to me as if all this high strained praise had been mere matter of fact: his father seemed to rejoice in our growing attachment, and Ibn-Aly himself, the head of the family as well as of the tribe, paid me every most flattering attention. Strange to tell, but true—the place where in the course of my chequered life I experienced most of that glowing kindness which springs from the heart, was that where I sat down the greatest stranger, and which, in point of geographical situation, lay furthest removed from the land of my birth.

I yet only reckoned the length of my stay at El-Gaddeh by single days, when one evening, returning with Omar from a camp pitched on the skirts of the desert, the youth suddenly stopped to contemplate the setting sun. After some time watching its decline with a pensive air; "Selim," said he,

pointing to that part of the horizon where its broad disk was rapidly gliding behind the earthly globe, "your heart, I fear, still lingers there. Do what we may, some day we shall see you take up your staff, and bend back your steps to the regions of the West."

"Omar," answered I, "*there* certainly arose the first affections of my youth; In those regions were knit the strongest ties that bind my soul!"—and though this speech might seem only framed for the occasion, and intended to enhance the merit of my stay, it had begun to be the language of truth. When I thought of my no longer existing Euphrosyné, of my still—as I hoped—breathing Alexis, and of my ever faithful friend Spiridion, tears of tenderness started in my eye, and the longing to return to the soil which had been blessed by their shadow, really made my heart swell with ill suppressed emotion.

"Ah!" rejoined Omar, "why cannot we offer you, among us, ties strong as those that draw you away! I wished my Selim to marry one of my sisters, in order that our blood might be mixed; that you might strike root in our soil. O that my parents, who so doat upon the preserver of their son, would for once sacrifice the pride of their race to the promptings of their gratitude and affections!"

"Sir," replied I, somewhat nettled," supposing

you parents wished for the alliance, know you that I can accept it? I told you before that I once was married: I told you that I had had for my wife the daughter of a Bey of Egypt: I since have sworn never to plight my vows again. Inform your parents of this engagement, in order that they may be troubled on my account neither with scruples or with fears. To free them from all restraint, and to rid them of all uneasimess, I soon shall return to Derayeh. Indeed I am to blame—in my situation—thus to stay away from the great Schaich, to whom my employers sent me."

"Forgive the unintentional offence," resumed Omar, reclining his head. "I could mean no reflection on your birth. The genuine Arab thinks the purity of his pedigree sullied even by mixture with the Tartar blood of the Sultans,—who probably would with equal care shun the taint of Arab blood. These are man's follies in every quarter of the globe!"

An effort now was made to turn the conversation to other topics; but with little success. Constrained, it first languished, and then died away. Omar, so far from appearing relieved by the indifference I expressed to the prejudices of his friends, would rather have seen me anxious to overcome their objections. He regretted my lukewarm desire

for a permanent connexion with his house; and from the day of this excursion a despondency came over him, which, having its source in the mind, baffled every power of medicine.

Finding I could do my friend no good by my stay, and was wasting my time at El-Gaddeh, I seriously prepared to make good my words, and return to Derayeh. The hour was already fixed for my departure, when Ibn-Aly sent to speak with me.

"Selim," said he, as soon as we were alone, "you have now associated with us long enough to know our customs and our disposition. See whether you could like for ever to turn away from the West, and sit down among our tribes, so you were made a sharer in all their prerogatives;—so you were given a wife from that house in which you already have gained so many friends. I must not conceal from you that my kinsmen have brought their minds to this proposal only after a considerable struggle. Rarely we marry out of our district, more rarely still out of our country: but such is the love we bear Omar, such the fear which his languor inspires us with of losing him, if we refuse what alone can fix you for ever in the land of the Wahhabees, that for his sake we not only permit, we ardently desire the union. Nor need you fear that objections, wholly unconnected with

your person, when once removed, will leave a root from which to spring up afresh. Once adopted as the son of my friends, you may to the end of your days rely on their support and affection."

Had an alliance with the children of Wahhab never been proposed to me, I should probably have left their country in the full conviction that in my present state of mind I could not have accepted it. I had originally sought these sectaries only to fly from Suleïman, and I had since only prolonged my stay with them, because I could no where else expect so hospitable a reception: but, though resigned to live awhile in Arabia, it was not among Arabs I wished to die. Unfortunately, after people so proud as these lords of the desert had overcome their own scruples to the connexion, it became expedient for me to conquer my more reasonable reluctance, or to quit their abode immediately. I could not tarry where I had refused what was offered with so great an effort, and was considered as so signal an honor. I therefore resolved upon the sacrifice of my feelings to my situation: but, still apprehensive of diminishing my importance by too ready an acceptance of an offer unwillingly made, I appeared yet a while to hang back, and again alleged my vow, as I had done before to Omar. "*That* however was not admitted to have any weight but what my

inclination gave it. No oath, taken during my state of darkness, could remain binding after my eyes were opened to the true light; and on Ibn-Aly assuring me very solemnly that the Wahhabee was only held to perform what the Wahhabee had promised, I yielded at last to so powerful an argument. The sanction of the grand Schaich however was deemed necessary, before a marriage so greatly out of the common rule could be concluded: it was asked, and, after some little hesitation, obtained.

Among sisters all equally straight, whose faces I had scarcely had a glimpse of during their brother's danger at Derayeh, and whose voices I had seldom heard since, I harboured no preference, and therefore submitted implicitly to the choice of my friends: it fell upon the eldest of the brood, who still remained unmarried;—a maiden no longer reckoned quite in her prime, as she had attained the mature age of fifteen. The reason of her continuing so unusual a time a barren plant in so prolific a soil, was the untimely death of two young men both of distinguished rank, to whom she had been successively betrothed. The one fell in battle, the other was cut off by a fever; and perhaps the idea of some fatality attached to her name had since kept off other suitors. I felt no superstition on that score, and was as well pleased with the fair

one allotted me as I would have been with any other female of the family. No sooner had the union obtained Abd-ool-Azeez's consent, than, for fear I suppose lest the new suitor should again slip through the noose; the wedding day was fixed at a very early period.

All my remaining cash was employed in fitting out my future spouse with necklaces and bracelets, ear, nose, wrist, finger, ancle and toe rings,—which, though a Wahhabee, I found that, as a woman, my bride could endure. The presents which in my turn I received from her parents and friends were of a more useful description: a fine horse completely equipped with mace, lance, and carbine; a commodious goat skin tent, with its apartment to the right and left; a Persian carpet; a handsome sofa case, and a variety of household articles. My friend Omar, anxious to see me in every respect on a par with the proudest of his house, supplied whatever others might omit. I except pipes and chaplets: Wahhabees neither smoke nor count their beads.

The very last items of the *menage* of which I was permitted to make an inventory, were, as usual, the charms of my bride. When, however, after running from tent to tent—as is deemed absolutely indispensable among decorous females—in order to escape me, she at last suffered herself to be caught

by her more nimble companions, and brought by force to her expectant bridegroom, I could not help thinking that others, more worth pursuing, had come more readily; and found nothing to drive from my mind the deep sunk image of my Euphrosyné. The circumstance was rather a relief to my feelings than a disappointment to my taste. Had Aïsché been so superlatively handsome as to kindle anew in my heart any very violent flame, I should have felt as if committing an infidelity to the memory of her whom I could now only honour by tardy and unavailing regrets.—Not that the sister of Omar must positively be called plain. The sun indeed might have found little to spoil in her complexion, had it been allowed freely to shine upon her person: but with teeth as white as ivory and eyes and hair as black as jet, she had a countenance which, like Omar's, beamed with sweetness, and the Arabs all declared that her limbs resembled the branches of the date tree waving in the wind; which only meant, that she moved very gracefully. Her features, besides, were regular, and the least touch of those cosmetics, so plentifully used by our artful Chiotes, would have enabled her in a civilized country to pass for a positive beauty, or at least for a very captivating brunette,—had she not most perversely destroyed her chance for ever, by having every pro-

minent part of her face, neck, and arms, indelibly sprigged over in marks of gunpowder, after the most approved pattern.

Her mind, like her person, resembled that of her brother. It was fraught with every amiable quality; and in its overflowings of love and of confidence, I learnt what even Omar had carefully kept from my knowledge; namely that, while employed at Derayeh in curing the wound of the brother, I had unconsciously insinuated love's sharpest dart in the heart of the sister. Her secret passion had, perhaps, contributed as much as the professed friendship of Omar to determine the parents in favour of the union.—The solicitude of these worthy people in behalf of their children remained not unrewarded:—the son and the daughter, each obtaining what they so long had wished for, each seemed to acquire new health and new spirits.

But if the bud, which had pined for want of the refreshing dews from heaven, now revived, it revived only to become the sport of storms and whirlwinds: for where warm affections are considered as the homage due, cold esteem soon is construed into the crime of aversion,—and that crime tarried not to be laid to my charge. At first indeed Aïsché sought the cause only in herself. "Alas!" cried she, "how should a poor Bedoween girl be able to

fix those affections on which have been lavished all the fascinations of the women of the cities! Nature has not given me their charms, nor education their art. I have only my poor simple love with which to retain love; and they say that the more of its ardours are bestowed, the fewer are obtained in return:"—but by degrees my restless spouse began to render my own imaginary fickleness responsible for her disappointments. In a country where the heart resembles a volcano whose eruptions never cease, the fires of mine could not be supposed wholly to slumber, and superior attractions abroad were accused of my indifference at home.

No assurance of mine could remove this idea: no behaviour natural or assumed could quiet these fears. My looks, my gestures, my very motions,—ever watched, ever weighed, and ever found wanting,—were ever considered as confirming my treason. The most opposite conduct incurred the same sinister interpretations. Aïsché was always ready to believe without proofs what she dreaded without reason. Her ingenuity had no employment but to establish my imaginary crimes; and to build upon them her real unhappiness. Did her unfounded jealousies lay my spirits completely, "she saw how matters stood: her person, no longer possessed the smallest power to please; her love could not

afford me the least solace; her very company was become to me a burthen!" Did, on the contrary, in spite of her unceasing anxiety, a momentary glimpse of cheerfulness unfurrow my brow, "she wondered at the sudden change; she tried to find out what success I had met with abroad, so great as even to carry home the remains of my yet unallayed hilarity!" Nothing but the most insidious and perplexing scrutiny ever was my welcome, and after succeeding to embarass me completely by questions, the answers to which, in whatever shape they might be framed, ever led to the same conclusions, Aïsché was always sure to found upon the very embarrassment which she caused the confirmation of her unjust surmises, until at last I no longer knew how to act or to look, always in her presence had an air of constraint, concealed from her my most innocent actions as if they had been culpable, and, thanks to her own unremitting labour, with a clear conscience wore a face of guilt.

The brother, who always kept me company when I was not with the sister, at last succeeded by his representations to remove in a certain degree my consort's suspicions of my fidelity. Who would not have thought every point of repose and of comfort carried by this change? Not at all! Tender minds must have their grievances. They are to them food and

raiment. It was a worse symptom that nothing could attach me: it shewed a total disgust of the country; it increased the danger of losing me altogether. From only fearing I might withdraw from her arms, Aïsché now began to tremble least some day I should entirely abandon her home, her country, and her friends. The moment she saw me at all thoughtful she was sure I meditated nothing less than to make my escape, and to return to the land of my fathers. It was useless to deny the charge: the stronger the protestations I made, the closer Aïsché seemed to cling to her chimera. "Speak not; utter not a syllable, give me no assurance," she would cry in her agitation; "I know you Osmanlees abhor truth. If you pledge not your word, if you waste not your faith in empty vows, you may perhaps continue to love me, to stay with me, to press me to your bosom a little while longer; but if you make a promise, if you take an oath, I am undone at once. The promise only made to be broken, the oath only taken for the sake of the perjury, will goad you on the faster to my destruction; and you will have no rest till I am become a deserted, forsaken, widowed wretch!" And hereupon she sometimes would clasp her hands round my neck, imploring that before I abandoned her I would plunge my dagger to her heart, lest

she should survive my loss. At other times she would throw herself on the ground, and with loud wailings tear her hair and beat her breast, as if my desertion had already come to pass.

A sturdy and robust attachment might have weathered these constant hurricanes; but mine, never sufficiently rooted, had remained weak and delicate. It soon got bruised, and more than once was in danger of total eradication. I began to dread home as a theatre of constant strife and contention. Sure to be reproached when with Aïsché, for the want of that ardour which she had not known how to cherish and to strengthen, I valued solitude even as affording me leisure to feel the esteem which still remained, and I longed most anxiously for a change of scene, for a more active life, for the bustle of a camp and for the agitation of warfare, as the only means to enjoy domestic peace.

Unfortunafely there prevailed this year among the Wahhab tribes an unusual listlessness. The last expedition of Achmet kehaya, though not successful enough to make the Wahhabees stay quietly at home, had yet diminished their eagerness for distant warfare. While some of the yet unsubdued kabiles of Montefih and Beni-Haled were making nearer approaches than they had done of late years to the domain of Abd-ool-Azeez, that portion of the

Schaich's own subjects, whose chief residence was in towns and villages, shewed greater dilatoriness than in preceding seasons to lead their flocks into the desert for pasture. It was even doubted awhile whether Ibn-Sehood, Abd-ool-Azeez's eldest son, to whom his father had for some years past on account of his great age intrusted the conduct of his war-like expeditions, would go into camp at all; and there seemed at one moment no chance whatever of my beholding the stopping of the least caravan, or the plundering of the smallest sanctuary, in honor of God—when all at once the whole nation, men, women, and children, sallied forth from their stationary habitations, to pitch their tents in the wilderness.

Each tribe had its separate camp, at the distance of a league or two from its nearest neighbours. In each camp the tent of the chief occupied the most elevated and central spot: round him the members of his own family formed the innermost circle; and round these again his remoter vassals and subjects ranged themselves in wider concentric circles, of which their respective ranks and possessions regulated the distance.

Ibn-Sehood's encampment of course was the most considerable. To that as to head quarters was sent from all the smaller and remoter camps, constant

intelligence of every interesting occurrence in their immediate vicinity. *There* also the Schaichs of the minor divisions met, to hold council with the commander on the general plan of the campaign, and to receive their several instructions respecting its conduct. Ibn-Sehood's camp was the capital for action, as Derayeh was that for repose.

The assemblage of tents among which stood my own, professedly bore a warlike form and had a warlike destination; yet it must be owned that slight were the shades of difference between the Bedoween's most martial array, and their most peaceful establishment. Even in times of profoundest peace the Arab of the desert lives in camps, constantly moving from place to place, and ready alike for attack and for defence; and during the periods of the briskest warfare the combatants still only advance and retreat surrounded by their families, and as solicitous to feed their flocks as to fight their enemies. On ordinary occasions each subordinate Schaich at the head of his immediate subjects, halts, moves on, attacks or flies as his individual fancy or judgment prompts him; dreams not of acting in concert with his brother Schaichs; and evinces no sort of attention to the movements of the chief ruler. It is only when the commander of the whole nation purposes some definite expedition

or coup-de-main of great importance, and short duration, that all the lesser Schaichs and their vassals close in round his standard. Nor do they then even consider themselves as engaged to assist him longer than suits their own convenience. As soon as they become tired of the service, or find the plunder short of their expectations,—without asking leave of the commander, or waiting the end of the campaign—they quietly secede, and return to their own peculiar district. The voice of fanaticism, the interests of religion may at times excite to the most daring and perilous enterprises; but they fail to enforce a patient and persevering discipline; and nothing do the Wahhab tribes so much resemble in their mode of warfare as those swarms of devouring locusts, offspring of the same country, who often when least expected invade a district, according as the wind sets one way or another fall on this field or on that, and when all is devoured, again rise, fly elsewhere, and in no place leave the marks of a permanent possession.

Some of the Wahhab divisions more to the westward had very soon after encamping the happiness to be engaged in skirmishes with the children of Beni-Haled. Our camp was left in a state of inactivity somewhat longer. Once or twice indeed we received intelligence from our scouts of hostile

detachments hovering at a distance. Ibn-Aly immediately gave the signal for the alert, and sallied forth with all that were able to bear arms; but the first time we could not even, spite of all our diligence, get sight of the retreating enemy: the second time, indeed, we descried him, and in such superior force, that we had our tents taken down and our harems packed up in baskets, in order to be ready for retreat if necessary; but on this occasion as on the former the foe at our approach fell back and disappeared in the desert, without giving us any other trouble than that of again unpacking our families, and unfolding our tents. My regrets were not outrageous. The age was past of my disinterested passion for blows; and I saw a chance of little else, where Arab met Arab.

Nothing thus materially accelerating or retarding the swiftness of our march, except the greater or less abundance of provender for our horses and pasture for our sheep, we advanced till within three or four conacks [1] of El-hassa. Unfortunately the facility of our progress had lulled us into a fatal security. Every evening the whole camp used at an early hour to yield to the sweets of repose, trusting almost entirely for safety to the vigilance of the watch dogs that guarded its approaches. One night a most tremenduous barking of our four-footed

centinels on a sudden spread a general alarm. Those among us already sunk in the arms of sleep, started up, and those still watchful ran to their weapons. Busy with some preparations for the next day's march, I had continued up, and already had incurred reproaches for my restlessness, when this appalling concert drove away for the moment all thoughts save of combat. I took a hasty farewell of Aïsché, ran to untie my horse's legs, [2] vaulted into my saddle, and rode in the direction whence the noise proceeded. The whole camp was already stirring. Every one issued forth in the greatest confusion from his tent to inquire of the other what had happened;—but this no one could tell. Presently a distant clash of lances gave to our apprehensions a more definite form and a greater intensity. A hostile detachment, which the whole day before was perceived to keep us in sight, had contrived, under favour of the night, to approach us in such complete silence as to leave every one of our vedettes on two legs unaware of its proximity, until our more watchful four-footed outposts raised their warning howl. Not knowing the number of our assailants, darkness with its magnifying powers reported it to be so great that retreat was judged the only means of escaping discomfiture. Even this however could not be effected except under cover of

a partial resistance; and as soon as Ibn-Aly had collected a sufficient number of men, he went out in quest of the enemy. I joined him on his way, as did my friend Omar. Never was disorder equal to that which our camp now presented. The group of watch dogs first alarmed, had, by their howlings, gradually set barking all the remainder in the most opposite quarters; whence, with the certainty of being attacked on some point, we knew not in the least where to direct our defence, ran like blind people to the sound, and left the guidance of our motions entirely to chance. Sometimes thinking ourselves in contact with the enemy when farthest from the point of his attack, and at others fancying our assailants a mile off when in the midst of their troop, our offensive and our defensive operations were equally ill timed: half the night we fought with empty space, and the other half pursued our own comrades. The watch dogs themselves, bewildered by the engagement, and no longer distinguishing in the fray between friends and foes, fell on both alike, and not only by their incessant yells so increased the horrors of the fight, but by their savage fury so augmented the bloodshed, that we were obliged to kill several of our old guardians, now unwittingly become our destroyers. As however every instant brought from the interior of the

camp fresh supplies to the scene of action, we contrived to make a stout defence, without sensibly losing ground.

Mean time the portion of the tribe not engaged in its protection, was no less busily employed in its removal. Some were taking down the tents, others putting up the utensils and baggage, others again loading the beasts of burthen—while here and there a party stole out, and, unseen by the hostile troop, drove the cattle into the part of the desert most out of reach of danger. Thus, in less than two hours, the whole camp was broken up, and on the move. The combatants on our side hereupon began to slacken their exertions, and to keep up a more retreating skirmish. This was the easier as the enemy himself, finding an unlooked for resistance, seemed more anxious to secure the booty made, than to incur fresh blows in trying to make further prizes, and testified a great desire to slink quietly away, ere the dawn should discover his weakness, and increase our strength by reinforcements from the neighbouring camp. Thus, while we fell back in one direction, our assailants did the same in the other; and several times we were greatly tempted to wheel about, and to attempt the recovery of our captured equipages: but the fear of

a surprise overcame this desire. Continuing our retrograde movement unslackened while darkness lasted, we compassed a distance of near six leagues from the place of combat before the incipient dawn threw any light upon our condition. The first rays of the sun shewed the whole plain, as far as the eye could reach, covered with camels and other beasts of burthen, pacing singly or in small groups, loaded with tents, luggage; women and children, and intermixed with droves of oxen and flocks of sheep, who were every moment endeavouring to stop and to graze, unconscious of danger. The horsemen, who thus far had kept together in tolerably close order, now fell asunder like a bundle of untied sticks, and set off at full speed each for some different point of the compass; so that presently nothing was seen in every direction but warriors crossing each other at full speed like shooting stars: each seeking, among the widely dispersed apparatus of the camp, his own family, furniture, and equipages.

For my part I soon had the satisfaction of descrying my Aïsché, exalted in the midst of her retinue on a dromedary as tall as a house, towering above all her surrounding women, and, bating the uneasiness she had felt on my account, in perfect health as well as safety. On seeing me, after much

anxious search, suddenly reappear before her eyes alive and unhurt, her joy was indescribable: she gave a scream of delight; and at the same moment her whole suite welcomed me with shouts of pleasure.

It is dreadful at all times to lose what we love; but far more dreadful is the shock, when, after a period of intense alarm the loss takes place just as all danger seems to be gone by, and nothing apparently remains but to exult in a renewed term of safety and bliss; when the fresh blow of sorrow is struck just as the heart begins anew to dilate with all the fullest exuberance of frantic joy; and above all, when that blow arises, not from the evil dreaded, but precisely from its being overcome.

Such was my fate. Forgetting her exalted situation or unable to check her impatience, Aïsché tried, unassisted, to meet my embrace. In the hurry of the break up, her camel had been loosely girt. The sudden pressure made the pillion turn; she fell to the ground, received a hurt which her condition rendered mortal, and in a few hours expired in my arms.

Assuredly at no time had my love for the living Aïsché equalled the passion kindled in my breast for Euphrosyné, since her loss. But without being violent, my regard for my Bedoween wife was

sincere. It rested on esteem and on gratitude, on endearing recollections and on fond and flattering hopes. All was dashed to the ground in an instant, and long I dwelt on the first of my sorrows inflicted only by Providence, and free from all mixture of self reproach.

CHAPTER IX.

THE first anguish of my feelings had scarcely begun to subside, when the Schaichs of the different Wahhab tribes received a summons to meet Ibn-Sehood with their followers near a particular well in the desert, whence they were to start on a distant expedition. The name of the enemy or the point of attack we were, according to the custom of the Wahhab commanders, only to learn on setting out from the place of rendezvouz. Ample room was left, mean while, for conjecture, and every instant new surmises arose, and were abandoned for others of still later birth. Some expected a coup-de-main on Mekkah, others an attempt upon Imam-Aly. From all quarters the Schaichs of every rank hastened with their vassals to the spot where the secret was to be disclosed, some on dromedaries swifter than the wind, others, on steeds not less fleet; one half armed with pistols and match-locks, the other accoutred only with sabres and lances; and none

encumbered with more provision than two skins could hold, the one filled with flour, and the other with water. When collected, we might muster about fifteen thousand men—though our enemies, deceived by the rapidity of our motions, which often shewed us almost at the same instant in the most distant places, gave us credit for double the number. No army could be better appointed than ours both for offensive and defensive warfare, or could combine more active courage with more passive hardihood. Every where the wariest caution accompanied the most undaunted fanaticism, and whatever the supreme Schaich of the nation might command for the advancement of the faith, his followers expressed themselves determined to achieve, —or to die. In short, we seemed to hold in our hands the fate of the Turkish empire.

But here let me for a moment interrupt my narration: warned by aches which had only relented for a while to return with double fury, let me enquire for what purpose my Memoirs were begun, and in what guise I must pursue them to insure its attainment. The interruption will not be long, and the story proceed the more rapidly afterwards.

Unprincipled as my conduct must have appeared throughout, I might perhaps propitiate my reader, by representing this unqualified disclosure of its

errors as a sort of voluntary penance, undertaken to atone for my offences, and to avert the just wrath of Omnipotence: but, in doing so, I should forfeit all claims to veracity. It never was my belief that, where bitter tears or better deeds had not in the sequel of man's existence washed away the guilt of prior periods, an idle confession, only extorted by fear on the brink of eternity and when as it were the downfall of the sinner had already begun, could still intercept his final doom, waft him safe to the portals of heaven, and close in his very sight the yawning furnaces of hell.

In a totally opposite view of things, I might perhaps have deemed it imposing to appear as if I wished not only to brave the opinion of the world, but actually to defy its fellest vengeance, by making my misdeeds a subject of positive exultation and boast. Even of this pretence, however, the imposition must soon be detected. On the eve of escaping from all human pursuit in the protecting arms of death—fast approaching that period when the shafts of man's resentment will only recoil from the insensible jaws of my tomb, such an assertion could not fail to be speedily recognised as the vain vaunting only of secure cowardice.

The truth is, that, so far from having been prompted to write my life by views the most dis-

tant and daring which the human intellect can harbour, I have only been urged to the undertaking by considerations the most minute and proximate that can influence human actions: namely, the wish to beguile one by one, as they heavily crept on, those slowly revolving hours which, but for some object capable of entirely absorbing my attention, must have been passed in dwelling on my present impotence and sufferings, and must have left me a prey to weariness or pain.

On a bed of sickness, in a state of which death alone holds out the cure, and yet, while incapable of bodily exertion, retaining sufficient mental energy to struggle with my weakness, and to render it more irksome, I saw no other means of diverting my mind from the gloomy contemplation of a future which no longer can be mine, but by bending all my thoughts on that past of which I have enjoyed my portion. Thus only, though the sun of my days was setting to rise no more, might I still, in the glimmering dusk which precedes my last sleep, and amidst the separation I am doomed to from the living, conjure up around my couch such phantoms of the dead or the distant as—once my friends or acquaintance—would not even now, in imagination, deny me the sweets of an occasional converse.

This indeed must have shewn itself throughout almost every page of my Memoirs the sole real object of my labours; for every where—as the reader cannot fail to perceive,— I have rather directed my views to outward occurrences than to the inward workings of my own breast; rather sought the amusement of describing scenes I had witnessed on the busy stage of the world as a mere spectator, than the more serious occupation of analysing my own feelings as an actor in the performance. In short, setting at defiance every rule of unity in composition, and more intent upon stringing together a variety of desultory events and characters than upon carrying on through all its successive developements the history of a single individual, I have made myself the occasion, rather than the hero of my tale.

But though beguiling the passing hour was my first, it remained not to the last my only object. Had it done so, the task must at every stage of its progress, have produced its fulfilment. Content every evening with having lessened the listlessness or the pangs of another day by an additional chapter of my journal, I should at no one period of my Memoirs have regarded the chance of their being cut short by the great radical cure of all lassitude and all pain, ere the account of my active life had been brought to a

close, as a subject of apprehension. I should rather, on the contrary, have sought so to spin out my slender materials as to be certain of becoming independent of the occupation ere the occupation forsook me: unfortunately, whatever task we have long pursued ends by inspiring us either with unspeakable disgust or with immoderate affection: and the latter I find to be my fate. Having proceeded thus far unchecked in my narrative, I should now with regret leave it truncated: I now feel anxious to bring it down to that decisive day which saw me placed at last in a situation no longer liable to changes worth recording.

Even vanity, perhaps—that passion which represents the forgetfulness of the world as the direst of calamities, and makes man prefer the cruellest persecution itself to peaceful obscurity,—may add its secret impulse to my fear of leaving the pourtraiture of my actions an imperfect fragment: for too sensibly I feel that the deepest humiliations eradicate not entirely from the human breast that only permanent friend of humanity, which, when the more volatile desires, companions of youth and vigor, are chilled by age or warned off by infirmity, alone remains to warm and to support the sinking frame, and enables us as it were to survive ourselves, by living in the past and the future when the present begins to

elude our feeble grasp: and though I can only expect, in my present circumstances, to have for my readers those strangers of the West, who from their distant corner of the globe watch the inhabitants of its more genial zones as children do a worm, to wonder at its motions, and to thank God they do not resemble it—yet a place even in their memory seems preferable to entire oblivion, and even to them I wish ere I die to say: "I too lived, I too strutted my day on the stage of the world, and, like others, I too had my puppets to play with." Nay, lest I should, to these curious dissectors who only prize a dead body in proportion as while alive it exhibited diseases more strange and monstrous, appear a subject too sound for their investigation, I have perhaps even exaggerated rather than extenuated my infirmities, and kept my better qualities in the back ground, as things of no value except to the owner.

Thus become more anxious every day to bring my story to its final conclusion, and at the same time warned more forcibly every hour that unless I encrease my speed, my illness, advancing with more rapid strides than my pen, must bring my life to a close ere my tale is achieved, I feel that, to ensure my attaining the goal, I must tarry less time on the road, and therefore, as my sojourn in the distant regions which I have just described

forms but an insulated period in my existence, little connected with what precedes, and still less so with what follows,—except in as far as by breaking through old and evil habits, it afforded an interval for reflection, and made me re-enter my former haunts with new feelings and a mind matured and chastened,—I shall hie me from the desert, and return to civilised society with the least possible delay.

Suffice it therefore to say with regard to the great schemes meditated by the Wahhabees, that, whatever might be their purport, I beheld not their execution. Suleïmán's crafty kehaya, informed of my stay among these sectaries, and aware of the advantage they might derive from my counsels, hastened to effect the greatest injury his enmity could do me—that of making me appear his friend. So ingeniously was the bearer of a letter from the miscreant, fraught with whatever might give my conduct the appearance of treachery towards my employers, made to fall into their hands, that Abd-ool-Azéez could not refrain from summoning me before him to vindicate my innocence, or to suffer for my crime. My punishment was to consist in utter expulsion from the tribe whose countenance I had forfeited. Former hospitality forbade severer penalties.

Had my Aïsché, by still possessing life and health,

promised to cheer my waning days with many an encreasing blessing, even simple banishment might have seemed an infliction sufficiently severe. Become used to the manners of the Wahhabees, I could, with my somewhat anxious but yet affectionate wife, gladly have ended my days where I had most unexpectedly found friends, a family and a home. One object had indeed by degrees so entwined itself in my imagination with all my future shemes of felicity, as to have become its indispensible condition in whatever abode I might choose; and this was my darling child, my Alexis: but him I had purposed soon to send for; and then—forgetting and forgotten in the land of my birth,—I might without repining resign my breath among strangers, and leave my worthless bones to whiten in the desert.

But far differently now stood the case. Aïsché was no more, and I again become the lone mortal I first had entered these distant realms. Since the severing of the strong ties that bound me to their rulers, the secret wish of again joining my Alexis on his native soil had gained such entire possession of my breast, that I no longer could see the least pleasure in any other scheme. To return to the only being in this world whom I could call my own, to bestow upon him that paternal care which he thus far had never

known, to cherish him in my long estranged bosom, and to render him the sole and permanent solace of my remaining days, was henceforth the only happiness after which I thirsted; and under the influence of this all subduing feeling I almost hailed Achmet's fraud as a fortunate event,—as a circumstance which, by causing me to be banished from the desert for hostile intentions harboured against the Wahhabees long ere I had experienced their kindness, might spare me the pain of appearing in contempt of all gratitude to leave them from choice, after all their best gifts had been showered on my head.

When therefore the charge of treachery was preferred against me, when the Kehaya's letter was read, and when my expected defence kept every breath suspended, every eye intently gazing and every neck on the stretch, I only answered the accusation with sullen and haughty silence: but, if that very strangeness of my behaviour made Abdool-Azeez doubt my guilt, and Omar loudly assert my innocence—it left the one without power to absolve, and the other without means of detaining me. They suffered the wayward stranger to depart from among them, and I disdainfully went on my ways: taking with me only—a few endearing recollections excepted—the little I had brought. My course

lying westward I proceeded at once in that direction; and . . . . . .

[In this place the manuscript leaves us to regret the loss a few pages, which have been either cancelled by the author himself, or torn out by strange hands after his death. The interruption however seems to be of little consequence; the text, where it recommences, shews Anastasius moving on a new but not very distant stage, and describing only a different Arab tribe from that among which,—as he himself says,—he found, and again lost, a friend, a wife, and a home.]

It is—he resumes—the most numerous and powerful of those which reside in the interior of the Hedjas. Its principle Schaich can singly bring into the field an army of upwards of three thousand horse, well armed and well equipped: nearly twenty inferior Schaichs acknowledge him as their supreme lord; and the great Schaich of the tribe of Anahssé; who resides at Keïbar in the Nedjd, never fails, in any expedition worthy of their joint powers, to assist him with a numerous division of his choicest troops.

By means of this union of strength the Arabs of the Harb find themselves enabled to mock the Sultan, whenever he still tries to revive his obsolete claims to the sovereignty of that province; and for the permission to lead the pilgrims through its

trackless sands on their journey to Mekkah, they exact from his representative the Pasha of Damascus a yearly fine, which this Visier fails not in his turn to charge to the account of the Porte.

Djezzar, in the year 1794, still reigning governor of Damascus as well as of Acre, persuaded himself that a double escort would carry him across the Hedjas more usefully and more agreably than the payment of this impost; and when the Schaichs of the desert presented themselves on his passage to claim the customary toll, they only received an insulting refusal. Unprepared for compulsory measures, they were for the moment obliged to abide the indignity, but early the next season the Schaichs of the Harb and of Anahssé quitted their abodes of Keïbar and of Khaff, to watch in their camps the opportunity for joint and just revenge.

The annual march of the Hadj is so regular, the different stations where it halts are so exactly determined, the day and hour of its passing through every district on its route vary so little, that whatever Bedoween may have any suits to settle with any of its divisions, need only consult their own convenience as to the time and place. They may stop the caravan according to their pleasure either in its coming or its return, and of the far stretching string of pilgrims they may select for their res-

pondents just whatever part they think most likely to afford them both easy and ample satisfaction.

On this present occasion the caravan was suffered in its outward march to reach Mekkah unmolested, in order that, on its return, a presumptuous security might render it an easier prey. Khedieh, a town situated two days journey from Medineh, was fixed upon as the spot most favourable for the meditated surprise; and as the pilgrims always make a three days halt at Medineh, in order to pay their devotions at the Prophet's tomb, the day on which they were to arrive in that city was that of our departure from our different stations to meet near Khedieh.

The Emir's own division was the foremost to arrive at the place of rendezvous. It took post behind a small hill, whose summit afforded every convenience for watching the approaching Hadj, and whose reverse was equally well adopted for concealing our own force. Emissaries were immediately dispatched to reconnoitre, and to report at what distance the pilgrims might still be.

Mean time the Emir went about giving his last instructions to his troops. "Remember!" said he; "we only wish to obtain our dues from an unjust visier; not to injure a set of unoffending hadjees. Therefore, attack property—but spare lives. Direct your chief efforts where you see the most merchan-

dise, and the fewest soldiers. Useless shedding of blood should be avoided. If we kill the Osmanlees, who will hereafter want our camels?"

This excellent advice seemed for once fated to be thrown away. The scouts sent out had advanced but a very little way before they returned utterly dismayed, and already from a distance making signs of bad news. As soon as within hearing: "all is lost," they cried. "Djezzar pushed on from Medineh the very day of his arrival. While we stand here waiting for the miscreant, he is already gone by,—laughing, no doubt, at our suffering ourselves to be twice deceived by his wiles. Perhaps from some eminence you may still have the satisfaction of seeing the rear of his force just slinking out of sight!"

At these provoking words the Emir immediately galloped off at full speed to a commanding height, about half a mile distant. Most of us followed. Arrived within a few yards of the summit we dismounted, and, crouching down, advanced among the bushes.

In an instant all conjecture was at an end. Along the furthermost outskirts of the boundless plain still remained clearly discernible the long dark line of close wedged pilgrims, winding their weary way through the white sands, like a black and slender

millipede whose anterior extremity already has entered some crevice, while the thousand legs of the body and tail still move in sight. Ere however the other detachments not yet arrived had joined our force, it would have been foolhardiness to pursue the enemy, and after we were all collected, it would be too late to overtake his flying troops. So adieu all our hopes! A bird's eye view of the fleeting caravan was the reward of our mighty preparations.

At this sight a deep gloom overspread the Emir's countenance. He struck his spear with fury into the ground, convulsively grasped the long braid of black hair which hung over his shoulders, and, after musing awhile,—his eyes all the time fiercely rolling in his head—"let us return," he cried, "to our homes; and after having sounded the trump of war through the desert, hush, if we can, the irksome echo!"

Down the hill he now again rushed, and after him all his followers, heaping every variety of malediction upon that vile Djezzar, who, against all rule and precedent, had hurried on where no Pasha had ever hurried on before,—and that too, merely to give us the slip.

Just as we got to the bottom of the hill, came scrambling up to meet us the last of our scouts. We cared so little for a fresh confirmation of our

disappointment, that ere the man had time to unclose his lips we desired him not to take the trouble of delivering his message, and this the more, as he seemed to carry a face of joy which we thought exceedingly ill timed, and for which the Emir gave him a sharp and proper rebuke. Long therefore did he struggle, and many fruitless attempts did he make, before he could convey to our understandings that he really brought good news;—and this was its purport.

The Pasha of Damascus, goaded by his evil conscience, had indeed escaped our vengeful clutches; but the Bey of Egypt remained after him at Medineh, and was to escort back part of the way, in addition to his Cairo caravan, a great portion of that of Syria, which, wholly unprepared for Djezzar's diligence, had been left in the care of El-Ashkar. The number of pilgrims would thus be nearly the same as before, and that of troops alone sensibly diminished: but this reduction, though it might leave the Emir fewer laurels to gather, he could contemplate with becoming philosophy. Out therefore he poured his whole weight of anxiety in one single long protracted sigh of relief and of joy; and scarce was it brought to a conclusion, when all the different divisions of our allies, still wanting, arrived in sight at once. We now spent the night in

delightful expectations, and the next morning stationed ourselves in ambush behind a range of low hills, a few hundred yards from the track of the looked-for caravan.

According to immemorial custom, the Magarbis or men from the West—in other words the Barbaresques,—in going form the rear, and in returning the van of the Cairo Hadj. Loaded with arms, and light of baggage, they were deemed unworthy the honor of our notice. So far from attempting to stop these honest gentlemen, apt to deal in no weighty article save blows, we on the contrary wished heaven might speed them on their way. Even the lofty Osman himself, who came next with his kehayas, his body guard, and his remaining troops, we permitted to pass unmolested; though I longed to break one more lance with some of my old Cairo cronies: but when the great fat merchants, who kept aloof even from their own escort,—as much feared by them as any Arabs, — in their turn were seen to approach, panting with heat, and in a cluster formed for the very purpose that we might lay hands upon it and seize it at one grasp, the eyes of our men glistened with joy, and my fingers began to itch like those of a physician at sight of his fee. In the interval between the passing on of the worthless fry

which preceded and the approach of these men of substance, we sprang forward, and posting ourselves in the middle of the way, cut off the rear completely from the body of the caravan, and called to our friends to stop and be rifled.

At the shouts of terror occasioned by this little compliment, it is said that the great Ashkar himself disdained not to turn round his head, in order to inquire the cause: of which being duly informed, he valiantly clapped his stirrups to his horse, and set off at full speed;—all his veterans gallantly followed the example of their chief.

Thus abandoned by their defenders, the pilgrims only sought to save their persons, and left their property to its fate. In less than five minutes the whole field of battle was strewed with camels, horses, and mules, laden with every sort of goods. We had nothing to do but to gather the manna showered around by Providence. Every man seized upon what was nearest to him, and when two or three happened to pull at the same parcel, they drew their sabres and divided the bundle fraternally.

Where predatory expeditions like the present were considered as legitimate, as honourable, as praiseworthy, not only in the leaders of tribes but in their humblest followers; where each successful robbery only conferred fresh distinction on it au-

thors; where every wayfaring man resigned himself before hand to the chance of being despoiled, and the sufferer regretted his loss without blaming his assailant, I carried not my scruples of honesty so far as alone to deny myself a share in the common privilege: but it was my folly on this occasion to be fastidious in its exercise. I would not strip a poor pedlar or a hadjee in humble trim. All the ordinary pickings I haughtily passed by, and abandoned with a look of contempt to the greedier Arabs. Indeed I did worse: to my eternal shame be it spoken, I assisted two or three wretches in making their escape, after helping them to lift up their bundles. At the same time I felt no very insurmountable objection to some single rich prize falling in my way, rather than in that of a parcel of vagabonds who would not know its value. Unfortunately I proceeded on so far in my desultory ramble,—disdaining every unimportant gift of fortune which I met,—that at last I met nothing more, got clean out of the track of the plunder, and fell in with no further booty either great or small.

I now began to repent me of my squeamishness. Small prizes after all were better than blanks; and it happened not unfrequently that a pilgrim's tattered garments concealed a perfectly whole purse. This reflection would have urged me to retrace my

steps backward, but that I was sure of no longer finding even what I had left untouched. While my time had been spent in idle promenading, there was little doubt that the field must have been gleaned by my more industrious companions unto the last ear.

Precisely, however, when I thought all chance of doing any good entirely gone by, fortune was pleased to reward my forbearance. In an interstice between two small hillocks which suddenly opened upon my view, appeared at the head of a string of camels heavily laden a well mounted merchant, only intent upon rejoining the hindmost troop of the Bey's soldiers, just diving into a hollow before him.

I cried to the diligent hadjee to stop, and to deliver up his property,—and thus addressed he thought fit to look round; but seeing me quite alone he only answered: "I was welcome to whatever I could take,"—and spurred on his horse with all his might and main. He judged rightly enough, that unsupported as I was, I could scarce be deemed a match for six or eight sturdy and well armed fellows, who, while he spoke, sprung forth from behind his towering camels, and, grinning from ear to ear at their master's ready wit, shewed me with their white teeth the black muzzles of their guns. This sight somewhat cooled the ardor of my pursuit: from a

full gallop I fell into a canter, and from that into a trot, until at last I pulled up entirely, and, puzzled how to act, stood awhile stock still, not liking to advance, and not less averse to retiring empty-handed.

Fortunately at that moment came up from the eastward a troop of ten or twelve Arabs, belonging to a tribe usually buried in the deepest sands of the desert. These gentry had not originally participated in our plan of attacking the Hadj, had only heard of the scheme by accident, and had advanced beyond their usual beat, on the mere chance of what they might pick up. With the utmost alacrity they consented—on seeing my dilemma—to lend me their assistance; while the merchant's escort, perceiving this reinforcement, at once passed from a shew of the utmost resolution to that of the most dastardly fear. In their confusion these brave guardians of the property committed to their care, fired from behind their four footed battery one single volley,—just to exasperate their pursuers,—and then scampered off with all their might, leaving me in undisturbed possession of the goods and chattels which their master had before most formally made over to me, in the presence of reputable witnesses.

Luckily I had to divide the richest prize of the caravan with the most ignorant Arabs of the desert.

My associates in this excellent affair only valued goods according to their bulk and weight. The refuse articles, the outside envelopes—coarse cottons, clumsy shaloons, stuffs like packing cloth, and trinkets like horse-trappings,—were what they chiefly coveted. The shawls fine as cobwebs, the muslins thin as gossamer, the silks like summer clouds, they held in utter contempt. A bag of pearls from the Ormus bank, of the size of full-grown filberts, they tasted; but finding them hard and insipid, they flung the good-for-nothing vetches away, and left them for me to thrust in my bundle. In like manner, when, — searching about for the pearls which had dropped out,—I picked up a little casket which lay by itself on the ground, and seemed to have been lost only from a special anxiety to save it, my tasteful friends, who saw nothing in the oriental rubies and diamonds—none in truth much larger than myrtleberries—of which it was brimful, but a parcel of glass beads fit only for children, let me keep them in exchange for a huge bale of calicoes. In consequence of these two lucky hits, I became so generous in the division of the remainder of the spoil, that, grave as the party seemed by nature, they could not help smiling at my folly; and I have no doubt that some facetiousness on the subject would have come out in due time, but for the fear

which haunted my companions of being observed, treated by the Emir's followers as interlopers, and made to give an account of their capture. This rather serious consideration now rendered them anxious to be gone, and with good wishes to me and significant glances at each other, they sped away.

I myself was not sorry to find a secluded nook safe from intrusion, in which to take the first inventory of my newly acquired riches. When I opened them and took a full survey of the treasure I possessed, I fell upon my knees, and devoutly thanked Providence for having made the merchant to whom I owed it a wag, and inspired him with a witticism which, without being particularly good in itself, was nevertheless a most happy one for me, whom it enabled to keep the property acquired, with a safe conscience. This act of devout gratitude performed, I neatly inserted my baubles between the folds of my belt and the pleats of my turban, and thus safe from the danger of exciting envy, went back to our party, trailing after me with great apparent exertion an enormous bundle of very ordinary goods, over which I most pitifully bemoaned my ill luck, which among such a variety of rich plunder had left me nothing else to make prize of.

My present opulence would alone have sufficed

to renew my yearnings after more polished regions, had I felt none before. Undoubtedly poverty was easist to be borne among the poor: but with a pocket full of Ormus pearls, who could live upon dry locusts? especially when possessing in the West, as I did, a little treasure far more precious than diamonds and pearls, which the gems I had gained would enable me to adorn like the little jewel of my heart. The longing to return to Smyrna, already powerfully felt among the Wahhabees, now encreased to such a degree that the soil of the desert seemed to burn under my feet. My impression was that unless I quitted it immediately, some insurmountable obstacle would inevitably keep me spell bound for the remainder of my life within it dreary precincts.

My companions, however, were not people to entrust with these feelings. They dealt not much in sentimentality, but had a notion of keeping in the desert things earned in the desert. With a proper respect for this prejudice I equipped myself as if only going to visit a neighbouring camp, and set out at a slow pace, in a careless and indolent manner: but, like a school-boy who designs to play truant I by degrees quickened my step, got into an easy trot, from that into a canter, and finally,—as soon as I had turned the last corner from which I

thought I should be watched,—clapped my stirrups to my horse, and darted through the plain.

I had scarce performed three leagues, when a little way before me appeared a personage whose accoutrement belonged not to the desert, and who in fact proved to be a hadjee separated from his companions by the discomfiture of the morning. I spurred on to join the stranger, as he did with all his might and main to avoid me. At last, finding his pursuer gain ground fast upon him, he looked back, and without stopping or taking the least aim, fired at me both his pistols. Neither of them fortunately bore within thirty yards of the mark: but I took the will for the deed, and ran at the uncourteous pilgrim with my couched spear. He escaped the shock by his alacrity in ducking. Not chusing to waste my powder or to alarm the desert, I hereupon drew my dagger. My hadjee now assumed a most piteous and supplicating posture. "Crush not," he cried, "the insect that crawls in the dust. It was fright alone made me fire. I never shew the least symptom of bravery except when half dead with fear!"—The defence made me laugh: "take your life;" said I, but give up your money. "Alas!" replied the Hadjee, "what money would you have me possess?—I, that am contracted for. I visit the holy places as proxy only

for a rich man, who bargained not to pay me, unless he saw me return safe and sound." The excuse was ingenious; but my friend proved to have a purse of his own notwithstanding, and I doubted a while whether I should not take the money which, by his own account, he did not want, and the pistols which he knew not how to use: but the ample fortune which I had just acquired enabled me to disdain the paltry prize. So I wished the *insect* well through the deep sands—and resumed my former pace.

Unwilling to travel close on the heels of the caravan which I had helped to lighten of its burthen, I determined to lean rather more to the left, and to steer towards Acre, in preference to Damascus. Long therefore was the journey, and many were the perils, and much was I beholden to the swiftness of my horse, even though I only travelled in the night time. Sometimes I had a guide; at others the stars alone directed my course. On so long and solitary a journey, and with so few objects to amuse my eye, endless were the schemes I formed in my mind. But first and foremost was—laugh not, reader, if you can help it—that of becoming inflexibly honest!

When arrived within half a days journey of Acre, I considered in what shape I might best meet the

gaze of cities. Constant alarms and fatigues had so altered my appearance that it was impossible to know me. My eyes were sunk in their sockets, and my bones starting through the skin. By contriving on the road to run my lance through my foot I had produced a wound, and this wound was become so inflamed, that it made a halt an indispensible condition to the cure. At the same time, in the residence of the conductor of the late Hadj, whose attention I had once before attracted at Damascus by cropping a friar's beard, some disguise seemed advisable. The character of a Bedoween my long features and unguttural accent scarce allowed me to support, especially among men familiar with the idiom. I determined upon the part of a Turkish Santon.[3] Its sacred garb would enable me at once to avoid the inconveniences of poverty, and the suspicion of wealth. The transformation was speedily effected. I pushed on again, and soon reached Acre,—just two years from the day on which I left Bagdad.

The first face I met in the city appeared short of its nose;—I had witnessed that deficiency elsewhere. The next was minus an eye;—that too is sometimes seen in other countries:—but the third had no ears, the fourth no lips; and there seemed to be walking

about as many people possessed of one hand only s of two. At last, meeting a man whom I was not afraid to question on this local singularity, in as much as—by some singular piece of good luck apparently—he still retained the possession of his full set of limbs and features, I civilly accosted him, expressed my joy at seeing his eyes, ears, nose, mouth, &c. all complete; and finally begged to ask how it had happened that this occurrence was so rare at Acre?

"You are a stranger," answered the man, "and know not yet, it seems, the mark of our master:—it is by these peculiarities our shepherd knows his flock. Saint as you appear, let me advise even you, in this place, to take care of your ears."

I thanked my informer for his friendly caution: and fearing that Djezzar might take it into his head to set his ugly mark upon some part of my thus far at least unmutilated person, I chose for my unwilling abode the obscurest hole I could find. There I only made the few pious grimaces, and performed the few miraculous cures, which I could not possibly avoid in support of my character. My healing powers, however,—like those of most sainted personages,—proved very little convertible to my own use. Amidst all the bedevilled

whom I exorcised, and all the epileptics whom I *unfitted*, my own wound healed very slowly; and I had full time to hear, ere I got well upon my legs again, the history of the abominable Djezzar, which I am glad to introduce, only to get rid for a few pages of that eternal I which haunts all the rest of my narrative.

CHAPTER X.

Bosnia brought forth the monster, since most appropriately sirnamed el-Djezzar or the Butcher. Born a Christian, and bred a carpenter, young Dimitri first signalised himself by slaying his brother. This feat compelled him to fly from his country: but as gratitude is the characteristic of noble minds, and as one of the implements of Dimitri's trade had been the instrument of his fratricide, he in after times remembered the axe which had opened his way to greatness, and to his other titles added that of Aboo-balta, or father of the axe. The place in which he first sought refuge, was that sink of every vice and asylum of every miscreant, the capital. On the road he had subsisted by begging, on his arrival he sold himself as a slave. His flaxen hair and fair complexion suited the Cairo market. Aly-bey became his purchaser. Converted to Islamism, and called by the name of

Achmet, our hero soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in magic;'—and under the guidance of Egypt's ambitious ruler, this art remained not in Achmet's hands an idle pursuit: it afforded him the means of conjuring away with more adroitness such as had either disobliged, or had obliged the Bey too much. Many heavy debts of gratitude were thus cancelled in a way which left the conferers no possibility of complaining. For these services Aly-bey first created Achmet a kichef, and next, governor of the Bahaïré. It was in this province that one single year's exploits were sufficient to acquire for him the title of Djezzar; but his patron, conceiving some suspicions of his fidelity, ended not the less that year by destining for the Butcher himself that reward which, through his means, he had conferred on so many others. Informed of his danger, Achmet now a second time fled for his life. He found an hospitable reception at the court of Osman, Pasha of Damascus. This Visier was waging war at the time against the Arab Daher, by inheritance prince of the small territory of Saphad, and, by conquest, ruler of the larger district of Acre—dismembered from the Pashalik of Seïde. He sent Djezzar against the successful enemy at the head of a troop of his own countrymen—of Bosniaques: but spite of their valour and achievements,

the Butcher could not prevent Daher from at last rendering Seïde itself an appendage to Acre, as Acre had formerly been to Seïde.

A singular race, inserted between the sea on one side and Mount Lebanon on the other, owns allegiance to the government of Seïde. Its name is Deroozi, its capital Dair-el-Khammar or the city of the Moon, and its religion a remnant of the theology of the ancient Magi. In their schools the initiated, as I am told, were taught that all things sensible and intellectual emanated from a single first essence; that the souls of particular individuals—brute or human—were only so many different lesser portions detached from this primal essence through an act of its own volition; that, deprived on their first separation of their former consciousness, these lesser divisions of the great Whole were only awakened to different degrees of partial knowledge, through means of the different species of bodily envelopes which it pleased the supreme Essence, their parent, successively to weave around them; that the apparent removal and transmigration of these distinct souls only arose from the formation and decay of the various bodies by which they were in turns occupied; and finally that, as all things sensible and intellectual first from a single primary Essence, so all things emanated were ultimately again, after a vast circle of vicissi-

tudes and developements—each rising in perfection beyond every former one—to be reabsorbed into that primary Essence, and made partakers of its unbounded knowledge, and power, and glory. It must however be owned, that, if the knowing ones among the other sects prevailing in Syria, pretend to trace in the belief of the Deroozi the wrecks of this high and ancient doctrine, the vulgar herd of the Mohammedans and Christians of that province, loth to burthen their intellects with such subtleties, cut the matter short by asserting the creed of the Deroozi to be the exact reverse of that of every other nation, and averring that whatever others abominate these pagans hold in reverence, and whatever others regard as sacred they treat as execrable;—and strange to tell, the Deroozi themselves, who might be expected to know best of any the truth, and to possess, though no one else did, the secret of their own doctrine, live in utter and contented ignorance on the subject. Among this singular nation not only religious practices, but religious creed,—not only rites, worship, offerings, fasts and prayers, but doctrine and faith—remain exclusively confined to a peculiar cast, named Akkhals or Sanctified; in whose society none can be admitted that have not previously given up

all wordly concerns, and completely renounced the interests, the occupations, and the converse of the seculars. It is these who exclusively take upon themselves the faith, and hold themselves responsible for the salvation of the whole community; and while they are so jealous of their knowledge that they suffer no secular even of their own nation to be initiated in their dogmas, they are so intolerant in their dogmas themselves, that they admit no individual of any other race to the salvation exclusively reserved for their own nation. In vain would a stranger wish to subscribe to their doctrine, or desire to be received into their community. The gates of eternal bliss remain not the less shut against him for ever. He might during the whole of his life profess the religion of the Deroozi with unremitting zeal: still must he at his death, like the infidel he was born, be forbidden their higher heaven; and only go to whatever less enviable place is reserved for the remainder of his unenlightened race.

As to the seculars, called by the priests Djahels or simples, they are all, from the prince down to the peasant, held alike exempt from the performance of religious practices, and from the profession of religious tenets. The Emir or sovereign of the

nation is not more than the meanest of his subjects, admitted by the Akkhals to the mysteries of their belief or to the secrets of their worship; but, having no rites or doctrine of their own, the Deroozi laymen are the more ready to adopt in respect to externals, those of whatever more powerful nation it is their policy to court;—whence their town and villages are filled with mosques, which the inhabitants never enter except when visited by a Turk.

Among the Derobzi as among the Arabs, every subject is a citizen, and every lay-citizen a soldier. Military exercises are reckoned by this warlike nation the highest of pleasures, and contempt of death the first of virtues. Each district of their country obeys the commands, or rather enjoys the protection, of an hereditary Schaich, who with the utmost simplicity of manners usually combines the loftiest pride of birth, and while he excludes no one from his table, deems very few worthy of his alliance. Among these families that of Schebab enjoys the privilege of supplying the general ruler of the nation, who, chosen by his brother chiefs, takes the title of Emir and resides at Dair-el-Khammar. His authority is limited, and on every affair of consequence he consults the other chiefs.

To the north of the land of the Deroozi lies the

country of the Mawarnee or Maronites, called Kesrowan, and divided, like the former, into lesser districts governed by hereditary Schaichs. This province pays allegiance to the Emir of the Deroozi, who holds it of the Pasha of Trabloos, as he does his own district of the Pasha of Seïde. The character and mode of living of the Maronites only differ from those of the Deroozi in a very few particulars, such as must naturally arise from the Christian religion they profess, and the communication they have with the sea, through the port of Bayroot. The inhabitants of the Kesrowan display greater industry, and possess more skill in business than their neighbours the Deroozi; and thence the Deroozi Schaichs generally chuse Maronites as stewards to their estates, and preceptors to their children: the difference of creed forming a less weighty objection, where the tutor is only called upon to abstain from inculcating in his pupil any religious belief whatsoever.

Emir Melhem, one of their rulers of whom the Deroozi speak with the most veneration, was among the few men who wish to leave an interval between the pride of sovereignty and the nothingness of the grave. He abdicated his worldly power, left the society of the Djahels, and among the Akkhals commenced preparing his soul for its higher flight,

about four years previous to its release from its earthly shackles. His brother Mansoor was, by the Schaichs of Dair-el-Khammar, named regent of the Deroozi until his son Youssoof should come of age; but Youssoof saw himself, through the interest of Sad-el-Koori his guardian,—a Maronite of the noble family of the Âwâkri,—immediately recognized as ruler of the Kesrowan. Of this honor the young Prince appeared fully worthy:—in the course of a single campaign he conquered and reannexed to his province the district of Djebaïl, long dismembered from it by a horde of Scheyee Moslemen, called Mootaweelis, living on the reverse of Mount Lebanon in the fertile plain of Baalbeït.

Military renown thus adding its support to his hereditary rights, Youssoof early claimed the sovereignty of the Deroozi, with such means of enforcing his pretensions as Mansoor, his uncle, thought it prudent not to disregard. Clothing necessity in the garb of virtue, this chief professed only to have held the supreme authority in trust for his nephew, and in 1770 solemnly placed on Youssoof's finger the seal of the reigning sovereign.

This event took place while Daher, prince of Acre, was pursuing his conquests in Syria. Not satisfied with taking Seïde, he at last laid siege to Bayroot, the seaport of the Kesrowan, to which Djezzar had

retreated before him. The Butcher succeeded in driving back the Arab, but instead of restoring Bayroot to Youssoof its rightful prince, for whom he had undertaken to defend the place, he now declared he only held it in trust for the Sultan; and with Youssoof's treasures, deposited in it for safety, bought the investiture for himself. When, soon after, Hassan Capitan-Pasha drove Daher out of Acre and Seïde, he was prevailed upon to confer the whole of these Pashaliks on Djezzar, in recompense for his loyalty.

Following the example of his Arab predecessor, Djezzar made Acre his residence in preference to Seïde. The place was capable of an easier defence, both on the sea and the land side. Nor did he only give it strength: he also added beauty. The splendid relics of Tyre and Cæsarea were employed to adorn its new erections; and soon arose within Acre's turreted walls, a palace, a mosque, a bazar, and a bath, whose architecture, achieved as if by magic, seemed worthy of the Devas.

But joy was banished from these gorgeous edifices. Djezzar's rapacity suffered it to enter neither the hovels of the little nor the conacks of the great. By converting every source of wealth into an article of monopoly, he kept his subjects poor, while he measured out his taxes as if he suffered them to grow

rich; and when his cupidity by its excess defeated its own purpose, it was in acts of refined cruelty that he sought his consolation. Every rising sun saw the torture applied; every day that passed was marked by fresh executions. The tyrant's glittering galleries re-echoed only with moans, his polished pavements were moistened with tears, and his marble terraces seemed adorned with chrystal rills, only in order that their pure waters might wash away the streams of blood with which they daily were crimsoned. The wailings of the tortured mixed themselves with the murmur of the fountains; and from behind the porphyry and jasper pannels of Djezzar's wide extending porticoes, were heard the groans of wretches expiring immured within their unrelenting walls.

According to the immemorial custom of all Eastern despots, their treasure and their wives are kept in the same enclosure, under the same ponderous bolts:—the sacredness of the gynecœum is rendered subservient to the security of the hazné. In Djezzar's intended palace and citadel, however, a greater excess of distrust had chosen a still more mysterious spot for Plutus's sanctuary: the most internal recesses of the Butcher's harem only formed the outermost entrance of the receptacle where lay concealed his

gold. Strength without and secrecy within guarded this holy of holies. High ramparts, deep fosses, and bulwarks bristling with cannon surrounded the sacred cells, and dark subterraneous passages only led to them by the most intricate windings. Of these Djezzar alone possessed both the design and the key:—never had their hapless artificers been permitted to return to the day light which they quitted to build them; and their knowledge and their bodies still reposed within their fatal works. While none of the officers of the palace durst follow Djezzar into his harem, none of the tenants of the harem itself were suffered to cast after him the slightest look of enquiry, when, like a threatening meteor he rushed by his women, darted through their numerous chambers, and vanished at last in the mysterious labyrinth that led to his treasure.

Djezzar was a barbarous husband as well as a merciless master. His Mamlukes, therefore, succeeded in opening a correspondence with his wives, for the purpose of procuring his death and dividing his spoil. No one knows what foe to humanity betrayed the well concerted plot: all saw too soon that Djezzar knew his danger. Infuriate he rushed into his harem, and for a while stabbed indiscriminately all he met in his way. But soon he regretted

the too easy death vouchsafed to the first victims of his rage, and caused the remainder to envy, by the tortures he made them endure, the milder fate of their predecessors. His own hands—it is said—submitted to the rack those charms in which he had rioted by preference, and the greatness of the raptures he had tasted, became the measure of the pangs he inflicted.

Even the seclusion and the thick walls of the women's chambers, could not stifle the cries of so many suffering wretches. The Mamlukes heard, and guessed their own impending fate. Immediately they rose, stormed the batteries which surrounded the sanctuary, and, mastering their crested summits, pointed its own cannon against the fortress, and against the relentless tyrant wading in blood within its precincts.

Unable to make his escape without falling into the hands of his enemies, Djezzar now plunged into the deepest recesses of his treasury. There he shut himself in with his hoards; and there, alone, and without the smallest chance of any other mortal following to assist or to defend him,—to bring him intelligence or take his orders,—he remained stretched on his heaps of gold, in expectation of every instant being discovered, and dragged out at once to light and to death.

An hour was thus spent, by the Mamlukes in

incessant firing, and by Djezzar in indescribable anguish. That period elapsed, the fire of the assailants began to slacken and to leave longer pauses, until by degrees the report of musketry entirely ceased, and even the roar of cannon only was heard at distant periods. At last all din of arms subsided in a dead and awful silence. Djezzar no longer doubted that the harem was forced, and the Mamlukes only employed in seeking the hidden entrance of his last retreat. Every instant their approaching footsteps seemed to vibrate nearer on his ear;—and thus he spent another hour in still greater agony than the first.

The continued tranquillity however now began to cast upon his mind a gleam of hope. With watchful ear and cautious tread he crept forth:—but first only a few paces beyond the inmost vault;—by degrees a little further into the winding galleries;—and at last unto the very verge of the forbidden precincts. There, having again listened awhile at the grated door, without being able to perceive any sound, he ventured to open the ponderous jaws of the iron gate, and finally, with breath suspended and faultering steps, he again issued forth into the realms of light.

Here, the various chambers of the harem were the first he re-entered: but in them he only beheld

-still exposed to all the garish glare of day—the mangled carcases he had left. All was silent; and, but for the pale corpses lying about, all was solitary. No living being—neither foe nor domestic, —presented himself on the Butcher's way in these his well-stocked shambles, until, bursting forth from their inclosure, he all at once beheld, marshalled in two long rows at its entrance and hailing him with loud acclamations, his faithful Bosniaques. This chosen band was the tyrant's bulwark against the just wrath of his remaining subjects. Having fallen on the Mamlukes and forced them to retire, its chiefs were waiting for their master's appearance, to acquaint him with his safety, and the flight of the rebels:—the greatest part of these ill-fated men were afterwards slain in a pitched battle near Seïde.

Meanwhile Osman, Pasha of Damascus, had died, and Mehemed, Osman's eldest son and successor, had been poisoned by Derwish his younger brother. Djezzar,—possessed of more troops and more money than Derwish,—now bullied the Sultan and bribed the ministers into giving him the investiture of that important government. Still, however, only considering Damascus as a precarious possession, and Acre as a sort of patrimony, the Butcher continued to make the place of his creation that of his habitual residence. His accession of

power only enabled him to pursue more steadily his plan of weakening the Deroozi into gradual and complete subjection. The allegiance which the Emir owed him as Pasha of Seïde, he made a pretence for interfering in all the affairs of the country; and whatever Schaichs of Youssoof's family formed a cabal against their chief, were always sure of support from Djezzar. Long however did Youssoof, in spite of this insidious conduct, forbear from open hostilities against the lord to whom he owed allegiance: but at last he found the only means to avoid ruin was to embrace rebellion. He rose up in arms against Djezzar, gave him battle, was defeated, and with the remnant of his army fled into the fastnesses of the Kesrowan, which had always preserved unimpaired their loyalty to Melhem's son.

Djezzar offered the Prince a free pardon, on condition of sueing for it at Acre. Youssoof left his two sons Sad-el-din and Selim under the care of his trusty Maronites, and with his old preceptor Sad-el-koori, who still continued his adviser, went to the Butcher's court. He was admitted, was caressed at first, was soon found fault with, was lured into a fresh semblance of mutiny, and with his faithful tutor was condemned to death. In vain the whole Kesrowan interceded for a beloved prince

and for a respected countryman. Djezzar never forgave; and the prince and the tutor were led out to meet their doom.

It is reported that on their way to the place of execution, Youssoof, seeing all his fair prospects end in a gibbet, could not refrain from reproaching his aged counsellor with having made him the victim of his own ambitious views. "But for you," he exclaimed, "I might have died of old age!" "Your father," answered the firmer Sad-el-koori, "charged me to make you live a sovereign. I may have erred in the means, but I too pay the penalty. I asked nothing from you when in power; I followed you when ruined; I accompany you in death. What more could I do?"

The Prince burst into tears; embraced, and begged his tutor's pardon. They were hung side by side from the part of Acre's wall which faces Mount Lebanon;—and Youssoof's last dying look fell on the blue mountains of his distant dominion.

During his persecution of Youssoof, Djezzar had annexed to the Pashalik of Acre the district of Saphad by the assassination of Daher's sons, the valley of Baalbeït by the destruction of the Mootawelis, and the territories of Tabarieh and Cæsarea by the expulsion of the Arabs of Sakr. One place alone, in the very heart of Djezzar's new acquisitions,—the

poor and small district of Nabloos,—derided all his efforts. Aboo-Djerrar its Schaich—nestled aloft in his inexpugnable castle of Sannoor—preserved his independance amid his subdued neighbours; and it is said that his sturdy resistance gave Djezzar more pain, than all his other successes could afford him pleasure.

Djezzar had however now attained that degree of power and independance, which induced the Porte to send him alternately avowed favors and concealed daggers. The former were all duly acknowledged, and, by some unlucky chance, the latter never reached their destination. Their bearers disappeared, and, as usual, were no more inquired after. At last a new device was struck out. According to one of those ancient customs held more sacred in Turkey than positive laws, the Pasha of Trabloos, who, on the pilgrims' return from Mekkah brings them at a fixed place a supply of fresh provisions, only enjoys the honors of the two horse-tails, in order that his lesser rank may not clash with the pre-eminence of the Emir-Hadj. The year 1794 beheld the first exception to this rule. Geretly Hussein, ex-Capitan Pasha, and governor of Trabloos, went to meet the caravan, preceded by three tails. The circumstance looked suspicious. Djezzar saw in Geretly a personage

qualified to step into his place. He determined to be before hand with his entertainer, and sent him a jar, properly sealed, of the holy water from the well Zemzem. Geretly drank—and died.

It was for the fith time that Djezzar, in his quality of Pasha of Damascus, conducted the holy caravan to Mekkah, when, as related, he chose to defraud of their dues the children of Analissé. I have already shewn how they resented the injury, and how the offending leader escaped the avenging blow, contrived to make it miss his guilty head, and let it fall upon the innocent hadjees, by gliding from under the hand already lifted to strike. Djezzar arrived safe and sound at Damascus about the time I reached Acre; but he made so short a stay in the place, that, ere any one yet thought him near, he entered his own sea-girt capital.

A bomb, bursting in the middle of its assembled population, could not have spread at Acre a greater dismay than did Djezzar's arrival. Immediately every eye became fixed, every tongue tied, and every limb motionless and paralised, as if by the force of a fascination. None durst speak, or look, or even listen:—for the fate of all Djezzar's enemies, cut off one after the other, made the vulgar believe in the supernatural powers he affected; while the wise dreaded what supplied the place of magic—spies

who informed him of every thing, and agents who stopped at nothing.

For my own part, I no sooner heard in the evening that the Butcher had come in at one gate, than I prepared, a cripple as I still was, to take my departure the next morning at the other. But even this proved too great a delay. Just as I was slipping my last parcel of diamonds into my belt, in stepped a messenger of the Pasha, to summon me before his master. I ran for my santon's cloak. "Spare yourself that trouble!" said the fellow; "We know you well enough; wary eyes watched your proceedings when at Khedieh you murdered the wealthy Dgiaffar, and plundered his rich equipage!"

The most heinous part of this accusation certainty laboured under the defect of falsehood. Still it came too near the truth to leave me any hopes of escaping through the difference between the fact and fiction; especially with Djezzar for my arbitrator. The point therefore was, not to constitute him judge of the matter. With this view: "Your name, pray?" said I to the messenger.—"What can it signify?" cried he in answer. "I ask it as a favor;" replied I.—"Well then: Mustapha Sakal;" surlily rejoined the messenger.

"Mustapha Sakal!" I now exclaimed; "You are the very man I have been seeking. Know that, before I approached the poor dear dying Djiaffer, —who never was killed in his life,—in order to afford him in his misfortune what assistance I could render, he said to me in an unintelligible voice: 'generous stranger, you look so honest that I must trust you with my last bequest. Seek, among the servants of the Emir-Hadj, for a youth of rare merit, named Mustapha, for whom I always entertained, unknown to himself, a particular regard; and give him in my name this valuable jewel.' I cannot doubt, O Mustapha Sakal! but you are the person. So take the gem. But as the Emir-Hadj is unreasonable enough to constitute himself universal legatee to all who die under his special protection, assist me to make my escape, lest in my dreams I should blab out your good luck."

The Tchawoosh entered into the spirit of my tale, even beyond my intention. "It can only be," said he, taking the jewel without any ceremony, "from the total failure of his memory, that the worthy Djiaffer asserted my ignorance of his regard for my person, since, besides the bauble you give me, he promised me at his demise a hundred sequins, which no doubt you will pay me with equal readiness." "Truly;" answered I—fearful there might

be no end to the codicils—" he never mentioned the sequins; nor have I them to give."

The Tchawoosh hereupon grew insolent. " Look in your belt," he cried, " and you will find them;" at the same time laying his broad fist upon me, and beginning to use violence. The question now seemed whether it might not be expedient to do by Mustapha, what I had *not* done by Djiaffer; and while debating the thing in my mind, I at all events grasped the dagger concealed under my saint's cloak,—when all at once a loud noise was heard at the door. It boded Mustapha as little good as myself. Fearing that a second messenger might come to supersede him in his office, he turned as pale as ashes, and with a haggard look and wild gesture: " Off," he cried; " off to the mountains this instant!" I waited not a second bidding. Rushing by some person in the passage whom I stopped not to look at, I was in a trice out of Acre, and in less than an hour out of sight of its loftiest towers;—having left my horse behind me as my hostage.

All the remainder of the day was spent in making the most of my way. Toward dusk I lay down among some bushes, slept a few hours, and, while yet the stars twinkled in the firmament, rose again, and performed several leagues, ere the sun opened

to my right the purple gates of the morning. I made such speed that its setting saw me clear of Djezzar's dread dominions; for in recompence of his last frolic, the Porte had just taken from him the Pashalik of Damascus, toward which I was travelling.

The next day, two leagues only from its capital, while pacing pretty smartly and quite wrapt up in thought, I felt myself suddenly slapped on the back by an arm of lead. Djezzar and his myrmidons still haunted my imagination; and without looking round, I set off at full speed, until a cry of: "comrade, whither scampering so fast?" made me stop and face the enemy. He was not the most terrific in the world; and only appeared in the shape of a derwish with his sugar loaf cap, who laughed at my panic most outrageously.

I laughed in my turn, and in this merry mood we approached. "As one of the godly like myself," cried the derwish," I was going to offer you hospitality in our convent at Damascus." I readily accepted an invitation which would prevent my being seen in public, and we proceeded on together.

Entering a small village on the road, my companion made a sudden stop. "Hark ye, comrade," said he; "a bright thought this minute strikes me. We are so near our journey's end, that without

a little management, we must stumble upon home before we are aware of it. Let us therefore make the most of what little time remains ours; particularly as the sun is hot, and we have not, like the prophet, a canopy of angels to shelter us from its rays."

Upon this he lugged me, without waiting my answer, into the house of a Syriac Christian, where it seems he was well known. After saluting the party within, he boldly called for an okka of the best wine. I must have looked surprised, for he added, "It is to rub my limbs with, and bad stuff gives the cramp." The wine was brought, and set before us in a little back room safe from unwelcome intrusion.

As soon as seated; "I have little faith," observed our derwish, "in external applications: therefore, O my soul!" added he in an emphatic tone, "bend all your thoughts upon Heaven, lest you share in the defilement which, much against my will, I am going to inflict upon my body." And hereupon, carefully stroking up his whiskers, in order that they too should avoid partaking in the sin of his lips, he applied the vessel to his mouth, and most devoutly began his internal ablution. For some minutes he continued in this employment, with uplifted eyes and an appearance of entire abstraction;

until I at last began to think that he and the jug would part no more. This, however finally happened, but with a long protracted sigh; after which he handed the half empty vessel to me. The santon therefore easily finished what the derwish had begun; and setting down the jar, I took up my staff to march out.

This movement was still premature. Making the most of time had, with my derwish, a more extensive signification than I apprehended. "Not so fast," brother, said he, "This place affords other gifts of Providence besides the juice of the grape, which man should not in his presumption contemn;" and forthwith he went and whispered significantly to our host, who upon the hint stepped out.

Faithful to his rule of making the most of time, our derwish meanwhile fell mumbling his evening orisons, in order that matters of business might all be dispatched ere our landlord returned; but this diligence proved fruitless. The personage came back empty handed, throwing the fault on the vast demands of the last caravan of pilgrims. The holy satyr therefore had no further motive for delay, and we proceeded on our way.

I could not help expressing some wonder, as we went along, at his very open indulgence in prophane pleasures, marked as he was by his religious habit;

but the observation seemed only to excite his raillery. "How you mistake my drift," answered he with a pious sigh. "If I mix with sinners, it is but to mend them; and how could this be done, if I were to scare them by a premature severity of manners?"

My companion's whole system of ethics seemed of a piece with this small specimen. "It is your half sinners only," he cried soon after, "who risk most to find the gates of Paradise shut against them. Carry the thing to its proper length, and the danger subsides:—you then are sure of salvation."

This doctrine sounding new in my ears, I begged an explanation. "Why," exclaimed he, "is it not acting against one's conscience, that alone constitutes what is wrong, and leads to damnation?"—I agreed.

"Then," replied he, "if you only sin on, until habit has silenced that officious monitor, and prevents your thinking any more about its qualms, is it not as clear as day light, that you revert to a state of perfect innocence?"

All I had to do was to regret that so incontrovertible a truth should be so little understood: only I took care—as my companion might possibly have attained that degree of perfection—to keep him in my eye during the remainder of the journey: nor

was I sorry to arrive at the convent, where he introduced me in form to his brethren.

Whatever met my eyes in the monastery, seemed at first sight to breathe the very essence of holiness. None of the derwishes walked otherwise than with downcast eyes. Their domestics kept time in their work with pious ejaculations; and the very cats of the convent looked as if, like Mohammed's tabby, they were constantly meditating on the perfections of the Koran. A word whispered by my travelling companion in the ears of the superior, speedily produced an entire change of scene, and procured me ocular demonstration of what small boundaries divide saint and sinner. The minor gaieties of the evening ended in a grand burlesque on the pious ecstacies with which the order edified the public.

The sort of gravity which I could not help preserving among scenes of grossness no longer to my taste, was noticed, and appeared to give umbrage. One of the derwishes, taking me aside: "What ails you, brother?" said he, "I thought we had been sticks of the same bundle; but I know not what to make of you. As we let ourselves out, you draw in. Have we mistaken our man?"

I felt the danger of encouraging this idea. "By no means;" answered I, rousing myself to look sprightly. "My foot just now pains me a little. But

for that circumstance you would be astonished at my mirth :" and immediately I poured out a volley of bad jokes to prove my assertion. Still did I most joyfully hail the dawn, which saw me safe out of the Tekkieh,[3] and again on the road. As I paced along, I smiled to think I should have lived to feel myself in danger from being too demure.

CHAPTER XI.

A LITTLE kafle[1] of Mussulmen happened to be, like myself, bound for Hems. I joined it, and, in my quality of santon, acted as Imam[2] to the party. It was I who settled the whole business of the common worship, took the lead in the prayers of my companions, and chid those who appeared inattentive in their devotions.

The city of Hems tempted me to take a few days rest. Caravans from the most distant parts of the empire, by making that place their thoroughfare, give it an appearance of uncommon bustle. In the bazar my santon's habit and practices collected round me such a crowd, that the Mootsellim thought fit to inquire into my vocation. Little disposed to answer his questions, I pushed him aside, and darting forward, as if I saw something strange which no one else beheld, prostrated myself two or three times, and began to hold discourse with vacant space. It was evident to all present that I had visions; and

the Mootsllim began to be looked upon by the mob with an eye of wrath, for wishing to interrupt my converse with the world of spirits. He therefore prudently ceased to interpose his word, lest his voice should be silenced altogether, and slunk away, muttering a few curses on all the saints and santons that infested his district.

With the Mootsellim had come the Moollah of the place. This latter looked significantly during the interrogatory, but abstained from speaking. I felt obliged to him for his discretion; and as soon as I was rid of the importunities of the governor, went and sat by the divine. "The fearful," said I to him, in a gracious manner, "build aloof on the inaccessible rock, but the secure mix with their brethren in the valley." My meaning was understood, and the Moollah, to shew that he felt his place to be among the secure, began to let himself out. "How I envy you!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh.

I pointed to his costly fur, and to my ragged cloak. "No matter!" rejoined he,—"sackcloth is a bait for consideration full as much as silks: but by being offered to the mob only, has procured you what you sought."

This speech made me wish to raise my character in the Moollah's estimation. I gave him a few traits of my history, and he grew disposed in my favour.

His mind was stored with much information, and hence it thirsted for more; while few of those he lived with had a single idea to add to his stock. The tenets and the views of the Wahhabees interested him particularly. I employed the greatest portion of my stay at Hems in giving him a description of these sectaries. In return he favoured me with a sketch of his own life.

"My father's humble roof," he said, "accidentally afforded shelter from a storm to a magistrate of high degree. On going away the Cazi-asker,[3] in order to save a present, gave his host a counsel. It was to send me to school, and to rely on his patronage. Till then my worthy parent had never boasted but of manufacturing good pipe-heads; he now fancied himself destined to be the author of a head of the law. His fortune was spent in placing me in a Medressé,[4] and my health ruined to do credit to the situation. My examination took place the same day with that of a dunce, descended from so long a line of distinguished dunces, that he received his degrees with unbounded applause for having answered right a single question, while I was near losing mine for answering one wrong. I was however qualified for promotion: but, to render it the more acceptable, my generous patron kept it back as long as possible; or rather did nothing for

me till his son wanted a tutor. He then proposed the place to my necessities, and soon they saw me the reluctant khodgea[5] to the young Bey-Moollah; —for he had been aggregated to the college of Muderrees[6] before he knew his letters. It certainly was unnecessary for him to learn them after. Yet somehow my stupidity was several years in finding out the exceeding bad compliment I paid the father, by requiring diligence of the son. The mistake became evident, when, in recompense for devoting to his service the best years of my life, I was made Cadi of a miserable country town. Since that first step my promotion has proceeded at the slowest rate our rules would admit of: and, too old now for new advancement here below, I only look for further promotion, where I wish my Cazi-asker no worse punishment than himself becoming a preceptor,—were it an angel's family."

"Long may the sun still revolve!" said I to the Moollah as he finished his story, "ere you witness the accomplishment of your wish. Long may your wisdom still shine on Hems!"

This city I left to pursue my way northward through a smiling well watered plain;—thinking as I went along how dissatisfied the wealthy and the great always were with their lot. "Not so," added I, "the poor and the lowly;"—and to confirm myself

in my assumption, I stopped to felicitate a passing peasant on the beauty and richness of his country.

"Reserve your congratulations," answered he surlily, "for the Mahwali Arabs; we sow, but they reap. El-Korfan, their Emir, lays upon us what contributions he pleases. The monopoly of camels for all the caravans that cross Syria has made him so rich and powerful, that he fears neither governor of Haleb nor Pasha of Damascus: and why should he; who can at his pleasure bring into the field his ten thousand well appointed horse!"

It was my special good fortune, soon after, to meet this formidable Schaich himself, encamped in the middle of the road. He too was out of humour as well as the peasant. Numbers of his camels had perished in the desert. But his frowns made not the pilau in his tent look the less inviting. "Let the Pasha of Damascus dread his ill temper," thought I; "his ten thousand horse dare not hurt a hair of a houseless santon's head;"—and resolutely I walked in, made my salam, and sat down to the seasonable repast. Having refreshed myself, I thanked the Prince for his good cheer, and wishing him and his remaining camels good health, marched on to Hamah.

At Haleb, where I stopped next to purchase a new steed, I inquired for the French *philosophe*,

—the worshipper of *l'utile*. Alas! even the annuity granted to the director of his health, on his own precious life, had been unavailing. An indigestion had carried him off.—I sowed pistachio nuts on his grave!

Descending into the plain which leads to Antakieh,[7] some Turkmen invited me to their camp. As they were come all the way from Diarbek, their country, to dispose of their cattle in the Syrian markets, I thought I could not be far from the mark in saluting them as shepherds. But I mistook the thing completely: they were noblemen. The head of the troop had himself addressed by his followers as Agá; and, on introducing me to the lady his wife, who was churning her milk, and to the other ladies his daughters, who were, the one kneading a barley cake, the other working a sheep's wool carpet, and the third darning her own camel's hair trowsers, he took an opportunity of informing me in his bad Turkish dialect, of the antiquity of his race and the pure nobility of his blood: "—a boast which he would not have thought it necessary to make, but that lately so many Christian peasants, fled from the oppression of their Pashas, had assumed the name of Turkmen, and brought it into disrepute, by taking their revenge of their tyrannic governors on the innocent traveller." I professed myself highly delighted with the intelligence, and, after eating

some cream cheese and drinking some buttermilk, in the most respectful manner bade the exalted circle adieu, and went on. Every step I performed I grew more impatient to cast off my rags,—but the time was not yet come.

At Antakieh I made a party with three merchants, a jenissary, and some domestics, to go together to Scanderpon; there to embark for Smyrna, the final limit of my pilgrimage. The man of war was of course to be our defender. I had nothing to do but to pray, in my quality as santon, for his success:—and what could seem less doubtful than that it must be entire in whatever he undertook. It did one's heart good, only to hear from his own lips—ere the journey was well begun—the whole list of feats of bravery he had at various times performed. When indeed, a little further on the road, a discussion arose with a few wandering Coords who shewed a wish to fleece us, our protector's generous disposition got a little the better of his martial ardour:—"was it worth while squabbling," he asked, "about a few piastres, especially with wretches whom if it came to fighting we could not help annihilating?"—and though, on this occasion, he deplored nothing so much as the valuable time we lost in these debates, yet, when a mile further on a countryman informed us of a more considerable

detachment of the same tribe, stationed in a defile between us and our intended resting place, he was most strenuous for stopping altogether, and lying down where we were,—only for the sake of coolness: and to be sure he did shew violent symptoms of heat! However, seeing the merchants determined to push on, in spite of his raptures with the place, he came and asked me in a whisper, "whether I did not think that, in charging the enemy too vigorously, his belt, in which he had all his money, might burst?" in which as I agreed, he begged of me, as one protected by my holiness, to take charge of his purse. Unfortunately in attempting to slip it unseen by the merchants into my hand, the excessive courage which vibrated in his own, caused the bag to drop, and with such prodigious clatter as to attract every eye. Mahmood looked ready to faint, and only revived a little on my winking at him to leave the explanation of the affair to me. "The deuce," cried I, "is in these leaden images,[8] which the Damascus derwishes have given me for their Smyrna brethren;—people will fancy I am made up of gold!" At his speech the merchants looked very arch, as if to hint that the good santon took care not to trust to Providence alone; while Mahmood brightened up with delight at my lucky hit, nor in the least opposed my putting the money deliberately

into my own pocket, before all the witnesses present, as my own undisputed property; not doubting my intention to restore it in due time most conscientiously.

For this, unluckily, I had not leisure. I do not know what it was that got wrong about my saddle, almost immediately after the transaction, which made me lag behind a little; and when I called to my companions to wait for me, they thought it a clever joke to spur on their horses, and to leave the good santon, with his great bag of money, alone on the road. I did not think it a very bad joke myself, and—determined to leave those that left me, —while they turned to the left, I turned to the right. I even had the malice, when a little afterwards I caught a distant glimpse of their procession, just as they were entering the obnoxious defile mentioned above, to fire a pistol; at which they set off as if possessed, fancying all the Coords of Coordestan at their heels,—and very soon entirely disappeared.

Night coming on apace, I missed my way entirely, and the next morning I found I had considerably overshot Scanderoon, which could now be distinctly descried from the mountains. It would have been madness to turn back. So I went on, refreshed myself at the first little village I reached, and there, having made inquiries respecting the

road, resolved to give up all immediate thoughts of Smyrna, and to strike into the courier's track to Constantinople, from which I was not far distant. The capital, after all, must be the place for converting my jewels into gold. That weighty matter once accomplished, I should take up my Alexis at Smyrna in my way to Christendom, where I intended finally to settle, and to commence my new profession of an honest man.

I might have been travelling about five leagues in my new direction, and had just got into the track of the Tartar messengers, when, in fact, a personage of that description passed by me with the customary salute of peace. This I duly returned. Upon which,—the sound of my voice striking the courier as familiar to him—he looked round to survey me. "Heavens!" cried he presently, "is it the lord Selim I see in this strange attire?" "It is," answered I, "Feiz-ullah;"—for by this time I too had recognised my friend. He was no other than the honest fellow who, at Bagdad, had cautioned me against staying in that city, and whom, for all the thanks I owed him, I now wished at the devil for his quicksightedness. "You see," continued I, "what it is to have a timorous conscience. I felt so oppressed with the weight of my sins—particularly that of having fought among those vile

Wahhabees—that I begged of all the Saints in paradise to assist me in wiping out the stain. None heeded my prayer, save Hadjee-Becktash,[9] who one night visited me in my sleep, and bade me take his habit. As you may perceive, it has extracted almost every impurity out of my heart, and I shall soon come forth as spotless as the new born babe. Meanwhile, tell me what is the news from Bagdad."

"Great," cried Feiz-ullah; "great indeed! I do not ask whether you remember your friend the Kehayah. Suleiman had toiled so many years to give this faulty diamond a sort of false lustre, that he felt loth to throw away his labour, and to own his choice a bad one. Determined to leave a monument of his might, he was too old to begin a new creation. All the insinuations against Achmet therefore were treated as sheer envy; until a day when there came to hand a something passsing hints;—a packet from the Reïs-Effendee, inclosing a letter to the Porte in the Kehaya's own hand writing. It represented Suleiman as wholly superannuated; and the child of his favour only modestly proposed to set him aside, and to step into his place. On the receipt of this document, a divan was immediately convened of all the individuals hostile to the Kehaya, and the business laid before them. Suleiman wished only to dismiss his old

favorite; but being with much difficulty rendered sensible of the danger of this lenity, he at last reluctantly signed the Kehaya's doom. Scarce was the order issued, when Achmet himself appeared. He suspected some plot against his authority, and came to daunt his enemies. Suleiman gave him the wonted reception, while the Kehaya, casting a look of rage round the astonished circle, only seemed to count the new victims he intended immolating to his safety. No time was to be lost. Aly-Khasnadar boldly rushes forward, and strikes the first blow: —all the rest follow. Dropping down on his knees Achmet now raises towards the Pasha his supplicating hands: but the Pasha had thrown his shawl over his face in order not too see the execution, and in an instant the favorite was dispatched. His mangled body, thrown out on the steps of the divan, remained exposed during the whole day to glut the greedy eyes of the populace, and his head," —added the Tartar, pointing to a little bundle tied behind him,—" I have here. As it has been carefully pickled, I entertain no doubt of carrying it safe to the Sultan, according to my instructions."

Feiz-ullah here stopping, I gave a deep sigh, not so much in compassion for Achmet, as from regret that all this had not happened while I was at Bagdad. It however brought me some real advantage,

in addition to the pleasure one finds in the fall of an enemy. Feiz-ullah, as a public messenger, every where found horses ready at his command. It was more than santons did. He proposed to me to go in his company; and for the sake of sharing his privilege, I determined to keep up with his pace.

The Tartar rate of travelling leaves little leisure for a journal. The curiosities even of such cities as Kutayeh I scarcely saw; but I had the best of every thing on the road. Yet was I less unreasonable than my companion, who, after an excellent meal, did not feel ashamed to ask a douceur for what he called the wear and tear of his teeth. Once indeed his demand was resisted, in a Malkyané of the Sultana Validé, whose Waywode swore he would not part with a single aspre of his mistress's slipper money for all the booted Tartars in the universe. Feiz-ullah had nothing to do but to curse the sovereign's mother for an old toothless jade as she was, without bowels of compassion. Except on this single occasion, the Tartar's whip, which never quitted his hand, was more than a scepter to him,—it was an enchanter's wand: for kings themselves, says the proverb, lose their right where there is nothing; but through means of this little instrument Feiz-ullah always succeeded to produce something;—fat fowls, for instance, where the

inhabitants pretended not to have a grain of barley; sheep in good case, where there was not a blade of grass; nice fruit where not a tree or a shrub seemed to grow. Alternately applied with the same spirit to man and beast, its persuasive powers made the most jaded horse go on, and the most reluctant host supply an ample meal.

At Isnik I took leave of my companion, and,—with all due respect for Hadjee-Pecktash,—of his shabby uniform, my santon's habit. As we travelled along I had gradually collected all the articles of apparel necessary for my transformation. Here, a rich stuff for a turban; there, a handsome vest and cloak; further on, fine French cloth trowsers; elsewhere, papooshes bright as burnished brass. With my parcel under my arm I entered a house of entertainment, engaged a snug back chamber, shut myself up, slipped off at a single shake all my uncouth rags, with impious hands shaved close my shaggy hair;[11] nay, without giving them the smallest warning, disturbed all the angels in my beard[12] itself, and maimed the Lord knows how many tiny sprites, deemed its tenants for life; made a bonfire of my Santon's cloak and staff; submitted my person to all sorts of ablution; and, thus purified by fire and water—after standing sometime gazing in a state of nature on the various articles of new ap-

parel, methodically laid out in a circle around me, —proceeded leisurely to put on one by one the items of my new garb.

Stepping out of my cell after this refreshing process, so completely metamorphosed as not to be recognised even by the people in the shop through which I had to pass, I truly felt like the insect, which only casts off the unsightly slough of the butterfly, to come forth when older, a gayer, gaudier, nay younger butterfly. The species of ease and delight derived from my transformation, positively baffles all my powers of description. My chest seemed to dilate, my breathing to acquire a freedom before unknown, and my limbs and gait to have gained a fresh vigour and buoyancy. Though now advanced to the wrong side of thirty, and already beginning before to think myself grown old and faded, I might fancy I had dipped afresh in the fountain of youth. Like the revolving year, after passing through the decay of autumn and winter, I had recovered anew all the smiling attributes of spring.

The new companion I engaged with in the coffee-house was suited to my new character,—a young Algerine captain of a man of war, come from Constantinople on business, and glad to have me as a fellow traveller to return with to the capital. We

talked all the way; I, like all men already somewhat advanced in life, praising times past; while my companion would only laud in the present tense. "Hold your tongue," cried he, "about your great Hassan: Our little Hussein" (Kootchook was the new grand Admiral's by-name) "is worth a dozen of him. We make more improvements in the navy in a day now, than you used to do in a twelvemonth. Hussein sets about every thing at once, has every new invention before it comes out, never loses time in examining, and regularly every year new models the arsenal from end to end. It almost confuses one to see the builders he has collected from every country: France, Sweden, and whence not!—each speaking a different language; each following a different method, and each pointing out the faults of what all the others do. He would sooner build in the Chinese fashion, than copy any one who went before him; and his designs, when executed, will prove the finest in the world! Every dock yard in the empire,—Mytilene, Rhodes, Boodroon, the Dardanelles, Sinope and Galatsch,—is vying with the rest which shall knock up a ship of the line with the greatest speed; and the capital prepares to launch a three-decker so prodigious, that none of our seas will have room enough to work her." I laughed at the eulogium;

wished my friend the command of this wonder, and stepped into the boat which landed me at Constantinople.

My first care was to enquire after the merchant who, at Khedieh, had so obligingly made me welcome to his travelling equipage, for the mere trouble of taking it. At Damascus I had understood him to be gone to the capital: in the capital I found that he had commenced the longer journey to heaven. For, not only he was departed this world, but, in order to ensure a good reception in the next, he had piously bequeathed all his property to an hospital of cats and dogs, to the utter exclusion of his nearer relations, expressly disinherited, and in fact well able, as I heard, to spare his bequests. My finances being by nature somewhat less brilliant than those of the personages in question, I determined, upon this information, fairly to keep what I before thought I had fairly acquired, and by Dgiaffer's own express terms: assured that I did not even do his four footed legatees—only named by a disposition subsequent to our meeting—an injury of which they could complain. There were donammas[13] going forward in the capital; and the Porte, very busy purchasing at all hands diamonds for presents, afforded me an opportunity of selling part of mine to a very great

advantage, and still to reserve the stones of the first water, for what I deemed the better markets of Vienna and Petersburg. Meantime, informed that some of Dgiaffer's relations, less fortunate than the remainder, had fallen into want, I took upon myself to correct in their behalf their kinsman's omissions, and by paying them, like a good Moslemin, the tithe of my profit, restored them to ease and comfort. After this I felt quite at peace with my conscience, for retaining what certainly no other man breathing had any legal claims upon;—nor even, in truth, the cats themselves.

On each occasion of my passing through Constantinople since my separation from Spiridion at Chio, something or other had occured to prevent our meeting:—either my own reluctance to intrude upon him; or his impending marriage which made it desirable to himself not to see me; or his absence from the Capital. I now made a fresh attempt to embrace my old friend, and called upon the father, but could not see the son. To the indescribable horror of all his friends and relations, he was actually gone on a voyage to the Venetian islands and to the other parts of Christendom; and that, from motives of mere curiosity, and without any views of advantage, save instruction!—The best chance I had of finding him was at Paris or in London.

Mavrocordato had a friend:—a man of weight and respectability, who, throughout all my different vicissitudes had constantly shewn me a more steady and uninterrupted interest than even Mavrocordato himself, and, while he never, it must be confessed, had risen quite so high in his admiration of my worth as the latter, never either fell quite so low in his estimation of my qualities, as Signor Mavrocordato had since chosen to do. I had particularly noticed Costandino Caridi for one circumstance in his conduct, in which he stood single among his countrymen: namely, that, though far from wealthy himself, he used to keep most aloof from me, whenever I seemed to have the greatest command of cash:—giving as his reason for this singularity, that I never became bearable until I was half starved. This old friend now met me with a totally new face; for, though he knew me to possess the amplest means, he yet paid me a degree of attention which I had never before been able to extort from him, even when I was absolutely in want of bread. In fact, he seemed so very determined to obtain complete possession of my mind by every species of address and flattery, that at last I grew distrustful of him whom I never had distrusted before, and conceived that, through daily society with men of a selfish and intriguing disposition, he had at last

totally changed his own character. One day, indeed, I could not help telling him so in direct terms. Sick of his obsequiousness, and quite out of patience with his over-strained compliments on my wit, my figure and my taste, I ironically begged of him not to waste his breath in flattering one, who himself felt so impressed with his utter perfection in every particular, as to consider all attempts at praise as inadequate, and to loathe every compliment paid him to his face, except that addressed to his good sense, in sound and well timed abuse.

At this speech signor Caridi, instead of looking somewhat confused as I expected, began to laugh most immoderately; and forcibly taking me by the hand: "bravo!" he cried, "this is at last as I wished it. I now have hopes, and shall report accordingly. My commission need no longer be deferred."

I asked what he meant.

"You remember," resumed Costandino; "your kinsman of Trieste, who so cruelly left you in the lurch at Smyrna?"

"I do," was my reply—"as a very great rogue."

"That is precisely," answered Caridi, "the thing he understood you to be; and the attribute which made him transfer his views from the son of

his relative Sotiri, to another youth,—an entire stranger to his blood; but who had been a clerk in his counting house, and seemed to bear himself as a lad of unexceptionable morals. Unfortunately, poor Elevtheri was not as sound in constitution as in principles; and when your cousin, adopting him as his son, thought it necessary to coax him into being his intended heir, the hapless youth had to undergo such excessive petting, and care, and exclusion from those fresh gales which he used formerly to inhale unrestrained, that the first draft of air he sat in, after he had become disaccustomed from its contact, he died of. Delvinioti, now again adrift, wrote to me to make fresh enquiries after his worthy cousin Anastasius, in order that, should age, or disappointment, or other desirable circumstances have produced wholesome fruits in his bosom, new proposals might be made him, on the old conditions. The letter which I received to this purpose is dated six months back; and I confess I had so little hopes of ever seeing you again, that I was going to answer it as relating to a desperate business,—when suddenly you reappeared. Since that period I have neglected no opportunity of watching your conduct, and trying your temper: and you yourself must do me the justice to own that I have laid every trap in your way which my

imagination could suggest. I therefore now begin to think mere time has done enough, to warrant my expecting from motives so powerful as a respectable situation and a rich inheritance, all that still remains to be achieved: and I hesitate no longer to stamp your improvement with the mark of your cousin's splendid offer."

"Or rather," cried I, "to submit my prudence to some fresh and arduous trial;—in order to ascertain whether I am weak enough to be taken in a second time by the same wily relation, and can be made to perform another longer journey than the first, only to look at the conclusion like a more egregious fool."

"Right!" exclaimed Caridi, "you are fully warranted to form such a surmise, and therefore, as a security against its being realized, I see nothing for you to do, but to take this letter of credit to defray your expences. It includes, as you see, every place on your way up the Adriatic, and ends with Trieste. Thus, after all, should you and your cousin not suit each other, you will have been franked during a pleasant voyage, and treated with a peep at Christendom, which at any rate I understand you meant to visit.

I had indeed occasionally thrown out some idea of the kind, as a thing which might be of advantage to my child's education: but when directly

called upon to decide whether I chose to sit down for life in distant realms, to whose habits and manners I was a perfect stranger, I recoiled from the thought, and for a while kept turning a deaf ear to Caridi's remonstrances. At last he set in so strong a light the expediency, in my situation, of retiring to Franguestan, both for the purpose of securing my fortune to my son, and for that of providing him with the best instruction, that I suffered myself to be persuaded, and resolved, after taking up my Alexis at Smyrna, gradually to work my way out of the precincts of Islamism, and into those where soars the Cross. I deposited the letter of credit in my pocket-book, converted my cash into bills, and prepared for my journey.—Unfortunately an illness which awaited me the moment I had leisure to attend to my health, and a stab I received one night in a mistake when convalescent, detained me about eight months longer, ere I was able finally to set out.

All things being ready at last for my departure from Stamboul, I ascended the hill crowned by Noor Osmany, and from the loftiest galleries of this superb building took a last parting view of the proud capital which I had made the first scene of my youthful revels, which, during the fairest portion of my life I had considered as my home, and which

I was now probably going to quit for ever. For the last time my eye, moistened with tears, wandered over the dimpled hills, glided along the winding waters, and dived into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its sea-beat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed in slow succession every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticoes, whose pinnacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of the night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever, descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sunk my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bar of silvery light, pointing my way as it were to other yet unknown regions.

During the whole of my voyage to Smyrna, one only thought kept possession of my soul. It was the rapture which awaited me on landing, in pressing to my bosom my darling child. Four years

and an half had now elapsed since his joyless birth: —he must be grown full of grace, loveliness and artless prattle; heir to all the charms of his mother, and ready to return all the endearments of his father: and such became, on stepping on shore, my impatience to behold the fond object of these daily dreams, that it scarcely left me patience to go with composure through the tedious forms and functions, from which none are exempt who transfer their persons finally from the watery element to a firmer footing on land.

When indeed, after traversing the busier parts of the city around the quay, I arrived at that remote and lonely suburb where I expected to find my affections crowned, and which, but for my melancholy search after my lost Euphrosyné, I might never had visited, or at least, have remembered:— when I passed by the obscure hovel which I entered while my lovely victim lay in all the agonies of child birth, praying for a last farewell look from the author of her woes; which I left without seeing her; and where she breathed her last,—the clouds of despair seemed for a moment to overcast the sunshine of my hopes, and the son was forgotten in the mother: or rather, I felt that after losing the one as I did, I deserved not to find the other:—but

this gloom again subsided when I beheld the abode of those in whose care I had left my Alexis.

It was only on their threshold that my delightful vision at last vanished entirely. There I first heard, and from strangers, not only that the merchant entrusted with the small pittance for my child's support, had become a bankrupt, and had disappeared—but that even the woman, in whose care I had left my darling babe, had taken herself off. No body could give me the least information respecting herself or her charge; nor—what seemed the strangest part of the story—did distress or failure of the promised supplies appear to have been her motive; for so far from leaving a chance to any succour of reaching her, she had evidently taken pains to baffle all enquiry respecting the place of her concealment. Had Sophia still enjoyed the breath of life, I should . . . . . But she was dead. Yet might her evil spirit still haunt the chief scene of her infernal wickedness.

Once, on my homeward journey from the eternal desert—oppressed with heat, and in vain soliciting my cruise for a drop of water to wet my parched lips—I had, when on the point of fainting with exhaustion, beheld in a valley before me the semblance of a limpid lake, ready to slake my raging thirst and

to lave my wearied limbs,—had collected my last strength to reach its winding banks— and, when near the delusive spot, had found the vision a mere mockery, and nothing real around me save sands more dry and burning than those I had left behind: but what was this disappointment of the sense, —even with life at stake,—compared with that which struck my inmost mind at this dreadful moment! for the anguish of the actual shock was still exceeded by the gloom of my forebodings, since it seemed that no other motive could have made the person I sought take pains to evade my enquiry, but having made away with or abandoned my child. Probably it had long ceased to exist; long probably had my Alexis followed his hapless mother to the grave; and, while I was conjuring up in my fertile fancy every brightest image of his beauty and his sprightliness, his lifeless form was already mouldering in its grave: or if he still was permitted to breathe, in common with the meanest of insects, on this vile inhospitable earth, it could only be to experience sufferings worse than death:—every pang of illness, of desertion and of want. The least untoward feat I dared fancy for the relic of thy adored Euphrosyné, was begging his bread like a wretched orphan from door to door. Even his father might have met him without knowing whom he met;—might have

bestowed on his own babe the scanty boon of common and churlish charity!

Impressed with this idea, I examined with anxious solicitude every child on which fell my searching eye: stopped to enquire into its parentage and birth place; and suffered no little creature under five or six years of age to escape, until it had passed through the regular ordeal of my questions: but no child I beheld resembled my Alexis; none made my heart bound on meeting its first glance. "Ah!" was now my constant cry: "why had I ever lost sight even for an instant of that hearts only remaining treasure;—Why had I roamed far from his humble abode! Would it not have been better a thousand times to possess my child without bread to eat, than all the riches of the universe without my darling child!"

At last a faint ray of hope broke in, and threw a gleam of light upon my dark despondency. It dimly shewed my mind a track to pursue, though it marked not its issue. Indeed so vague, so faint, so flitting remained the forms it here and there pointed out, that I feared to trust to them as to realities. A Smyrniote lady, who had witnessed my distress, and had even assisted me in my enquiries, sent to inform me of a circumstance which she had heard by accident. The wife of a foreign Consul

at Alexandria, on a visit the year before with a friend at Smyrna, was said on her return to Egypt to have taken with her in the capacity of waiting woman, a person intrusted by a stranger with a child of such singular beauty, that the Consuless, unblessed with a family of her own, rather considered the unprotected babe as a prize than as an encumbrance. Further particulars to identify the child could not be collected at Smyrna, and rather than engage in a tedious and ineffectual correspondence with Alexandria, I resolved immediately to embark for that place.

Walking impatiently backward and forward on the quay, while the boat was getting ready, I spied a large circle of towns-people gathered round a jenissary employed in telling a tale of wonder. It was no other than that of the innumerable Coords killed by the valiant Mahmood, in defending a certain purse which I pocketed on the road to Scanderoon, and still happened to have in my possession. Nor need I add, that Mahmood himself was the relater of his own achievements. At this instance of shameless bragging I could not resist slipping behind the fellow, and whispering in his ear: "coward, you lie; here is the object of your vauntings, and claim it if you dare!" upon which, throwing the purse down before him, I folded my arms in each other,

and waited some little time to see what he would do It was but to stand still speechless and pale as a ghost, looking alternately at the money and at me, until, giving up all hopes of his uttering a syllable, I flung the purse to a beggar, and stepped into the boat.

CHAPTER XII.

BEHOLD me now for the third and last time on my passage to Egypt; a country which I had not visited, and had thought little of, since the memorable expedition of the Capitan-Pasha which ended in leaving Ismaïl-bey Schaich-el-belled at Cairo, and Ibrahim and Mourad in possession of the Saïd. Plague, famine, and the Grand-Admiral had already miserably exhausted the land of the Mamlukes previous to Ismaïl's appointment: but the partition with the rebels, to which Hassan consented, completed the difficulties of the new Schaïch-el-belled: it left an enemy constantly hovering over his province, against whom it was necessary to employ extraordinary means of defence, while the income of the chief was diminished in the same proportion as his expences were encreased. Fortunately Ismaïl's abilities were equal to his task. By his firmness he awed the open hostily of the party in Upper Egypt, and by his vigilance he defeated the treachery in his

own councils: he made the heavier burthens which he was forced to impose, seem lighter by causing them to bear more equally on all classes; he applied himself with equal skill to curing wounds inflicted, and to obviate impending evils; and, finally, he carried from the mountains of Lybia to the city of Cairo, a line of walls and batteries so judiciously disposed as to be inexpugnable, at least by the undisciplined troops which threatened him from the South.

After these labours Ismaïl seemed, in 1790, to have nothing further left to do but to sit down and enjoy the fruits of his toil, when that scourge of the East, the plague, imperfectly subdued, broke out afresh with a virulence far exceeding its former fury. From the close-wedged hovels of the poor it soon reached—more ravenous in proportion as it found richer food—to the spacious palaces of the great, and spread dismay and death among the haughty Mamlukes, as it had done among the humble natives. At last it penetrated into the abode of the Schaich-el-belled himself, and struck his dart at the chief, while in the very act of concerting measures to stem its devastations. In the midst of all his glory Ismaïl fell a prey to its vengeance,—and a few hours saw him dragged from the pinnacle of power to the brink of the grave.

But the disease which conquered his body could

boast no conquest over his mighty soul. To the last his mind continued intent upon the welfare of Egypt. Finding his end draw near he cast his eyes around, to seek among his followers some one fit to become his successor, and to support, at his fall, the fabric which he had raised. Summoning all his friends into his presence, he offered the reversion of his dignity successively to Hassan-bey Djeddawee, to Aly-bey Defterdar, and to all his other veterans who seemed in any degree equal to the arduous task.

But all alike declined the tempting offer. Deprived, by the same contagion under whose venom their chief had sunk, of the most faithful of their adherents, these ambitious leaders who at other times would have disputed sword in hand for Ismail's rich succession, now wholly unnerved, were compelled when the honor courted their acceptance, one after the other reluctantly to avert from it their longing eyes. The supreme rank therefore devolved on the very last of those to whom Ismail had thought of making the offer,—on his own creature, Osman-bey Toobbal; a youth as crooked in mind as he was distorted in body: but who alone with alacrity accepted what all the others with deep regret refused.

Wishing to give a last instance of his power, or, rather, to render manifest to all men breathing the

last act of his authority, Ismaïl commanded the proclamation of Toobbal to take place while he himself still had life. From his death-bed he heard his successor announced; and gave up the ghost.

Toobbal had accepted the dignity of Schaich-el-belled, which he was conscious he could not maintain, only to sell it to the Beys in the Saïd. He sent them speedy advice of the death of Ismaïl, and of the utter debility of his party. On this welcome intelligence they immediately descended along the Western bank of the Nile: but, startled by the unlooked for and new fortifications which they found at Dgizé, they retraced their steps backward until they could collect craft enough to cross the river; and, on the reverse of the chain of Arabic mountains, again redescended with such rapidity, that scarce had the Beys of Cairo received intelligence of their retreat from before Dgizé, when they rushed from behind the Mokhadem, and summoned the capital to surrender.

At this appalling intelligence the Beys marched out with what force they could muster, headed by the treacherous Toobbal. He seized the first opportunity of passing over to the enemy, whom he led triumphant into the capital, while his own party fled to the Saïd. There its now oldest leader, Djeddawee, was suffered to reinstate himself in his ancient government of Es-souan; where he since

has been left undisturbed to reflect on the singularity of his fate, which, though acknowledged the bravest of a fearless race, has yet rendered him chiefly celebrated through his flights. Toobbal, who immediately abdicated his recent honors in favour of the new comers, soon fell into the oblivion he deserved; while Ibrahim recovered, with the rank of Schaich-el-belled, the government of all the country from Cairo southward, including the harbour of Suez; and Mourad obtained the tract between the capital and the Mediterranean, together with the duties of the ports on that coast:—advantages which were duly confirmed by Ezid-Mehemet, the Grand Signor's Pasha, on the candidates paying the customary fees of investiture.

The person who gave me the substance of this account was a middle aged man, speaking Greek like a native, whom I met on my way at Cos. Fresh arrived from the country whither I was bound, he had excited my curiosity more still by his own consequential manner, than by the information he had to impart. On some slight offence given him in one of the coffee-houses under the gigantic plane-tree in the market place:—"Is this a treatment," he cried trembling with rage, "for a Capitân-Pasha!"—at which words I started, and, after considering the personage for some time with encreased wonder:—

"Capitan-Pasha! To whom I beseech!" was the question I could not help proposing.

"To Mourad-bey, to be sure," was the answer. "In order to maintain a Lord High Admiral,"—I ventured to observe,—"one should have something of a navy."

"And who has," rejoined my informer, "if Mourad has not! It rides at anchor under the very windows of the Bey's palace at Dgizé, is the best appointed within an hundred miles of the sea, and, when the Nile has attained its full height, sails up as high as Boolak, and down as low as Fostat. At other times indeed it remains properly moored on the left bank of the river, for fear of running aground in its bed."

"Great, no doubt, were the naval achievements which raised you to the honor of commanding this fleet?"

"As you may suppose.—When Osman-bey Tamboodgee grew tired of the banishment which Hassan procured him to Stambool, I, Nicola-Hadjee of Tchesmé, was the man who conveyed him to Derneh, whence he easily regained his home. This signal service recommended me to his party, and made Mourad give me the command of his naval force, as soon as he learned my transcendant abilities. Unfortunately I was tenacious of the privi-

ledges attached to my high office. I one day battered a kiachef's windows for protecting a runaway sailor. This spirited act brought me into disgrace, and like other great people I now travel for a change of air."

"It gives me pleasure," replied I, "to find that the rage for novelties is not confined to Constantinople." I however condoled with the Ex-Capitan Pasha on his dismissal, and, having filled a bag with the fine bergamots of the island miscalled Stanchio, reimbarked for my destination.

On the coast of Syria the reïs took on board, much against my advice, two Latin friars,—the one an Italian from the convent of Jerusalem, and the other a Spaniard form the hospice at Ramleh.

If they had been Greeks they could not have quarrelled more unceasingly. Under the delusion that no one understood their idiom, they were constantly refreshing each other's memory with all the little peccadilloes of their respective establishments. "The convent at Jerusalem had suffered the schismatics to invade all the sanctuaries; the hospice at Ramleh had bribed the Arabs to plunder the pilgrims: the monks of the former place had set their blood on fire with drams; those of the latter with pimento and quarrels."

That—whatever might be the cause—the hu-

mours of both these representatives of their respective communities were in a state of high fermentation, no one could deny. More than once I expected an explosion, which would end fatally for both. Luckily breath only—not blood—was wasted; and we had the satisfaction to land both fra. Diego and fra. Giacomo, sound in body, though very sore in mind, on the quay of Alexandria.

My feet had not yet pressed the long looked-for shore, when I began to enquire for the consular mansion in which centred all my hopes. With trembling steps and throbbing heart I hied me to its threshold. A vague report, an idle story might have deceived me: I might have gone away from the child I came to seek; and when near the door, I was on the point of turning back, in order yet awhile to defer the inquiry, and to gather more fortitude for an answer, which must bring with it inexpressible happiness or bitter disappointment.

Apprehensive lest the sight of a stranger in the Turkish garb might alarm the family, I first gave a gentle knock. No one answered:—I then repeated the summons. A domestic at last appeared. "Both his master and mistress were out," he said, "and it was uncertain when they would return."

"Had they a child with them?" I asked.

"There was a child in the house."

"Found at Smyrna,—and belonging to a stranger?"

"Oh no! brought up in the family by its own mother."

This seemed to dash all my hopes to the ground! However; "might I see the little boy?" I asked.

He too had been taken out to walk.

"Where?"

"It was impossible to tell."

Perplexed, I now left word I would call again, and withdrew from the door in deep despondency. Yet when I reflected that the servants might be strangers to the concerns of their masters, and these latter not desirous to own their little favourite a foundling, I did not entirely despair. I paced up and down the road in sight of the mansion, to watch the coming home of the infant.

Nor was I long without descrying at a distance a child approaching, whose dress belonged not to the country. A female held it by the hand; but from *her* my very first glance recoiled as from a total stranger,—one who bore not the least resemblance to the nurse of my Alexis.

"It cannot be he!" sighed I to myself;—and yet, so playfully did the little fellow trip along, so erect was his gait, and so noble his mien; with so lively and inquisitive a manner did he stop to survey each

new object on his way, that I envied his too happy parents, and could immediately have given up all paternal claims elsewhere, for a good title in the treasure before me. "Ah!" thought I, "had this angel been my own! But as he drew nearer, as by degrees I discerned more of his countenance and his features, as I became enabled more distinctly to trace the outline of his serene and radiant front, of his dimpled downy cheek and of his wavy coral lip, as above all he himself, with a look at once arch and innocent, fixed upon me his full bright eye—that eye which so eloquently spoke the heaven of his heart,—O God! O God! all Euphrosyné at once burst upon my sense; entire conviction in an instant filled my mind. I felt it must be, it *was* my own Alexis, my own babe, I beheld!

Unable to repress my emotion, I darted forward, and was going to clasp my child to my bosom, when the woman, who already from a distance had noticed my eager look, and had made a circuit to avoid me, frightened at my frantic manner, snatched up the infant, and ran screaming to the house.

Fearful of increasing her alarm, I purposely slackened my pace, and gave her time to gain admittance ere I followed her lovely charge to the door: but when I did, I found it immovably closed against me. No entreaty, however earnest, could

obtain its being re-opened. "Strangers", was the plea, "never were admitted when the Consul was abroad." I was not even allowed, hard as I begged for it, another view of my Alexis from without. "What business could I have with the child? An evil eye, or an evil intent must with reason be apprehended;" and lest I should by my urgency confirm the growing distrust, I at last retired. But I had beheld my boy; and the tumult in my breast, though extreme, was a tumult of bliss!

As soon as, by my calculation, the Consular pair must be come home, I called again. After a little parleying within, of which I could not guess the drift, I was told I might see the lady.

This promised well.—"For the wife to encounter my visit"—thought I,—"she must know my business, and have made up her mind to acquiesce in my right." I was ushered into a back chamber, where however so many attendants crowded in after me, that it looked as if they either intended or expected some violence.

Presently walked in a stately matron, who, disdaining to be seated, and of course keeping me standing, asked with a sort of lofty civility in what she could oblige me, but, when informed of the purport of my visit, affected the utmost amazement at my demand. "She was wholly ignorant of the

circumstances alluded to,—had no stranger's child under her roof. The little boy I met was the son of her own servant:—the mother, marrying again, had left him in her care; and she had no knowledge of any other child. As to the Smyrna transaction upon which I founded my claim, it must be the invention of some idle person, or the report of some enemy." In a word, my Alexis was refused me, and all my entreaties could not even obtain me the permission to give him a single embrace. It was feared I might cast some spell upon the child. "In fact"—it was observed—"I might have done so already:" and presently the lady, affecting apprehensions for herself, hastily withdrew, while her servants peremptorily urged me not to protract my intrusion.

I myself at the moment saw no advantage in staying; for, whether the Consuless believed her own story or not, it was plain that she had framed it with deliberation, and meant to support it with boldness. Any remonstrance on my part could therefore only redouble her caution, and perhaps give me the appearance of temerity;—nay, be construed into an act of violence. It was wiser that I should appear to submit, until I had acquired a little more local information of the personages and circumstances, and had armed myself with such proof not only of my right to a child I had lost, but of its identity

with the child I had found, as could not be resisted, either with justice, with reason, or with safety. Mean time I retired for the present; but full of dismay, doubt, and disappointment.

The first stone that lay by the way side I made my seat, and there began to ruminate upon what had passed. "After all," said I to myself, "may not my excessive wish to find my child, have deceived me? May I not have cause to distrust my own imagination rather than the veracity of others? So vague were the reports on which I came to Alexandria, so perfectly did my fears always balance my hopes, so little could I at any time have been justified in laying the least stress on my expectations, that, with an indifferent person addressed as I had been, the account of the Consuless would have found implicit credence: and only because I was not sufficiently unconcerned in the business impartially to weigh the evidence on both sides; because I could only bear to dwell upon such circumstances as seemed to favour my own hopes; because the child I had met offered to the image impressed upon my mind a resemblance which I had been every where sighing to find, did I persevere thus to consider myself certain of what others would have long begun to doubt,—or rather—would have ceased to believe."

Yet, was that resemblance itself on which I thus

boldly built my conviction, so great as it appeared to my eagerness?—Beauty alone surely could not make it so. However heavenly a child of Euphrosyné ought to be, it still was not the only child on this globe entitled to bear the countenance of a cherub! and, as to any other more definite conditions of similitude, they could hardly yet be said to exist in a very striking degree in the still vague and uncertain lineaments of childhood, particularly where their very symmetry was such as to prevent any decisive peculiarity: but, supposing even the likeness to have been as great as it was possible to conceive; how often is such resemblance found to be the mere effect of chance!

"Should then," continued I, "this single circumstance be allowed to outweigh the solemn assertions of people holding a respectable rank in society, and a conspicuous situation in the place: of people not seemingly interested to support a disgraceful tale of fraud, and, though taken wholly by surprise, yet agreeing perfectly in their account with that which their servants had given before them?—Especially when the female I found about the child, instead of being the nurse I left with my babe, and whom an idle report had placed about the Consuless as her maid, was a totally different person."

Here my reason, having urged all it could think

of to check my imagination, ceased its remonstrances: but spite of its arguments, my feelings would not be convinced. When with the report spread at Smyrna, and with the Consuless's own acknowledgment that a woman no longer in the family was mother to the child, I combined an indescribable something in the look and manner of all concerned, which bespoke them to be acting parts rehearsed before;—and above all,—when I reflected upon those internal yearnings first and only felt, among all the children I had seen, in favour of this angel now so near me, and which I could only consider as the cry of blood, I still persisted in my former belief, and resolved to set on foot, as soon as I had got a covering over my head, the most minute and circumstantial perquisitions.

They were chiefly carried on among the neighbours and tradesmen who, from their situation and concerns, must be best acquainted with the Consul's family and domestics—and this was the result:—

Neither the child, nor its pretended mother, had been known in Egypt previous to the lady's return from Smyrna. The person who called herself, but had never obtained belief for being the mother, had very soon after her arrival again quitted the consular mansion, to marry and to follow to his native island a Taooshan; and the little boy,

left behind, had yet continued to experience in the consular family such truly parental tenderness, as to render evil tongues busy with the name of the Consul, and even with the fair fame of the Consuless herself.

Mine was a totally different conclusion. When, in addition to the circumstances here mentioned, I moreover found the description of the pretended mother tally in every respect most accurately with the features and figure of the woman to whom I had entrusted my Alexis, I became confirmed in my original belief, and no longer retained the smallest doubt of two things: firstly, that the child was my own, and secondly, that the Consul and his wife fully intended that I never should recover it. Determined in some way to obtain a treasure which nature had denied them, they had stooped to steal the offspring of another; and having already set at defiance both the tongues of slander and the voice of truth, it could not be doubted but that they were fully resolved to go any lengths in support of their imposition and their theft.

Nor did their's appear a scheme of danger or of difficulty. The testimony of a respectable family, fixed at Alexandria in a public situation, must intrinsically offer so much more weight than the bare assertion of a stranger,—of a roving individual,—on

whom the very mode of his appearance cast the air of an adventurer, that, so far from the Consul having to fear any blame for not admitting my unsupported claim, the only conduct for which he must unavoidably incur censure, would be giving easy credence to my statement, and committing to my suspicious care, upon my bare word, the fate of a lovely unprotected babe. Until I could back my pretensions by the most irrefragable proofs, the Consul must be justified to every indifferent beholder in treating my claims, my complaints, and my threats as those of an impostor, only come with extortionary views.

Yet how was I to obtain those proofs, the want of which must leave me patiently resigned to my wrongs, and quiet spectator of my Alexis remaining the undisputed property of strangers? My right to my own progeny had always appeared to me so notorious and so incontestible: I so fully expected to find its depositaries only sighing for a release from their trust, and alarmed at my protracted silence; I had so little idea that there existed on the face of the globe a being disposed to rear at his expence a stranger's child; and I so much less conceived the possibility of there being an individual anxious to claim my poor foundling as his own legitimate offspring, that not only I had never thought

of bringing the legal vouchers for my paternity to Egypt, but had not even had its proofs duly established in the place where it commenced. How difficult therefore must it be, after so much time elapsed, to obtain on that subject any sufficient evidence! Euphrosyné, when she became a mother, was a deserted female; she died a lonely outcast; and Alexis, left from the moment he saw the light of day, in the obscurity of entire abandonment, had passed the first period of his wretched existence, unclaimed by a father, unowned by a relation, and in such entire concealment from all who could feel the least interest in substantiating his parentage, that I myself, the first time I beheld him, had to recur to testimonials on which no one else durst have relied, ere I pressed him to my bosom as my own flesh and blood. Even after that meeting I had never come forward in the world as his parent:—on the contrary;—without seeming on any occasion to afford him the care or to shew him the love becoming that sacred character, I had only one instant—and as it were by stealth—beheld my babe, from that moment again to leave it wholly unenquired after, and to roam to the regions most distant from its abode. Two individuals indeed, possessed my secret, were apprised of my sentiments; the nurse entrusted with the person of my child, and the

merchant depositary of the poor pittance left for its education: but the man was become a bankrupt, the woman had betrayed her trust:—the one could no where be found to give evidence in my behalf; and the other was no doubt amply paid to support the untrue tale of my adversaries.

All these circumstances however only rendered my task more difficult, without in the least altering the line of conduct I was bound to pursue. Ere I dared to make my unavailing remonstrances grow into more peremptory measures, I must try to collect what judicial proofs—however scanty—Providence had still left within my reach.

In order to proceed on this arduous business with all the advantages of local knowledge and all the diligence of a direct interest, I first thought of going back to Smyrna myself; thence, if necessary, to proceed on to Scyra, and to bribe the nurse in the cause of truth more richly than she had been in that of falsehood: but considerations which I durst not disregard prevented me from pursuing this plan. Common report represented the Consul and his family as intending early in spring to return to Europe. In that case my child would again be removed, and that to realms wholly beyond my confined sphere of action;—and whether the journey really was in agitation or not, to absent myself

from Alexandria, or even in that place to lose sight a single instant of my boy, seemed to me highly dangerous, lest, availing themselves of the opportunity, his unjust detainers should drag him to some spot where they might baffle all my attempts to discover his abode, or at least deride all my efforts to enforce my right.

I therefore determined not to stir from where I was, and to employ the best and most intelligent of the friends I still possesed at Smyrna, to act for me in that city and in the Archipelago. Informing him of all the particulars of my case, I begged he would collect all the testimonials attainable in my favour. The letter was sent by a messenger, who promised to use the greatest possible speed; and, until I should receive the answer, I prayed to God to grant me patience.

The paltry lodging where meanwhile I fixed my residence obliquely faced the consular mansion. No important occurrence within its wall, productive of external symptoms, could well escape my observation; and while I hired three or four lynx-eyed emissaries to prowl about, and to report on every event at the outposts, I myself remained immoveably stationed under my roof, where I commanded all the accessible parts of the corps-de-logis. Determined not to stir from my observatory while

my Alexis remained in the opposite house, I continued day after day in the same unalterable posture, concealed behind the lattice work of my window, waiting an answer to my letter, and watching the abode of my child.

Sometimes indeed the tediousness of my situation was relieved by the inexpressible pleasure of seeing my Alexis himself, when taken out to enjoy his little exercise before the door; and beyond all conception was the rapture with which my eager eye pursued my darling infant, in the various little gambols and frolics, suggested by his delight at his short and rare emancipation from an irksome confinement: for even to him an excursion of the sort was now become a rare occurrence. It seems that the dread of my secret designs constantly haunted my adversaries, and never, after my visit, as before, did they suffer my child to be taken to any distance or even out of sight of the threshold, on which moreover—besides the woman who attended him—always stood waiting three or four male domestics, with eyes rivetted on the boy during the whole of the time he remained out.

All this however proved how highly he was prized, with what tenderness he was treated, and how much his infantine happiness must be consulted, by those who detained him from his father;

and amidst all my impatience I still blessed God, and sometimes almost my opponents themselves—miserable as they made me—for their love of my child.

For fear of unnecessarily exciting a premature alarm, which must still increase the distrust of the consular family and diminish the liberty of my boy, I took care never to shew myself out of doors in the day time; and only at night, and when all else in Alexandria went to repose, ventured out to seek the little air and exercise which my health indispensibly required.

The detached cluster of habitations of which mine was the humblest, stood nearly midway between the busy haunts of the modern town and the deserted site of the ancient city; and it was among the gloomy ruins of the latter that I by preference went at dusk to take my lonely walk. The few stragling pillars—some nodding on their bases and others deprived of their capitals—which, though dismal trunks at best, still stood erect among the prostrate remains around, as the lonely and deserted memorials of the splendid and busy scene of which they once formed a part, presented to my imagination a fate so like my own, that I often thought I read in the looks of these impassible monuments, the sympathy withheld from me by man.

One evening, after a few hasty turns round that wide deserted area, which once contained the finest library, the most celebrated school, and the busiest population of antiquity, I sat down to rest myself in the most dreary part of the dreary solitude, on the margin of a yawning catacomb, whose sloping gallery seemed to penetrate unto the inmost bowels of the earth. Suddenly, in the midst of my melancholy musings, sprang up from the dark recesses of the subterraneous vault almost underneath my feet, a phantom of preternatural appearance, which, after taking two or three strides, stopped to look round; but no sooner caught the first glimpse of my person, than it again darted forward, and disappeared among the mouldering masses. Except two large glaring eyes, I had been able to distinguish no one feature intervening between the monstrous turban and enormous beard, which encircled the face of this strange figure. Its height seemed to exceed the ordinary stature of man. Wrapped up in an ample robe which trailed on the ground, it glided along rather than walked; and I thought that if it belonged to the world above ground, and not to that of the Gouls from which it came last, it could scarcely be regarded as any thing but a lineal descendant of Pharaoh's own body sorcerers.

To whatever class of beings the apparition might

belong, this seemed equally certain, that it felt little wish to be better known:—but it was that very circumstance precisely which made me resolve to pursue it and find out its real nature; heedless of dangers which caution might not be able to see, or courage to overcome. The motion of my shadow, cast forward by the moon, officiously announcing my intention, the mysterious personage, who seemed to have stopped behind some wall or pier to reconnoitre his observer, again rushed forward from his ambush, and went on. It is true he lengthened his steps in such a way only as to avoid the appearance of positively running away from my pursuit: but his knowledge of the intricacies and windings of the place nevertheless gave him so great an advantage, that in spite of my superior agility I hardly gained ground upon him, except when I was expressly allowed to overshoot the mark, by his sliding behind some friendly wall or hillock, whence he no sooner saw me on a wrong scent, than away he again dived in an opposite direction.

Thus did the chase last full half an hour, when, to my utter astonishment, I found myself again brought back, by an immense circuit, to the mouth of the very cave from whose dark entrails the phantom first had darted forth, and into whose unfathomable abyss it would now again irrecoverably

have plunged, but for the circumstance most pointedly intended to avoid detection;—I mean the ample flow of its garment, which, just at the entrance of the vault, caught a projecting stone, and in defiance of all the pulling and tearing of its wearer, would not be disentangled, and brought the fugitive to a dead stop.

I now grasped him tight round the waist, forced up his head which he was trying to hold down, and by the light of the moon beheld—with wonder beheld, spite of his enormous turban,—the Italian improvisatore who at Smyrna, after promising me promotion in the empire of reason, had cruelly left me to languish in that of despotism. "Heavens;" cried I, "Cirico, is it you?"

"It is," answered the detected poet; after he had stood a while considering whether he should say yes or no: "and would you had been in Erebus, ere you found me out!"

"And what business, may I ask, can a man, accustomed to preach Jacobinism along the highways, have to dress like a bearded Magus, and take up his abode under ground in the catacombs of Egypt?"

"Do you promise secrecy," said Cirico—looking at me earnestly.

"While I live," cried I;—"provided, for once, you choose to abstain from fiction."

"Then, listen," replied the son of Apollo; "and be content with plain prose,"—upon which, offering me a seat beside him on the prostrate obelisk to which we now had advanced, he began as follows.

"You remember my sudden disappearance from Smyrna. Prompted however to my departure rather by an abstract wish to leave that city, than by a distinct preference for any other particular place, I had myself rowed to the first vessel in the harbour ready to set sail; and, when under weigh, asked whither I was going? To Alexandria was the answer,—and it pleased me. I remembered hearing a certain Embassador at Constantinople talk of his Consul in Egypt as a man entirely absorbed, not in trade or politics, but in magnetism; and it was on the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised virtues of that mysterious fluid that I built my little scheme. The chain of evidence as to my identity, between the sea ports of the Levant more to the westward, and Alexandria, was easily broken by my landing at Damiat, assuming the garb of the country, and only appearing at Alexandria some months after my departure from Smyrna, so completely smoke dried, and with such a beard, and such a benish,

that, but for pulling off my turban as you did, you yourself would never have found me out. I therefore burst upon this new world like one of those torrents which, from an unknown source in the snow-Alps, plunge down all at once into the vale below. It must however be confessed that, when first introduced to the Consul on whom I intended to operate, in the character of an Italian nobleman on his way to the Pyramids, the colossal figure of my entertainer, his shaksheer hanging about his heels, his turban awry on his head, and still more than all that, his face resembling that of an old leopard, with a pair of whiskers diverging from under his broad flat nose like the bristles of a clothes brush, so disconcerted me, as at first to put my whole story out of my head: nor was the little tale I had prepared of much use when recalled to my remembrance, as I found by the Consul's account that he himself was filled with so vast a supply of the magnetic virtue, as only to want a person as void of intellect as full of faith, for the purpose of being made the passive recipient of his all powerful influence. Nothing therefore was required of me in this affair, but to seem a chef-d'oeuvre of natural dulness—a vacuum that should contain no single thought of its own to clash with the brilliant corruscations of which I was to become the vehicle.

"And could an improvisatore of the first water," cried I, interrupting Cirico, "submit thus to conceal his talents; to hide his light under a bushel; to stem the tide of his poetic *estro*, by which I have been more than once nearly overwhelmed?"

"Friend!" resumed Cirico, "no difficulties could for an instant arrest a genius like mine. A plan immediately presented itself to my mind, which might combine in any proportion I wished the imbecility demanded of me by my magnetiser, and the uninterrupted worship I had vowed the Muses:—the Consul's offers were accepted; I left the Pyramids to their fate, and staid to be magnetised."

"But!—when thrown into the customary coma: in what shape do you think that the emanations of the Consul's intellect, with which his dumpy claws had been cramming me until the perspiration trickled like dew drops down his whiskers, flowed from my lips? Can a bell—whatever substance may strike it—give any sound but that of metal? Can a harp,—touched by whom it may—be mistaken for a drum? Then let who might magnetise Giacinto Cirico, I still could only spout Italian operas. Availing myself of the leisure which my apparent idiocy gave me, to spend the whole day in compositions intended some time or other to eclipse those of Metastasio himself, I recited these high wrought pro-

ductions of my own Muse, on the magnetic evenings as the spontaneous explosions of the Consul's prompting genius: and though this gentleman felt a little startled at first at the strange form his emanations assumed, and wondered he should have inspired me with the *scenas* of a pastoral or a ballet; he soon discovered in my recitativos and arias a mystic sense, as I soon derived from them a solid support:—for I affected to feel much exhausted by the operation, and took special care that the sittings should not be gratuitous."

"Even this however could hardly make me amends for the mortification I constantly experienced, since the Consul felt so fearful lest the world might not give his magnetic virtue the credit of my effusions, that to my own face he used to tell every new comer what an idiot I was; until, to avoid this daily disgust, as well as the danger of being detected while at my work, I took the habit of retiring during the greater part of the day to these ruins, where I write undisturbed, and whence I only issue forth in the evening at the magnetic hour. I was just going to my task, when, by squatting yourself down over the mouth of my cavern, you kept me entrapped, until, fearing to be late I made a bold push, which ended in my discovery. But I believe you too honourable to betray the exceeding confidence you see I repose in you."

The poet here stopped, and I ruminated. After a few moments of silence, "Cirico," said I, "tell me one thing. I have a *pet* Consul as well as yourself. I know they frequently visit. Is Signor R——— also bitten?"

"He is;" replied the improvisatore.

"Evreka!" cried I,—and once again felt hope and joy revive: then told Cirico my story, and having concluded it; "Now," added I "you must do me a favour. In your comas you must impress my Consul—whether in song or in recitativo, no matter!—with the the heinousness of keeping other people's children, and the inconvenience which may arise from such proceedings; and if by so doing you get mine restored to me, depend upon my eternal gratitude and services." Cirico promised to compose an interlude on purpose; and departed to join his expectant circle:—so did I to return to my lonely lodging.

And more lonely, more sad still was it fated to become: for presently even the transcient gleams of happiness reflected upon its walls from the opposite mansion—the occasional glimpses I had of my child—were destined to cease; and this through my own fault too!

It was the day after the interview with the poet. As usual my eyes were rivetted upon the door of the consular mansion: as usual it began to vibrat e

slowly to turn upon its hinges, and, cautiously half openéd, to let out as if by stealth my Alexis and his nurse, to take a little air within its immediate reach: but while the woman settles some part of her garment, the little fellow—moved by a sudden impulse—slily slips his hand through her negligent fingers, and feeling himself at liberty, darts forward like an arrow, and in play runs and hides behind my projecting wall. From my own window my eye plunging right upon him, beheld his sweet face peeping out now and then to enjoy his nurse's search; and down I rushed to embrace my heart's darling:—but already it was too late! Already had Alexis, unwilling to distress his favourite, run back to her arms; and when I came out, he seemed, by the warmth of his caresses, to be craving her pardon.

Could a father witness such endearments, and abstain from claiming his share! Great as was the imprudence of the act, I ran after my child, and in its nurse's own resisting arms, imprinted on its lovely face a thousand hurried kisses.

From the moment my person had appeared in sight, the woman had set up such a yell of frantic imprecations, as soon brought out into the road all the other too remiss attendants. Immediately they strove to tear the child away from me,—and fearful

lest it should suffer in the struggle, I relinquished my hold; but going home I kissed as I went along each print of its dear little feet.

From that hour I no longer beheld my darling boy! One, two, three, whole subsequent days—spent by me in the most anxious expectation and watching—were slowly brought to their conclusion, without my being able to perceive the least glimpse even of those to whose care my child seemed especially committed: and while in the day time I was thus disappointed of my former solace, I could as little at night obtain sight of Cirico. As if actuated by some new impulse, he had ceased frequenting his former haunts; he answered not even my notes of enquiry into the progress of the business entrusted to him; and at last it struck me that the traitor, aware how much I had to say to his disadvantage, so far from labouring in my cause, might rather be trying to avoid me altogether, and secure himself a firmer support by services elsewhere to my disadvantage. From his unaccountable silence as well as disappearance, I concluded that not only he had imparted to my adversaries all my designs, but had assisted them in eluding my vigilance and conveying my Alexis away. At this idea, which every thing I perceived only tended to confirm, I no longer felt able to set bounds to my

paternal anguish; ran out on the road, into the street, and on the quay; and wherever I went, denounced the detainers of my child, loaded them with imprecations, and tried to stir up the populace to demolish their abode. Of this sally too I had to pay the penalty

Mourad, against whom I had joined the insurgents—Mourad, whom I since had fought with Hassan—Mourad, whose blood my hand had drawn, and whose face it had disfigured, now ruled the northern district of Egypt, and consequently was master at Alexandria. How ill I must stand in this Bey's favour could not fail to be found out by those interested in baffling my exertions, and marring my project. They represented me as a spy of the Porte upon the rulers of Egypt, and gave to the real object of my journey the colour of a mere pretence. Accordingly, a few days only after I had seen my Alexis for the last time, I received a formal injunction from the governor of the place, in the name of the authorities of Cairo, to quit the land of Egypt within twenty-four hours, under pain of instant forfeiture of life.

At this blow I almost lost my senses. "They triumph then!" I cried, "my inhuman oppressors. They part me for ever from the only object capable of throwing a charm over my remaining days! Then

why seek to preserve an odious existence: why not take away my child by force, or perish in the attempt! And hereupon I determined, unless my Alexis was restored to me immediately, to deal death around, and to end with myself;—and, drawing out my handjar, sallied forth into the street to execute my purpose.

Just on turning the corner I met a messenger from Cirico in search of my lodging. He slipped into my hands a pencil note, only containing these short words, "To the catacombs without delay!"

Without delay I went. I had always, it is true, believed Cirico to be a rogue; but not an ill natured rogue. Though he would most gladly have seen all the crowned heads of Europe stuck like pumpkins upon poles, I was convinced that he would rather of the two help to keep that of a private friend upon its own shoulders. Already had he been waiting some time, when I reached the place appointed.

"Hush!" cried he in a solemn tone, seeing me more my lips to speak, "waste not uselessly your breath: it may be wanted hereafter. Magnetism;—that mystery which reveals all other mysteries—has informed me of all that you are burning to relate. I might have predicted it; but why announce evils which we cannot prevent!"

"Is this all you have to say?" exclaimed I, disappointed.

"Not at all;" answered Cirico. "The Consul has by my magnetic speeches been made to feel compunction for his unjust proceedings: he is certain now your brat will bring him ill luck."

"Then why does he not restore the angel to its parent?"

"Because he is prevented by superior fears."

"Of what?"

"Of the thing to him most awful,—of his wife; whose attraction I always found to be of the negative sort. After my magnetic sleep I took R—— into a corner, and spoke to him awake. He then ventured to acknowledge his dread of his rib; and owned he would give the world to see justice done you, provided he had no hand in the doing. In short, you have his leave to recover your child in whatever way you please—by stratagem or by force.'

"Little thanks to any man for that privilege;" cried I:—"such a sort of leave I might have taken without asking it."

"R—— means," rejoined the poet, "that if you should devise a clever method of smuggling the urchin out of his mansion, or even of storming the house—if nothing else will do,—he will not stand in

the breach to repel you, nor yet run very hard to overtake one so desperate, should you seize upon, and carry off the prize."

"But if I fail, I must take all the consequences."

"Just so. He will then enforce in all its rigour the decree of the Beys, in order to clear himself to his loving wife from all suspicion of connivance."

I paused a while:—at last, "Cirico," cried I, "fires are frequent evils in these realms. Tell the Consul—the instant he smells the least smoke—not to fail turning his whole gynecæum into the street." And thus having given a hint of my scheme, we discussed the best mode of execution,—having settled which, not without a good deal of argumentation, we parted for the present: but soon to meet again in a different spot.

CHAPTER XIII.

Beginning with the object in which my plan was to end, I first went to the harbour, to see what vessels were ready for sailing. Besides a felucca, brimful of fresh-made hadgees, going to be dropped at the different Barbary ports, I only found a small polacre laden with grain for Ancona, already in the roads, and only waiting the evening land-breeze to set sail. I agreed with the captain for my passage, on receiving security for our weighing anchor the moment I came on board.

My business thus settled on one element, I began to consider how to manage the other on which my scheme depended: but I own I saw much greater difficulty in making an useful ally of fire than of water; and it puzzled me not a little how to raise a flame round the consular mansion and not to pass for an incendiary. The gynecæum besides, which I was most anxious to smoke, lay at the back of the house, and stood screened from external approach by

a high and impervious wall. To kindle combustibles under its well screened windows in such a way as to occasion a great fright and very little real mischief, might have baffled the skill of an abler engineer. My expedient was to suspend bundles of wool, straw, and other stuff, by means of wires, from long slender poles.

The hour being arrived which was wont to witness the first consular slumbers, our hostile operations commenced. Part of my myrmidons hid themselves with their fire apparatus behind some rubbish near the quarter which I meant to alarm, and there waited my signal, while the remainder, with myself, lay perdu behind a low shed near the entrance door. The shrill whistle which was to set all in motion soon was sounded, and presently we saw slowly rise from behind the beleaguered building a thick column of smoke, which not only overcanopied the spreading roof, but circulated in a wavy stream round the various apartments. Loud cries of "fire" hailed its appearance from without: the alarm was given to the inhabitants by repeated knocking at all the apertures; and, in a few minutes it was evident that every soul within was on foot.

Yet did not a creature venture out. The door on which my eyes were rivetted remained as im-

moveably fast as before, and while the neighbours began to flock from all quarters to the spot, the inert inmates of the house seemed to make no attempt to escape.

My mind now again misgave me, and suspicions of every sort rushed into my imagination. Perhaps after all Cirico had played me false; perhaps the Consul had found his courage or his cowardice fail him; perhaps my enemies were actually watching to surprise me in the commission of a seemingly heinous crime. Meanwhile minute after minute was elapsing: the night watch of the Franks would soon go its rounds; nay my combustibles, almost burnt out, threatened to put a speedy end to the seige, even independant of a sally or a rescue;—when no other fate could befall Alexis's miserable father but being driven out of Egypt, and forced to bid his child—his darling child—farewell for ever.

In this situation I had already begun to consider whether it might not be better to take myself off at once, than to await the issue of my desperate scheme, when at last the house door,—suddenly bursting open with a tremendous crash,—poured forth in one single rapid stream into the street a far longer string of females than I had fancied the whole mansion could contain.

The Consuless herself led the van, enveloped in

a loose wrapper. Immediately after came my Alexis, still half asleep, in the arms of his nurse. A set of pale and ghastly attendants, screaming to attract notice, brought up the rear.

No time was to be lost:—while my trusty attendants darted across the way to break the line of the procession, and to insulate the nurse, I sprung forward to snatch away the child: but already had my figure caught the eye of his ever watchful guardian. She gave her usual warning scream, and instinctively all the other women echoed the yell. The concert brought around us all the bystanders who had gradually collected, and who, seeing a tall fellow lay hold of an infant and carry it off, stopped not to ask by what right I did it, but immediately set up after me a general cry and pursuit.

For rendering it ineffectual I relied on my agility, assisted by the deep shadows of the night: but the pursuing troop was too near, and at every step I advanced, its numbers were encreased by all those who, running to the fire, met us on the way, and turned back to join the chase. The only thing I could do was to draw my yatagan, and, while I tried with one arm to shield my child from the incessant shower of stones, with the other to brandish my weapon, and to beat off the pelting mob. Sometimes, in order to prevent being closed in upon,

I was obliged to face about and to make a few passes, calculated to teach those who came too near their proper distance: but in so doing a sharp pebble hit my lovely infant's face, and made the blood gush in streams from his cheek. At this sight I grew desperate: my strength seemed to increase tenfold; and at every stroke of my sabre some miscreant was maimed, or bit the ground.

What power could resist a father fighting for his child! Terror gradually seized all the nearest rabble: the rest slackened their pace; and a certain interval arose between the pursuers and their intended prey. I was about a dozen yards a-head of the foremost, when the lanthorn, agreed upon as the signal of the boat, began to glimmer on the shore. I now mustered all my remaining strength, and, with only such few windings as were necessary to throw the blood-hounds off the scent, made for the beacon. Many, tired of the chase, had already given in; and a small portion only of the pack still kept yelping at a distance.

I therefore thought myself safe;—when all at once between me and the goal flashed like forked lightning two sabres, whose wearers, guessing my intention, had by a shorter cut got before me, and were now waiting to cut off my retreat.

What was to be done?—An instant stopped

and hesitated: but with a dozen rascals at my heels, and only two in front, I had no choice, and went forward. At the critical moment I suddenly waved my hand, and, as if addressing some friends stationed near, cried out to fire. The expectant pair on this started back, and looked round, while I seized my opportunity, and darted by them like lightning. They soon however rallied again, and one actually had his hand on my shoulder, and was at last going to stop my career, when, wheeling half round, I released my person at the expense of his fingers. The low reef now lay before me under which was moored the boat, and, having scrambled on the platform, I was going to leap in, when, just at that moment a loose stone made me slip, and I plunged into the waves between the rock and the barge. My child escaped all injury. Caught by Cirico, who stood on the projecting ledge waiting my arrival, he was handed safe to the sailors: but his father had less luck. The zeal of the boatmen to disentangle me, making them all press upon the side of the boat under which I lay wedged, their collective weight almost crushed me to death; and I was only extricated with a couple of ribs broken, my chest miserably bruised, and my loins almost pierced through by the sharpness of the rocks.

Having fainted the instant I was dragged into

the boat, I continued in that state until conveyed on board the ship. There, when various applications had at last brought me to life again, I found that we were under weigh, and already far out at sea. Still could my first sensations scarcely be called very pleasant. With consciousness had come pain: my inward bruises now tortured me, and occasioned constant expectorations of blood. As soon, however, as I recovered my speech I enquired after my child, and he was pointed out to me by the captain, lying in a little crib, and just lapsed —after a world of woe—into a profound sleep. When first put on board, the blood mixed with dust which entirely covered his face, had rendered him a frightful spectacle: but on the unsightly crust being washed off, there only remained a small cut under his eye, of little importance. His chief distresses had been those of his susceptible mind. Torn in the middle of the night from an elegant mansion, a troop of tender females, and an affectionate nurse, and that, to be the object of a sanguinary contest, to receive a smarting wound, and to be put on board a miserable vessel, where nothing met his eye but strange and hard featured sailors, whose very offices of kindness looked more like acts of violence, no wonder that the sensitive child should at first have shrunk with terror from the novel and

appalling scene;—and it was only when exhausted with fruitless entreaties and crying, that he fell into the quiet slumber in which, on recovering my senses, I found the little angel deeply sunk.

Notwithstanding my aches and my weakness, when, after so many difficulties and dangers, I thus saw the object of all my hopes and fears at last safe in my possession, I could not be restrained from giving full scope to my raptures, crawled to the crib entrusted with my treasure, and there—afraid to disturb its soft slumbers—knelt and gazed upon it in an ecstacy of joy. Scarce could I believe so much loveliness to be my own, and in my transport —as I was afterwards told—I laughed and cried in turn, until the whole crew thought me positively crazed. By degrees however I became somewhat more composed; but as the ferment of my joy abated, my pains put in their claims afresh, until at last, unable any longer to bear an upright posture, I lay down by my babe, awaiting the moment when, breaking from his sleep, he should leave me at liberty to press him to my bosom.

Far different from mine however, were, on first awaking, my boy's own emotions. The moment he unclosed his eyes a look of terror overcast his sweet countenance. He stared fearfully around, seemed awhile wholly lost in amazement at things so new

and strange, and then, recollecting the change he had experienced, burst into a flood of tears, and loudly called his paramana. In vain I addressed him in the most soothing language,—saying I was his father, and my care for my child should exceed all other care. His only answer was to entreat I would restore him to the friends from whom I had stolen him; and on my stating the impossibility of granting his petition, he loaded me with all the innocent invectives which his gall-less imagination could suggest. No peace offering of which I could think was accepted, whether addressed to the eye or the palate; all my gifts were spurned, and only a fast, protracted long beyond the usual period, could for an instant make hunger impose silence on grief. Reluctantly my Alexis then consented to take some food at my hands;—and this was the first paternal office I ministered to my child.

For several days I myself continued to want the nursing I bestowed. It was only while I lay motionless on my back that I felt any relief. The smallest exertion renewed all my agonies, and called forth fresh streams of blood from my chest. Insensibly however the symptoms of an internal injury became less alarming; the broken ribs seemed to knit again, and the external bruises healed apace: but I remained languid, incapable of enduring the least fatigue,

totally bereft of appetite, and seldom visited by refreshing slumbers.

Those of my child were my only cordial. Determined not to be disheartened by his first repulses, which only shewed the steadiness of his infant mind, I continued my endearments with unwearied perseverance, until at last I gained his good-will and his confidence. Many, it is true, were the days ere I could drive from his memory the constant thoughts of his regretted home, and even after he seemed in general reconciled to the change, he would still at particular hours, and sometimes in the very midst of his mirth and laughter, display a sudden revulsion of features, and break into fresh and poignant paroxysms of grief: but in the yet soft and pliant organs of his infant brain the impression of things and persons wholly gone by were gradually effaced, and the later objects which replaced these, stamped on it their fresher and more recent forms with at least equal force: he accustomed himself to his situation, and recovered his serenity. His anxious mind became susceptible of a new species of uneasiness,—that of losing sight of me; and at last won over entirely by my love, he transferred to me all the warm affections of his susceptible heart.

He even gave me more than he had given yet:

for, to the singularly early developement of his reason and moral feeling, his former guardians had not yet thought of addressing themselves; and by appealing the first to these new expanding faculties, I obtained over him a stronger hold, while I paid him a more flattering homage, than any one else yet had done. I had begun by consoling him. It was he now who, whenever I appeared ill, endeavoured to comfort me, watched every change in my countenance, and studied to alleviate every symptom of my complaint; amused me with his prattle when I felt in spirits, and lay down in silence by my side, when I looked dejected and sorrowful. How therefore—in the absence of all other feelings, and on the cessation of every other tie,—I began to doat on him, no words can express. Hour after hour I hung over his cherub face, contemplating as in a mirror that of his lovely and unhappy mother: and many a time, when his heavenly smile beamed upon me, when his little arms hung round my neck, and when his lips imprinted soft kisses on my cheek, I thought: "Anastasius, Anastasius, what hast thou done to deserve so much bliss! Tremble lest it should prove an honied cup, offered to thy lips by an avenging Providence, only for an instant to be tasted,—then dashed to the ground!"

Our voyage was prosperous enough, until we got

into the latitude of Cerigo. There a perverse tramontana seemed to lie in wait with no other object than to shut against us the narrow entrance of the Adriatic. If now and then the wind did come about for a moment, we no sooner began to make a little way than, as if on purpose to mock us, it immediately again shifted back to its old quarter. It afforded a Malthese privateer every convenience for making us bring to; and the ship's papers being deemed somewhat suspicious, and the cargo Turkish property outright, the vessel was compelled to change its course to Maltha; there to undergo legal investigation. That island wanted corn, and the captain himself seemed to have no objection to a shorter voyage and a better market. Useless, under such circumstances, would have been the opposition of a passenger. What is he by the side of the cargo,—by that of a single bale of goods? and I comforted myself with the thought that I should sooner be on land, and more speedily obtain medical advice.

A Lazaretto is a sort of purgatory, intervening between the regions of infidelity and the realms of true belief; and quarantine may be termed an ordeal through which all must pass, who, coming from the one, seek admittance into the other. Arrived in mine at Maltha, I employed the period of confinement, required to prove my freedom from

one sort of disease, in taking remedies for another, less violent—but, alas! more tenacious. The inward soreness continued unabated, spite of all the emollients and drugs liberally supplied me from the medicine chest of a traveller, who had been encaged, on his return from a voyage to the Levant, about the same time with myself.

Designing, I suppose, to write a book, this gentleman seemed as anxious to extend his knowledge with regard to the nations he had just quitted, as I felt desirous of acquiring information with respect to those whom I was coming amongst; whence our conversation chiefly turned upon the difference between the natives of the East and those of the West. The strong predestinarian principles of the latter were a topic which my friend was particularly fond of handling. Nothing, he averred, surprised him so much as the tenaciousness with which ideas of this sort seemed to have clung even to one so unprejudiced in other things as myself:—"and yet," cried he, "what can be at once more inconsistent in itself, and more injurious in its effects than a conviction that, whatever may be the nature of intervening occurrences, certain ultimate events—such as the choice of a wife, the birth of a child, the accession to an estate, the hour of death, or our state in the life hereafter,—must still take the same

course. It is a doctrine destructive of all exertion, and inimical to all prudence. It paints wisdom attended with no advantage, and virtue productive of no reward."

I entirely agreed with my friend; and only added that the doctrine he reprobated was the very doctrine which—in as far as it every where broke the connection between cause and effect—must be the first to fall away where predestination, instead of only being adopted by halves, and limited to a few of the most conspicuous events of our lives, was extended to all the minutest occurrences in the universe, without any exception whatsoever.

"As to the partial preordination," said I, "which you justly reject, I too reject it, and do so, precisely from believing in preordination as an universal condition of things created, which admits of no deviation however trifling; from conceiving the connection between cause and effect, beginning with the origin of the sensible world, to suffer no interruption until its end; from feeling assured that there is always a preponderating tendency to whatever actually takes place; from conceiving that even where man appears to possess the greatest latitude of deliberation, motives anterior to or independant of his volition can alone after all put an end to his suspense and determine his will; from regarding what in human

beings is most pre-eminently dignified with the name of free agency, as after all consisting in nothing more than the faculty of founding their choice upon the suggestions of that experience and the dictates of that reason, whose extent and soundness must still depend upon extraneous and incidental circumstances; and, in fine, from considering entire free agency (and without being entire, free agency cannot subsist at all) as an attribute wholly inapplicable to the creature man, incomprehensible by human intellect, and only appertaining to that Deity which is equally incomprehensible in all its attributes.

"And do you not," cried my friend, "bold as you seem in your opinions, shrink from the consequences of such a doctrine?"

"It is my very timidity," answered I, "which leads me to assert it. My mind possesses not the courage to reject that which, the further I look into the past, the more firmly I find it founded on every basis of experience and analogy, merely in view of some uncertain consequences to which it may only seem to lead, from my still dim and imperfect insight into the future. However,"—added I, after some further reflection,—"the worst consequence I can thus far perceive to arise from supposing all

things alike preordained, is exemption from responsibility and punishment hereafter for such actions here below as have been necessarily performed;—a thing which I for one cannot think much to be deprecated."

"A worse consequence attending your doctrine," replied my friend, "than mere retrospective punishments in eternity, when sin can no longer be continued, would be the want of motives for making sacrifices to virtue in this transitory life."

"There we differ completely," exclaimed I; "for since things are not only preordained, but preordained in such a manner that already in this world, order, regularity, and virtue ultimately produce benefits which cannot arise from disorder, irregularity, and vice, it follows that the more universally this preordination is seen and acknowledged, the stronger will be the incitement to acting rightly. Where ignorance or passion still continue to overlook or disregard these nearer motives, the fear of the remoter punishments in another existence has seldom been found to produce any effectual check,—and at any rate can stamp little merit on the forbearance."

"But," rejoined my friend, "what signifies it that man should, through insight into such a preordination, feel the superior advantages of good and

the ill effects of evil, in our present state: above all, why should he take the trouble of preaching them to others: why should he strive either to induce his neighbours to virtue, even by the promise of temporal rewards, or to withhold them from vice by the threats of temporal punishments, if man is deprived of his free agency?—Thus tied hands and feet, we have nothing to do but to lie still, and be swept down the stream of our uncontrollable destiny!"

"Quite the contrary!" said I, "—for if by some fortunate accident or some greater reach of understanding, a man happens, independant of any merit or design of his own, to have observed or to have been taught that good is more beneficial than evil; and thence to have, through an irresistible impulse, conceived a desire to diffuse that useful discovery or doctrine, for the purpose of extending its desirable fruits he will feel more anxious so to do, he will with greater zeal bend all his efforts to that purpose, if convinced that his own influence may in its turn irresistibly sway his neighbour's mind and will, than if persuaded that after all his toil, that neighbour must still preserve his free agency as unaiminished as before, still feel equally devoid as before of any superior inclination to virtue, and still retain all his pristine power of equally taking the wrong way as the right."

"In a future more perfect state of things," added I

"the connection between good actions and beneficial results, more immediate in itself, must also be by more enlightened minds so much more promptly felt, as to leave an inclination to evil a thing no longer possible, to render virtue as well as happiness the universal lot, and to make the difference between those that have been more, or less, a prey to ignorance and temptation in this transitory life, only to consist in that which in fact alone preserves stings sufficient for a sensitive mind—in their retrospections!"

Here the Lazaretto bell interrupted the discussion; and we separated, neither of course in the least convinced by the arguments of the other—or perhaps, by his own. How much my sentiments at least have since changed!—but is this wonderful, when at the very instant that my reasonings, or if you please my sophistry, took the direction described, my feelings already inclined in a wholly opposite direction?

In fact the thought which at the time occupied me most constantly, was, whether, on entering Christendom, I should make a solemn and public abjuration of Islamism, or content myself with sliding back unperceived into the bosom of the church. The latter had been the mode of proceeding recommended by the friend entrusted with the letter from Trieste, and who had chiefly promoted my voyage

to the West. "Why," used he to say, "make your return to the faith of your fathers, which in reality can only be an act of the mind, a spectacle for the multitude? It is a thing more likely to scandalise than to edify: to remind people that the church suffered an infidelity, than that it recovered a stray sheep:"—and my reason gave assent to the remark, though my heart recoiled from the counsel. I felt as if it wanted the outward shew of penitence and demonstration of sorrow, to atone for its errors,—suffering to hush its remorse, and tears to wash out its stains. But I considered that a measure, of which the publicity must so greatly affect my situation in society, should not be embraced without the sanction of the relation whom I was going to join: nay, I even felt some objections to it on the score of a still nearer, and dearer tie; for as every day encreased my love for my boy, it also strengthened my reluctance to his witnessing my penance and suspecting my guilt. What parent but must wish for the esteem of his child! I therefore thought it best at all events to defer gratifying the curious with an act of ostentatious humility, and cursing Mohammed and the koran in ceremony, until my arrival at Trieste, and in the mean time only to avail myself of the deep solitude and the high walls of my temporary prison, to resume in silence the solemn rites of my ances-

tors, and my old and often regretted Christian name of Anastasius.

Determined to shake off as much as possible all that marked the native of the East, and to adopt all that might assist me to assimilate with the children of the West, I proceeded from the inward to the outward man; but though my person was no longer as erst the dearest idol of my heart, I yet continued sufficiently impressed with the advantage of good looks, to feel a very different sensation on quitting the Osmanlee attire from that which I had experienced on doffing the Santon's rags. It seemed to me a sort of degradation to exchange the rich and graceful garb of the East, which either shews the limbs as nature moulded them, or makes amends for their concealment by ample and majestic drapery, for a dress which confines without covering, disfigures without protecting, gives the gravest man the air of a mountebank, and, from the uncouth shape of the shreds sowed together, only looks like the invention of penury for the use of beggars:—and when I came to mutilating my very person, to cutting into its quick;—when, without being able to give my face a feminine softness I was only going to deprive it of the signs of manhood; to sever from my lips my long cherished mustachios, I own it required all the philosophical reflections I could

muster on the nothingness of a few hairs, to persuade me to lay the fearful steel to their roots.

But what was the difficulty of changing the outward trappings of the body, to that of dismissing the habits rooted in the inmost recesses of the mind? what was that of adopting the dress which the tailor could model, to that of assuming manners which must be the result of the nicest observation and the longest practice? In the East each different age, and sex, and nation, and rank, and profession, however closely intermixed with the others, still retains its peculiar garb and formulas, its stated place and boundaries, as distinctly marked as they are immutably fixed. In the East centuries succeed centuries; new generations step on those which have gone before them, and empires themselves are founded and are destroyed, without the limits that circumscribe the different races of men and orders of society being confounded or transgressed. In the East nothing in point of forms, of address, and of manners is indefinite, or arbitrary, or mutable, or left to the impulse of the moment or the taste of the individual. In the East therefore it is easy to learn by rote the unchangeable exigencies of society; and every individual, whatever situation he may obtain —whether from a slave he become a master, from a civilian a soldier, or from a subject a sovereign—

immediately knows how to fit himself to his new place, and how to act his new part, void of embarrassment and awkwardness; nay—of vulgarity.

Far different was my prospect in the West! There, on the contrary, whatever the eye could view or the mind comprehend—from the most fundamental organization of states to the most superficial gloss of social intercourse, seemed unfixed, discretional, subject to constant revolution, and like the coat of the cameleon, borrowing a different hue from every passing cloud. There each different sex, age, nation, rank and profession, instead of the strongly marked outlines and forcibly contrasted colours of the East, on all sides only shewed blending shades, evanescent forms, prominences rubbed away, and features confounded—tones, looks, and language, distinguished only by gradations so imperceptible, by shades so delicate, that a long study alone could disclose the theory, and long habit alone teach the performance of their ultimate refinements. There the prejudices of the individual, constantly at variance with the laws of the land, and the duties imposed by religion, uniformly clashing with the latitude required by custom, were each to be in turns distinguished and yet blended, obeyed and yet disregarded, without the act appearing an effort, or the effect producing a discordance; nay, there,

the mind, always kept on the stretch, was not even allowed to unbend in repose after business was ended, but must still, in the hours of leisure—not hours of relaxation—encounter the new toil of constantly supplying matter for discourse, suited at once to the peculiar character of the speaker, and to those of the diversified listeners.

Yet was I,—alone, untutored and uncounselled—to embody with my original substance, ideas and habits, these intangible new forms and these indefinable new shades, which many of the natives themselves but aukwardly wear;—and that at an age too when the cast of my own character was fixed and stiffened into irremediable permanence by the cold hand of time: on pain of exciting the sneers of the cold, fastidious, unsympathizing spectators of the new stage which I was going, uncheered and unsupported, to tread.—Arduous was the task; small the hope of success!

In fact, whether from the loss of health and the prostration of spirits I had laboured under, ever since the accident which marked the last pressure of my feet on the shores of the East, or whether from the more appalling form assumed by the new objects before me as I approached them nearer, I every day began to contemplate with encreasing awe the idea of encountering a new world with which I

had nothing in common. Every day that new world presented itself to my imagination more as a gloomy desert, to me without interest, without friends, and without happiness. The people of Europe seemed heartless, the virtues of the Franks frigid, the very crimes of the West dull and prosaïc; and I was like a plant which, reared in all the warmth of a hothouse, is going all at once to be launched into all the inclemency of an atmosphere, ripe with chilling blasts and nipping frosts.

Far therefore from waiting with impatience for the period that was to dismiss me from the narrow cell of my quarantine into the unlimited space of this new scene, I could not help looking forward to it with trepidation. As long as I remained within the pale of the establishment devoted to purification from my eastern stains, I felt as if only standing on the extremest verge of my native realms; as if not yet entirely removed from all contact with the parental soil, and not yet entirely beyond the influence of the paternal atmosphere; as if still able to fall back at will upon the fostering bosom on which I had been reared, and to regain by a timely retreat all my native rights and privileges:—but the threshold of the Lazaretto once crossed; the barred doors of the quarantine ground once closed behind me, it seemed as if a barrier deep as the centre of the earth, high

as the heavenly vault, was to rise between the scenes of my youth and the remainder of my dreary existence; as if nothing that had been, could preserve the last connection with what was still to be.

When therefore the hour of my liberation struck; when I was bidden to walk forth,—ready to take my flight, and, like the bird driven from its downy nest, to plunge into boundless space,—I shrunk back, and for a few moments still doubted whether I should not after all forego my rash design, and, instead of walking forth among strangers, rather stay, and seek the first vessel in which I might return to the genial shores of the East.

But one great, one mighty thought superseded all others, and determined me to proceed. It was not for myself I went,—it was for my child: it was to perfect his education, to secure his future welfare, to render him in all respects a man different from his father. This idea gave resolution to my mind. I saw my luggage removed, took my Alexis by the hand, and hastily walked out.

Yet when,—arrived in the midst of the space that separates the precincts of the Lazaretto from the remainder of the Malthese territory,—I heard the fatal gates, only opened to let me out, again close with hollow clang, the awful sound went through my inmost marrow; my heart seemed to sink within

me, and, turning round, for the last time to contemplate the porch whence I had reluctantly gone forth, I could not help once more bidding all I left farewell. "Glorious sun of the East!" cried I with faultering tongue, "balmy breath of the Levant warm affections of my beloved Greece,—adieu for ever! The season of flowers is gone by: that of storms and whirlwinds howls before me. Among the frosts of the North I must seek my future fortunes: a cradle of ice must rock my future hopes. For the bleak wastes and black firs of Gothic climes I am going to exchange the myrtle groves of Grecian valleys; and perhaps on the further borders of the chilly Neva it may be my fate to cherish the last remembrance of Ionia and of Chio!"

Thus saying, I took my cherub in my arms, pressed him against my panting bosom, inclined my face against his downy cheek—and went on.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANXIOUS to gain the place of my destination, I hired a speronara to convey me to Sicily. As I passed under the galleys in Valetta harbour, and contemplated the batteries bristling on its shore: "see;" said to me one of my boatmen, "those engines of war employed to diffuse a religion of peace, by men who take the vows of priests and lead the lives of soldiers. One would suppose man short-lived and perishable enough by nature to have no need of so many contrivances of art, still to abridge his brief existence, and that not piece meal but wholesale: but so it is notwithstanding; and you who come from Turkey will find that in Christendom the trade of inflicting death on one half of its population, is precisely that by which the other half lives."—I had indeed heard before that standing armies were become both the shield and the gangrene of all European states.

In coasting Sicily's jagged shores, I had a view of Etna's furnace wrapped in eternal snow; landed

at Messina, and there soon reimbarked straight for Naples.

The inhabitants of this capital built upon a volcano seemed to me completely gone out of their senses. From the lowest Lazzaroni to up their fishing, fowling, Lazzaroni king, they were all rejoicing in a peace just concluded with revolutionary France, as madly as if war could thenceforth be no more. I carried letters from Maltha to two personages of the *nobiltà*: a gentleman and a lady; and had the extreme satisfaction of finding myself precisely recommended to the two people in all Naples who hated each other most cordially. M. de Silva was a wit:—on my first visit to him he took particular pains to warn me against the least attempt at consistency in my words or my actions. "Like our bodies," he observed, "our minds, our opinions and our feelings must necessarily change every day; and he who, for the sake of that chimera consistency, is determined ever to adhere to what in some luckless moment he uttered, must sooner or later renounce all pretensions to truth."—To Silva's honour be it spoken; the doctrine which he preached he likewise practised.

Me. de B—, being no wit, on the contrary made that consistency, which Silva regarded as the mark of a servile plodding spirit, her principal boast. It had not prevented her—it is true—from changing

her lovers very frequently: but then it had made her take particular pains to retain them as friends. Finding her speak philosophically of her own conduct—and in the same strain in which she would have canvassed that of a neighbour—I one day begged of her to explain to me how, with so much freedom of manner, she had contrived to incur so little censure? "By leaving my reputation," answered she, "as all good Christians should do all their concerns, entirely to the care of Providence; shewing others the indulgence I wanted for myself, and not imagining that to bespatter my neighbours could wipe away a spot from my own character."—This was not wit, assuredly, nor any thing approaching it; but, to my mind, a thing of better wear.

Wishing to cultivate the society of both my friends with equal care, I took it into my head to patch up a peace between them. This was more difficult than that with France. When I told Me. de B— of the encomiums which signor Silva frequently passed upon her merit: "when was I sufficiently intimate with the fellow;" cried she in a passion, "to enable him to know for what to praise me?"

Excluded himself from the lady's parties, Silva

undertook to estrange me from her circle; and for this purpose proposed to take me to a dinner of literary friends,—"with whom," he added, "it was absolutely necessary I should be acquainted."

I always bowed to necessity: but of the acquaintance I found I had little chance with men who all fancied to have rehearsed their parts beforehand. Accordingly I hardly opened my lips: but Silva, who fancied he had shone, returned home in raptures with his day. "Had you sufficient quickness," cried he,—"barbarian as you are—to observe the incessant circulation of the most ethereal wit? How at first a few light sparks began to flash at random from different points of the electric circle; each in turns eliciting fresh scintillations from the opposite quarter, until at last the whole table fired up into one single uninterrupted blaze of the most brilliant eloquence, repartee, and bon-mot. What preparation, what vigilance, what readiness such conversation requires! What triumphs and what mortifications it causes!—Depend upon it, the repose of half the party has been disturbed for a fortnight, by the good things the other half said this evening."

"Charming effects," cried I, "of a convivial meeting!"—"And yet," resumed Silva, "you

have not seen the genius of the party: he likes to make himself in request. To morrow we go and rouse him in his own den!"

A part of this den consisted of a handsome library, into which visitors were shewn while the genius prepared for his impromptu effusions. The levee had already begun. Three or four personages occupied the farthest recess of the room. One was humming a bravura air as he walked backwards and forwards, another trying steps and attitudes, a third poring upon a huge folio of prints, and the fourth, the moment we walked in, turned from us so abruptly to contemplate a small picture hung up in a niche, that I never saw his face.

My own attention was wholly engaged by the books. Those I had seen at Pera seemed to me a school-boy's bundle compared with this abyss of knowledge. Besides the shelves against the wall, absolutely bending under the weight of authors already marshalled in regular battle array against every denomination of ignorance—some heavy armed, others as light troops, others again as voltigeurs, belonging to no division in particular, but hovering in turns over the outskirts of each,—the very floor was covered with piles of still unsorted science, lying strewed about in a confused mass. I was amazed at the sight. "How many square feet of

reading," cried I, "are here collected in one single apartment! How many ideas, good, bad, indifferent, true, erroneous and contradictory are jumbled together—some lying, some standing, some on end, and some, I apprehend, head over heels:—and will my poor Alexis have to cram all this lumber into his brain, ere he can pass among Franks for a man of understanding!"

"If he did," replied Silva, "I am afraid he would scarcely have a spare corner left for his own ideas: but the thing is wholly out of the question. Formerly no dust equalled that of books for blinding people's eyes; modern wits wipe it clean away:—they write indeed, but no one reads. Even philosophers have ceased to prize knowledge the more for being at second hand. Men of talent now buy libraries only to say: "they never look at their contents."

A clatter of doors, and a shuffle of slippers, now announced the approach of the genius. He appeared with locks dishevelled and and a wild stare, intended for a look of inspiration;—ran up to us in an ecstacy; embraced Silva, then me; then asked who I was; then congratulated himself upon beholding a Greek, and me upon beholding him; then dragged us by main force into what he called his sanctum; then told us the quarfetto we had left

in his anti-room consisted of a poet, a scene painter, a musical composer and a ballet master, all waiting his directions for the new opera; then complained of the endless labours his taste entailed upon him; then shewed us the list of the virtuosi and virtuose he patronised; then ran out as if bitten by the tarantula; then came in again making a thousand apologies; then informed us that Horace had no energy and Virgil no pathos; then recited an ode, three sonnets, and half the first canto of an epic poem of his own composing; then stopped to receive our applause, and to contemplate his person in the looking glass; then took a few lozenges to ease his chest; then asked me whether I did not infinitely prefer the misty sublime—that of Ossian—to that of Homer; then threw out a witticism or two, which he laughed at most heartily, and we also out of complaisance; then entreated to see me every day, except six of the week on which he was engaged; then made an appointment with us at the masked ball at San Carlo, and then dismissed us to return to the sons of Apollo he had left in his library.

Forced to join the party to the masquerade, I found but little pleasure in this to me novel entertainment. At first indeed the sight dazzled, but it soon tired, and at last annoyed me. I could not

get rid of a soothsayer, who had singled me out as the object of his pursuit. Succeeding at last to take hold of my arm, and putting his mouth to my ear: "You think this form a borrowed one:" he whispered,—"undeceive yourself. People put on masks to exhibit their characters undisguised. I really see all that is hidden from others."

"Then who is it you are speaking to?" was the first question I put to try him.

"A stranger:" was the answer.

"Doubtless! but from what country?"

"From one to which you have sworn in your wrath never to return."

"My name?"

"An appellation very early forsaken."

"You have seen me unmasked."

"I could even tell you what your own newly adopted clothes conceal."

"What?"

"An asses skin!"

Here I began to wax wroth,—but soon recollected that Spiridion's tablets were composed of the substance so called.[1] To no mortal in Christendom however had I yet imparted that sacred memento still worn next my heart:—"Who can you be?" I therefore now cried, with encreasing surprise.

"*That* I came not here to tell: but to morrow

night at the same hour meet me here again;' and when you see me retire, dare to follow me."

I promised, and came:—we withdrew together; and, after going the length of three or four streets, the wizzard entered a mean looking house, where I was ushered by him into a room dimly lighted, up four pair of stairs.

Here my entertainer unmasked, and to my surprise shewed features of which I had not the smallest remembrance. Still it was something to see a real face of any sort in so suspicious a place.

"Now tell me"—said I. . . . . .

"Questions," interrupted the stranger, "are here only answered by the dead:—evoke whom you please."

In faultering accents I named Euphrosyné. The wizzard shook his head. Then Helena:—he frowned. —Anagnosti then! "What demon," he now cried, "makes you enumerate all those whom you have injured?"

"You cannot raise spirits;" answered I sneeringly.

"Name some being you have served, ere you judge," replied the wizzard:—"Cirico for instance"

"Cirico is alive."

"He is dead: last night, at Alexandria, he fell into a coma, and never woke again."

"Then be it Cirico."—And Cirico appeared.

The poet so evidently shewed as much of flesh and blood as ever had entered into his spare composition, that I ran to embrace him: but I grasped only unsubstantial air! Startled at the circumstance, I stepped back:—again the spectre advanced, and probably by this time I looked a little scared; for on the phantom opening its mouth to begin a solemn speech, it fixed its eyes upon me, and burst out laughing.

"Where ghosts laugh," cried I, "there needs must be a joke:"—and I again sprang forward. Again the figure vanished; but this time no longer dismayed, I rushed on, overset every thing in my way, and groped about until I hawled forth from behind a table the real Cirico, whose image only I had thus far seen, reflected by some optical contrivance.

"And so I catch you again," I cried; "and at your old tricks too!"

"You do," was the poet's reply, "but no longer unwillingly: however,—as this is but an uncomfortable place,—we shall leave my Gaëtano to settle matters here, and adjourn to a coffeehouse, where I will tell you all."

Seated in the *bottega*, over our *rinfreschi*: "when you quitted Egypt,"—began the improvisatore,—"I had just killed the last princess of my

tragedy, and secured the last sequin of my patron. It therefore became expedient to return to Italy,—were it only to claim that diamond on your finger there, which you promised me for my services, but in your fainting fit on the beach at Alexandria, forgot to bestow. A plausible pretence for leaving the Consul was the least of my difficulties. I asserted that the operas which I had spouted were mine: he claimed them as his: we quarrelled, and, we parted. I soon found a passage straight for this place, and in this place a patron in that transcendant genius under whose roof. . . . . ."

"I yesterday,"—cried I, finishing the sentence: "met you, afraid of being recognised, and in company with a dancer, a fidler, and a scene shifter. But take your stone, and. . . . .

"Receive a billet-doux in return,"—resumed Cirico, handing me a letter, of which the very form and superscription bespoke a female writer.

"What," exclaimed I; "Apollo turned Mercury!"—But my suspicions for once did the poet injustice: the letter was dated from Alexandria, and the signature, that of the Consuless, my defeated adversary.

"You know,"—she wrote,—"how at Smyrna I found in a miserable hovel an infant unblessed by a parent's care. Both nurse and child were pining

for want; both revived under my roof: but soon the affections of the servant wandered from her charge to a young Taooshan, while mine became wholly centered in the lovely boy. Seeing him hourly grow in all that is excellent, I became so wrapped up in the feelings and duties of a mother, as to forget that there still existed a father,—when in an evil hour you appeared!"

"Parental rights over the offspring of unwedded love are unacknowledged in law, and by you could not even be maintained in equity. Your child must have perished but for the care of strangers: and, after strangers alone had cultivated its young mind, as well as supplied all its wants,—alone had rescued it from ignorance and from vice, as well as from misery and death,—it belonged not to you to reap what you had not sowed. To have yielded up into your unhallowed hands the angel, whose keen sensibilities I had pledged myself by the very pains taken to cherish them, never to expose to the risk of being wounded; to have tamely suffered that angel to pass, —as it was likely to do under your guidance,—not only from consequence to contempt, and from care to neglect, but from purity to corruption, and from happiness to misery, I must have been bereft of common humanity: and had you possessed the feelings of a father, you yourself must have wished

the tried and tender guardian of your offspring to have ever remained, as she was become, its mother."

"You did not: you recovered your boy, and rendered me anew childless. Yet such is the love I still bear your Alexis, that for his sake I even humble myself before you, and stoop to prefer a prayer to him whom otherwise I must have cursed; and it is this:—that you will duly weigh in your mind the situation and prospects of which your rashness has robbed your child, by wresting him from my arms; and that you will thence deduce how heavy is become in his behalf your own responsibility, and how much it behoves you to do, in order to make him amends for all he has lost. Perform this with religious intentness; be as tender a father as you have been a thoughtless one; and you may still at her last hour obtain the blessings of the once happy

ATHENAIS."

This letter leaving me little in a mood to enjoy Cirico's humour, I went home immediately, and over the very pillow of my child, already hushed in sweet repose, vowed rigidly to perform its contents. Many years before I had received a similar appeal to my parental feelings, in behalf of another offspring of my lawless passions, by another hapless mother; like Euphrosyné deserted and dead. The

two epistles seemed intended for companions. "If I live," thought I, "they shall be hung up in my chamber, be ever under my eyes;—and by deserving the blessings promised in the one, I may perhaps still avert the curses threatened in the other!"

Meanwhile I determined to hasten to my destination: for so far from the pharmacopeia of Italy re-establishing my Greek constitution, I had fresh and frequent returns of aggravated illness, and felt anxious at least to leave my boy an orphan only among such as were able to supply a father's care. On mentioning to Silva my intention of quitting Naples: "Good!" said he, "I too want to change its air, in order to absent myself from a lady who has made love to me so long that she now persuades herself it was I who made love to her, and resents her own mistake as my infidelity. We will travel together."

And so we did. For the first time in my life I journeyed in a square box on wheels: two servants having their backs and the two gentlemen their faces turned towards the way we went; while my little Alexis, the most delighted and the most amusing of the party, sat between us like a gem surrounded by its inferior accompaniments.

As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart

beat high. But, alas! If he who names Rome names energy, names strength, he who beholds her in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility:—he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their moulder-ing remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and the good, and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay:—they are only the fungus, starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction.

Silva seemed to enjoy my disappointment; satire was his profession. "These people," said he, "cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours, but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light:—a deep gloom meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance, but they collect every villainous odour to subdue nature's sweets, and convert one sense at least into means of torture. They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of ena-

melling alike with flowers the hill and the valley, the garden and desert, but they tarry in their fetid town till the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf, and embrowns the parched meadow :—no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close. They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope, but they suffer their acqueducts to ooze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the inmostrecesses of the human brain, to nip in its very first germs every brightest faculty, but, conducting its developments as the Chinese do that of their peach and plum trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political and social, that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot; their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. In their vaunted Last Judgment heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protect from it the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand (for from St. Peter's proud dome

went forth this bitter diatribe)—built at the expense of all Christendom on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents, —contains absolutions for every sin as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. A priest, habituated only to the duties of humility and obedience during the greatest portion of his life, near its close becomes the sovereign, and assumes the supreme power when his failing faculties fit him to think only of death: and as each inferior member of the imbecile government like its tottering chief must forego a lawful lineage, so are of each statesman the views oblique, and the ways devious and crooked. The word virtue indeed exists in the language, but is applied to skill in singing; and as to valour, the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which during so many ages has been let out for hire, first in the gross by the condottiere, and next more in detail by the professed bravo, that it is become discreditable, and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the day time and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance door, ere he dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed should necessitate a second. The very head of

the church when in the holy of the holies, dares not take the consecrated wine except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison; and in the heart of his capital the Pontiff of Rome keeps in his pay—for the safety of his person—the rude mountaineer of Swisserland, as your Turkish pasha does the barbarian from Epirus and from Coordestan. Thank God however, this map of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate: for if by a late submission which the Romans call a treaty, the rotten grant of St. Peter's rich domain is yet saved a while from utter ruin, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced.[1] Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction. In that sky so transparent lurks a permanent poison, which, formerly only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hill, and invades the last abodes once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall soon the world's ancient mistress again return to nought; and as the herdsman erst wandered in solitude where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

Silva here ending his effusion, we again began to descend the thousand and one steps which we had, to my great fatigue, ascended. In the midst of our downward progress my companion abruptly stopped

short, as if struck with a sudden thought. "So near the abode of your ancient Gods," he cried, "they might feel offended if we did not pay them a farewell visit, previous to their forced departure for the banks of the Seine. This is their second grand removal since the days of Praxiteles.—Let us go to the Vatican, and see them packing up."

Already tired, and somewhat peevish with encreasing weakness: "am I not sick enough"—cried I,—"of real man, that I must run after his image in stone and brass?" but after some ineffectual resistance at last suffered myself to be over-ruled. When indeed I beheld what was called the Apollo, the Mercury, the Jupiter, the Venus, and the other gods and goddesses of my forefathers, I cannot deny that I felt pleasure. "And can these fair forms," —thought I to myself—"have been the production of demons and of witchcraft? Can it be Satan that smiles on those lovely lips? If so, ah, what could withstand his wiles!"—and with one deep sigh my heart absolved all paganism. I almost wished to have lived in those ages and amid that worship whose wrecks still looked so attractive; and I repined at the gloom of a religion whose temples, adorned like charnel-houses, display even in the freshness of the finest marbles, the features of death and the forms of corruption.

Scarcely had we reached our lodging when Silva was called upon by a friend, who advised him to leave Rome immediately, lest he should be entombed alive in the mausoleum which emperor Adrian only destined for his repose after death."

"What have I done," cried Silva, astonished, "to be thus treated to the honors of a state criminal?"—Assassination, blasphemy, profanation would have been overlooked in this indulgent place: but can I have said that the Pope starved his subjects to enrich his nephew Braschi, or that the nephew sold the state to buy the Pontine marshes?—can I have maintained that prince Borghese's gems were modern, or princess Lanti's charms antique?—In fine, can I have admired Pasquino's wit, or abused Pius's leg?"

"You once returned a bow from the arch-fiend Cagliostro," answered the friend, "—and asserted that free masonry need not always harbour treason."

"If so," exclaimed Silva, "let us depart this instant! From real offences I might, at Rome at least, have escaped. With imaginary crimes there is no contending."

Accordingly we set off the same evening, in the very teeth of the still white and threatening Apennines,—I, leaving a hundred plans unexecuted and

performances unfinished, connected with my Alexis. On contemplating from the last hill which allowed a view of Rome—as if painted on the bar of gold left by its setting sun—that long range of purple domes so beautiful in its appearance, and yet destined to so speedy a decline, I felt amid my own accelerating steps towards dissolution, some comfort in the thought that, like the lowliest individuals, the proudest empires of the present day were hastening towards a certain and a proximate end.

The ascent of the mountains seemed to last an eternity. At Narni we found every horse in the place engaged for Arezzo: at Terni the same; and the same at Spoleto. Nor was it otherwise at Foligno. I began to complain, but excited little sympathy. "When saints perform miracles," was the answer, "sinners should stay at home." A person enclined to cavil might have replied that three drunken coblers reeling in a wine vault, could see the madonna roll her eyes about any where as well as at Arezzo:—but the prodigy was become a mine of wealth to its before distressed church, and I held my tongue. "Truth," as Silva observed, "is a bad travelling companion."

After passing through several cities which looked like the deserted habitations of the Titans, in which

had crept a race of pigmies, we arrived at Loretto, where, pulled one way by a guardian of the holy house, anxious that I should wipe away my old sins, and the other by a fair vender of crucifixes, desirous that I should commence a new score, I was only saved from leaving my cloak in the hands of the syren, by a pilgrim who had stolen it before.

At Ancona Silva pressed me to go on with him to Venice. "The sun of St. Mark indeed is set:" he cried, — "its proud Aristocrats were so long considering to whom they should sell themselves, that the bargain was struck at last without their participation: but, though Austria has finally swallowed up the fat and torpid oyster of the lagunas, the empty shell is still worth beholding."

"Silva,"—was my answer, "were I still the man I was, I might perhaps (whether right or wrong) wish to become something more than a mere spectator of European changes. At a moment when all the old monarchies of Europe are ploughing up to receive the seeds of a more promising system, I might myself like to assist in somewhere planting that tree without roots of which the fruits are yet worth gathering: but you need only look at me to see that the gods no longer permit my health the exertion, or my spirits the hazard." "Here,"

added I, "—laying my hand on my Alexis' curly head, —" is the sole remaining object of all my solicitude. Him I wish to place in a safe harbour. Do you then jolt on to Venice. As to me I must be carried, as it shall please the winds and waves, to Trieste."

And ill it pleased these capricious, these democratic powers, to smooth my journey in the small felucca in which I embarked, the day after I had celebrated the accomplishment of my boy's fifth year. Scarce had we been six hours at sea when there arose from the north-west a most tremendous storm. We closed our hatches, took in as much sail as possible, and prepared to meet the hurricane. Every instant it encreased, and at last the sea ran so high that our deck was completely under water. The vessel soon sprung a leak, and the hold filled so fast that every man who could be spared from the deck, ran to the pumps :—I among the rest, as soon as I had lashed my poor boy to his crib; —though small was my strength, and trifling my assistance.

Contrary to every suggestion of common sense the reïs resolved to run in between the nearest islets on the coast of Dalmatia. It was in vain to represent the danger of striking against some hidden reef, or stranding upon a lee-shore; and we only won-

dered which of the two would be our fate, when providentially the storm abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and enabled us with our ship full of water, and our rigging all in tatters, to put into a little creek on the island of Melada. Here we found a Ragusan vessel, driven in by the same storm, but with a miserably foul bill of health; in so much that the crews unguardedly mixing, we learnt to our great dismay that we must make up our minds, on our arrival at Trieste, to a fresh quarantine.

I now recollected that just at midnight, and when the storm raged most furiously, a tremendous flash of lightning, which seemed to set the heavens on fire, had for a moment brought before my dazzled eyes the frightful vision of the spectre-ship, doomed, as I was told, ever to sail with unstayed speed round the globe, announcing destruction to the crews to which it shewed itself. It appeared as if advancing full sail upon our vessel, and on the point of cutting it in two, when its form again vanished; and I now doubted not that we must all fall victims to the plague:—but on enquiry, none save myself had seen the phantom.

CHAPTER XV.

As soon as the damage was repaired, we again hurried on board and put to sea. All now looked most propitious. Nothing could exceed the serenity of the weather: we skudded right before the wind—now become a steady breeze; and though my health had not greatly benefited by my late severe labour, yet the sea-air seemed a balm destined to heal the injuries of the sea-water. My aches were less acute, and my spirits more buoyant than for some time past; and as I lay on the deck basking in the April sun, with the purple dolphins sporting around the ship, and my own little cherub playing by my side, more visions of delights unutterable danced in my imagination, than there sparkled liquid diamonds upon the azure wave. With that yet untasted repose which I should now soon enjoy, my ailments, I thought, might still slowly subside: or, if I was doomed never more to recover my former vigour, what then? It was neither in the palæstra nor on the race ground that I purposed to shine. I should only be the fitter for that tranquil life, henceforth

the only object of my tempered wishes. My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets ensured me a decent competence. The refinements of an European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! What was there in it so heinous, to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds.

In the midst of my dream of happiness my eye fell upon the darling object in which centered all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale:—his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading:—but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their

effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon however his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement:—but though play things were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take any thing except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doating father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm: but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied

it lay like a log upon the main. How then did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters. My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid:—for while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us on rising in the same place where it had left us at setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled, unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and, when—roused by my address—the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful enquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts indeed of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded

checks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and—no longer taking note of the passing hour—he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother in behalf of his father. If,—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished;—but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks,—trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. "O for those days!"—I now thought, —"when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly, or delayed some scheme of vice!"

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all

the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all:—for even they had felt my agony, and doated on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, —as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, —we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic, and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes:—at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half hour, and every separate house became visible; and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came along side.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray, until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint

contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jettee, there to wait his coming and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O how I cursed his unfeeling delay: how I would have paved his way with gold, to have hastened his coming!—and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last

earthly endearments!—but, tranquil, composed and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose, on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short however was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel, to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eye, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too

powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I, caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more—Euphrosyné avenged,—and Anastasius the wretch he had long deserved to be!

I shed no tears; I moaned not; I made myself not a spectacle for the gaping multitude: but, ordered to the Lazaretto, I threw my cloak over what had been my heart's best treasure, and, with the sacred burthen in my arms, silently proceeded to where I was shewn my temporary prison. There, in the lonely cell allotted for my more favoured confinement, I found leisure to make myself acquainted with my grief, and to contemplate in its altered—its new condition, that countenance, that form, and those features, once all the company I coveted upon this globe, and now leaving me in solitude, though placed by my side.

At the outset of my voyage from the East, when, on recovering my scattered senses, the first object which met my eyes was my adored child, after infinite toil and misgivings at last safe in my possession, I had in all the ecstacy of unutterable joy,

fallen on my knees beside the sweet babe, wrapt in soft slumbers before me. Now, at the close of the same voyage, and arrived at the place of my long looked-for destination, but with my hopes entirely blasted, my happiness destroyed, and the being for whom all was undertaken and achieved no more, I knelt a second time in all the agony of grief beyond utterance beside that same beloved boy, again lying before me, but—a breathless corpse! At first indeed I gazed as if insensible of the awful change. My mind was so confused, so bewildered, that—perhaps from excess of grief—I seemed not to feel at all, and could only upbraid myself for my strange insensibility. My imagination refused to conceive that lovely frame, so lately still the seat of the warmest affection and the tenderest piety, as nothing now but a clod of icy clay, unconscious of my anguish, insensible to my embrace. Steadfastly as I contemplated my wretchedness, it was so great that neither eye nor intellect could compass its extent;—and for a while I thought I must be labouring under some dreadful dream, whose illusion would vanish, and whose end would be my waking.

But when, from the object immediately before me I carried my eye to more distant points, to wider circles of time and space:—when I reflected that on

my child alone I had built all my remaining prospects of earthly comfort and joy; that for my child alone I had left country, home, and friends—and had come to encounter strange regions, climes, and people; that to my child's converse alone I looked for all the solace of what few days might still be vouchsafed me, as well as to his piety for the few flowers that at my death might deck my bier; that in his beloved arms I had hoped to breathe my last; nay, that a thousand times in the idle fancies of my entranced brain I had flattered myself with leaving him such a blessing to the world as by the virtues of the son to atone for the sins of the father, and to cause the sire himself to be blessed in his offspring; and when from these excursions of my distracted mind I reverted to what was left me of these fond and foolish visions,—then it was that my grief at last forced its way through the weight of bodily stupor by which it seemed compressed, and that the flood-gates of my tears, long locked, at last burst open. Then did my encreased agony find vent, and no longer wear the semblance of a stone-like apathy.

It was not my child whose change demanded pity. He had indeed by my ill-fated fondness been torn from a scene of every bliss which could surround his tender years. From a nursery of comforts he had been taken by force on a journey of privations

and perils, and his series of youthful sufferings had ended in a painful illness and a premature death: —but what of that? Heaven, it has long been acknowledged, marks its favourites by an early removal from this abode of sorrow. My child's short cares were over; and his irksome career closed at its very outset. He had quitted a world of bitterness and corruption, ere yet his susceptible heart had felt its cruel thorns, or his pure mind had been sullied by its foulness. Called away while in the gay spring of his existence tears only soft as April showers had yet bedewed his rosy cheeks, he had been wafted on high, still robed in all the brightness of his native innocence, and, ere his guileless mind could yet have lost aught of its holiness, he had joined his brother angels in the realms of bliss eternal. There,—while his father was still struggling on the stormy sea of life,—he, already safe from ill, dwelt in endless glory in the bosom of his Maker.

But I—I alone—remained oppressed by a weight of woe unutterable! Partly by chance, partly from my own fault, every relation, every friend, every common acquaintance with which I had commenced life—estranged by degrees through my own wayward conduct—had left me a being wholly insulated, precisely at that age when, weaned from a deceitful world, man begins to want comfort at home.

Frightened at my encreasing loneliness, I had in my turn looked out for a something on which to bestow those affections, doomed to run to waste just as they began to rise. Long I sought; often fancied I held; and often again either rejected or lost the prize. At last Heaven seemed to smile upon a blameless feeling. After much anxiety and sore disappointment, I found the wished-for object—and found it in my own child, long severed from my arms.

Him I beheld where I could least have expected it: him, after much fear and doubt, I regained; and him I thenceforth destined to become my only solace,—the support and the joy of my remaining life. That, with regard to this last and dearest treasure of my soul I had, for once, acted up to my fair intentions and fulfilled all my duties, my heart bore me witness. From the moment I obtained possession of my Alexis he became the sole object of my unceasing solicitude, the sole theme of my constant contemplation. Casting off all other thoughts, spurning far away from me all other vain pursuits; no longer caring for aught of which he was not the sole end and motive, nor engaging in aught which promoted not his benefit, I devoted to him all the strength of my body, and all the

powers of my mind: I watched over his development by day and by night.

Heaven seemed for a while determined to reward with its utmost liberality so irreproachable a sentiment. Almost from the first hour of my possessing him I reaped every day some fresh fruit of my care, and received earnests every day of far richer fruits still ripening. My Alexis possessed exquisite faculties; and the slightest culture sufficed to elicit them. At first indeed he had looked upon me as an enemy; as one who had torn him forcibly from his friends: but at last,—and when convinced by my tenderness of the excess of my affection—he had realised all my long trembling hopes; had fulfilled in every way all my most ardent wishes; had begun to return my undivided fondness with all the fervour of his own affectionate disposition. No child ever doated on a mother as he did on his father:—and, if our love even becomes rivetted to an object by the mere unrequited care and pains bestowed upon it, how unbounded became, with the return which I experienced, my adoration of my angel child, need or can I describe! He alone was the joy of my eyes, and the pride of my vain glorious heart; and, as I walked forth with him in public; as I saw every stranger gazing on his lovely countenance,

smiling at his playful prattle, and almost spell-bound by the charm that seemed to hover around his person, parental exultation swelled that foolish heart within me, and made my eyes overflow with rapturous delight. I seemed only to move along for the purpose of enjoying a constant triumph.

Nay,—that parental fondness which, bearing in all its parts on one single point, and in that single point finding the firmest support, must under any circumstances have acquired an unexampled intensity, had still had its growth accelerated beyond the ordinary measure by the peculiarities of my anomalous condition.

That very same instant which had on Egypt's barren shore brought my labours for the possession of my child to a happy conclusion, had also witnessed the beginning of my incessantly continued journey toward the distant point which was to be my final goal, and where I hoped to sit down at last in peaceful enjoyment of the treasures I had won. From the momentous period which had seen my Alexis first pressed to my still panting bosom, every later successive day—nay, almost every successive hour—had beheld me wafted to some new point under the heavens, to some new latitude on the earth, wholly distinct and different from the preceding ones. No region, no city, no abode had, since my depar-

ture from Alexandria, afforded me a permanent sojourn, or fixed me long enough to excite in my breast the smallest local attachment, the least fondness of which I had not brought the seeds in my own bosom.—Or should even in any place some slight interest have arisen, not unlawful in itself, and which might in a more stationary condition have been allowed to take some hold of my heart, have covered with some fair exotic the spots left bare by the native attachments eradicated, and have in some degree divided my affections with my soul's chief treasure,—bereft, from the ever changing scene through which I hurried, of all leisure for its cultivation, I had sedulously crushed its first shoots, as those of an intruding and troublesome stranger.

But the more my state of incessant locomotion had thus made all else pass by unregarded, or unable to leave any permanent impression, the more had it caused my own child, my only never failing companion, to entwine himself with double force round every fibre of the paternal heart: for, at the same time that that constant impulse forward which both sire and son obeyed, had suffered no other object to enter into the smallest competition with my boy for my genuine affections, it had occasioned an uninterrupted closeness in our daily intercourse, had demanded on my part a minuteness of parental

offices with respect to my child's little person, had given me a habit of unremittingly hearing his sweet voice, nay had, amid all this seeming sameness of sentiments and impressions, thrown a variety in the places, the modes, and the circumstances of our relative existence and endearments, infinitely exceeding what any stationary condition, even with my Alexis—and no one else but him—ever clinging to my side, could have afforded. The short, the happy period of my life, marked by the recovery of my Euphrosyné's last bequest, had offered the treasure, not merely—as does in most cases so transient a possession—in one place, one pursuit, one form: it had offered my Alexis, while constantly placed in view, yet constantly in a different form, and action, and mode of being: it had offered him successively in Egypt, at Maltha, in Sicily, at Naples, at Rome, at Ancona, and in every place either of repose or thoroughfare intervening between these distant points: it had offered him in capitals and on the road, at rest and in action; now gliding in a light skiff on the waves, now whirled on smoaking wheels over hill and dale; now wondering at the sights of cities, now enjoying rural amusements and scenery; now in the simple garb of the infant traveller, now attired for the admiration of crowds; now all alertness, and rousing

by his arch and playful caresses even his listless father, now himself oppressed with the fatigues of the journey and asleep in my arms; and thus I had gone on from place to place, collecting and compressing in a small space a variety of pictures of his infantine person, pursuits and adventures—all lovely and yet all different—far beyond what the longest period of years could have accumulated in the slow changes of a stationary existence; and which, carefully treasured up in my memory, and always present to my imagination, had furnished by their multitude materials for an affection and a worship far exceeding what even tender parents, when distracted by a variety of ties, can find to divide among their numerous offspring,—and, at the eve of accomplishing my labours, and reaching my destination, this all absorbing adoration of a child in appearance not less full of bodily health than replete with moral excellence, was already ushering me into a scene of rapturous and yet lawful felicity only expected to end with my own life, when all at once a Providence—mindful of my sins when I had forgotten them,—had even reversed the course of nature to cut short that existence on which my own depended, to destroy at one blow my new and hard earned happiness, and to leave me, from one possessed of all his heart desired, a

forlorn wretch, in a strange country, and among a stranger race;—with not one object to cling to on this side an obscure and lonely grave.

Yet with such dismal thoughts rending my mind, and the more dreary object laid out before my eyes, did the benumbing powers of affliction itself—of an affliction perfect in all its parts, and, by no longer leaving room for hope or fear, no longer affording an excitement or permitting a struggle—at last procure me a short respite from its sting. Yielding to the torpor which by degrees came over my senses, I fell into a profound sleep; and the trance lasted unbroken until the dawn of the following day: but the moment of waking was dreadful beyond all former moments. I had dreamed of my child; I had in the lying vision seen him convalescent: my heart's treasure had again seemed to revive and to thank me for a care no longer wanted, when,—awaking with a burst of joy, and turning round,—I saw .... O God of heavens!

I now afresh gave way to my despair; with frantic violence hugged to my bosom the cold corpse of my boy, and swore no earthly power should tear it from my arms.—until by degrees the mild entreaties of my fellow prisoners made my grief assume a less outrageous form.

After frequent relapses I prepared to perform to my child's sad remains the last duties of a man, a Christian, and a father. In the gloomy precincts of the Lazaretto I saw the narrow cell dug, which henceforth was to hold all I cared for on earth. Then, kissing for the last time those faded eyes which never more were to beam upon me, and those livid lips which no longer felt the pressure of mine, I suffered the dreary winding-sheet of death to shroud from my further view my angel's altered features; and carried him weeping to his last home: but when the moment came—after the priest had concluded his office—to lower into the foul jaws of the grave, and to resign to corruption that lovely body—that last relic of my short lived felicity, I scarce felt courage for the dismal task: I clung to what I was going to lose, until fresh violence became necessary; and when over the idol of my boastful heart I again beheld the ground made like all other ground: "Now come," cried I, "when it list my own final hour! I shall hail it as the healer of sorrows; as the friend who springs forward to receive suffering man, when all other friends depart.

Sad indeed was the void which I found from those days, when I could not go out even for a few minutes, without paying the tribute of a farewell embrace, and could never come home without finding a sweet

welcome awaiting me on the very threshold: when every look of sorrow I betrayed was met by filial sympathy, and every glance of satisfaction I gave filled my child's heart with gladness. Ah! while these raptures had been mine, the very confinement of a Lazaretto had been a scene of joy: now that they were to be no more, the liberation from my prison only promised fresh grief.

Soon however the period of enlargement came: for the quarantine had only been incurred by an untoward accident; and in a very few days I received a formal notice that its term had expired. Once more I went to the hallowed spot where lay buried all my hopes, and once more bedewed its turf with bitter tears:—then, retiring with slow and lingering steps, I left the sad enclosure, and launched forth again into the haunts of men.

But I re-entered them without joy, as I did without anxiety. Things gone by no longer gave a value to things to come. The golden link by which the past had been connected with the future, had been broken—been snapped asunder. The Anastasius of the morrow was no longer the Anastasius of the eve. The wide new world I was going to tread was a world devoid of interest; and the vast new prospects unfolding to my view, were

prospects without life, animation or sunshine. Struck by heaven's vengeful lightning, my soul saw nothing in the dark surrounding waste to cheer its deathlike sadness, and shrunk from every slightest exertion as from an Herculean labour. On every stone I met in my way, I could have laid me down to die.

My only consolation consisted in the multiplicity of my sufferings, and in the sage speculations of the medical professors whom I consulted on my health, in order to get rid of the gratuitous prescriptions of the multitude: for though the members of the faculty seemed to think it likely that the effects of the storm at Melada, the anxious watching during my child's illness, and more than all, the grief for his loss, might have very much aggravated the symptoms of the original complaint, yet they agreed unanimously that even without these additional circumstances, the internal injury received on the beach at Alexandria — whether in the lungs, or the liver, or the spleen, no matter — must still alike have ended in my not very distant demise: — and, what cruel regret, what dire forebodings must have disturbed my death bed, had I been obliged to leave my Alexis in a strange land, a helpless unprotected orphan, exposed not only to all

the violence of the rapacious, but all the wiles of the profligate; and perhaps, in the weakness of unsuspecting childhood, not only stripped of his property, but despoiled—for ever despoiled—of his more precious innocence, I even now shuddered to think of. The dread of such consequences must have rendered the last hour of my life the most painful of my existence. Instead of that, my child's short account on earth was closed for ever, ere the least alloy of evil could dim his spotless purity. His bliss eternal was sealed beyond repeal. Of his endless happiness no doubt could any longer subsist. Self; worthless self was all I henceforth had to think of; and the pangs of that self alone to lessen if I could.

And even of these too well deserved sufferings the sting was greatly blunted by the consciousness that their period was limited. My loneliness upon earth could not be of long duration; my punishment here below must soon end: nay, the very torments that might, in the severity of eternal justice, await me hereafter, would be soothed by knowing that my child shared not in them, but, while his father paid the penalty of his manifold offences, enjoyed in other realms the reward of his piety:—and I sometimes even presumed to think that perhaps, after so dire an affliction, so severe a trial as that which concluded

my earthly career, some portion even of my own heavy debt might be remitted:—when the last moment of my stay here below, which the parting from my still earth-bound child must have rendered the most irksome of my life, would, by reuniting me for ever to my angel above, become the most blessed of my existence.

Mean time,—a stranger in the place to which my destiny had brought me, and not ranking among those privileged children of the globe, licensed to indulge to the utmost of their wish in every luxury, even unto that of grief,—I felt I must bestir myself, under pain of being, like a bruised reed, crushed and flung on the dunghill. Accordingly I resolved, if dead to pleasure, at least to rouse myself to business, and, hushing in my heart those deep sorrows which no one around me could share in or alleviate, to look, to speak, and to act, in public, like other men.

My first exertion was to enquire after the kindly intentioned kinsman, whose invitation had brought me to Trieste, but whose existence I had for a time wholly forgotten. On waking from my trance, and remembering my relation, I rather wondered that he should not, in my distress, have been the first to seek me out. Alas! he too had, since I last heard from him, paid the debt of nature, and disabled me from

paying that of gratitude. I say of gratitude,—for though his will had been left in the main as it stood before my journey; it had been burthened with a handsome legacy in my favour, to soften my disappointment, in case I should be found to have complied with his summons. The bequest put me at once in possession of a considerable sum of ready money, when I would have wanted spirits to convert into cash my now loathed jewels.

Trieste, which I had before intended to make my permanent residence, was become since my misfortune the place least fitted for my abode. Not only the living multitudes of a commercial city had not leisure to sympathise with my situation, but the very inanimate objects it presented, were of the sort most discordant with my present frame of mind. Those rocks which, left in their native ruggedness, would have harmonised with my gloomy feelings, here were only beheld shaped in bustling quays and busy wharfs: those forests which, abandoned to silence and solitude, might have favoured my melancholy musings, here were only to be viewed, transformed into noisy hulks and naked masts. Gold was the only substance worshipped on this altar of Mammon, in its pure primitive shape; but gold was precisely the only one which I would rather have seen by a later transformation

converted into whatever could have given my mind a wholesome abstraction from its sorrows. I therefore thought that, if I returned at all among my fellow creatures, it should only be where I found them collected in such myriads, as to recover amidst their overflowing crowd all the privileges of solitude. Upon this principle Vienna became destined in my mind for my ultimate abode.

While I staid at Trieste however, people would insist upon diverting me. It was a difficult undertaking, with my mind full of sorrow and an abscess forming in my side. Once only, finding myself somewhat easier than usual, I abruptly left my couch, and indulged my curiosity by going to a party.

I own that, when launched into its vortex, and beholding a number of figures towards whom I felt no attraction either of kindred, country, or even common interests, amusements or language, whirl around me in idle hurry, nay, sometimes stop in the midst of their inane bustle to look at myself, to point me out to each other, and to see how my adventures sat upon me;—reflecting moreover how soon even this mere spectacle must to me cease altogether, —I felt a sort of pleasure. But it was the pleasure of one who wanders in the delusion of a morning dream, through imaginary meads and gardens, among phantoms flitting about him in their twilight

revels; and who feels all the while that they only wait, to glide off and disappear, for that approaching dawn which must break his sleep, and cause his final waking among scenes and beings wholly different.

Loth to leave the place where slept my Alexis, and for ever to quit the last shore to which my child had been wafted,—finding my only solace in listening day after day on the quay facing the Lazaretto, to the surf beating against its piers in slow and solemn pulses, I do not know how long I might still have remained at Trieste, taking no account of time, but, while ever intending to go, ever putting off my journey, had not the fear of travelling late in the season made me resolve before the summer should wholly pass by, to secure my winter quarters.

Not long therefore after the memorable treaty of Campo Formio, which filled Trieste with joy, by sacrificing Venice, a brilliant autumn eve saw brought to their conclusion the short preparations for my departure the next morning.

My bills paid, my passports signed, my post horses ordered;—having nothing further to think of or to settle in the place I was leaving,—I went to take my last turn on my favourite quay.

The sun was just dropping behind the purple expanse of the Adriatic, and I, indulging my favourite dream, that perhaps the glorious luminary, which not only through its constant emanations supports the inferior surrounding planets, but by its central situation is itself exempted from all the vicissitudes they suffer, might be the first halting place of the blessed that depart from other orbs, and in its bright bosom might harbour my own Alexis,—when I was diverted from this object of vague and distant contemplation by one less remote—namely two persons, apparently just released from quarantine, who were advancing towards the city, and consequently towards me. They wore the Greek dress, and, common as the sight was at Trieste, it yet engaged my attention as one which would become rare on my impending removal. Of the two strangers the shortest particularly attracted my notice. As he approached, a crowd of confused images rushed upon my mind. I almost fancied I saw .... but the thing seemed improbable;—and yet at every successive step which brought him nearer, the impression, so far from lessening acquired greater strength, until at last I grew quite convinced of its truth. The person I gazed upon must be—it was Spiridion! Spite of his darker complexion and his more manly forms, I no

longer could doubt I beheld the friend of former days. As to himself,—intent upon the surrounding scenery, he would have passed me by unheeded, but for my stopping directly in his way, in order to take one more silent survey of his person, ere I ventured to hail my long estranged companion.

Thus pointedly approached, he looked at me in his turn, first indeed with an expression only of surprise, at being thus scrutinised, apparently by a Frank, but, by degrees, with a more fixed stare, as of one under a delusion which he strives in vain to shake off. He gazed alternately on my features, which proclaimed an old friend, and on my dress, which bespoke an entire stranger.

Human patience could hold out no longer: "Am I then so changed," cried I, "that even my Spiridion cannot recognise his Anastasius?"

My voice was still the same. At its once familiar sounds the son of Mavrocordato seemed seized with a sudden thrilling, and again stepped back: but this time in wonder—in amazement.

"And is it then really," cried he at last, "Anastasius I behold?"

Nothing but the diffidence, tardy offspring of misfortune, had prevented me, the moment I recognised my friend, from clasping him in my arms. Could I have suspected that, without the same cause

on his part, he would have evinced a similar hesitation to press me to his bosom, no temptation would have induced me to make myself known. I would have let him pass by unstayed; and never—no! never would I again, with my consent, have thrown myself in his way. His cold reception chilled me to the heart, and paralysed my tongue. Spiridion saw me appalled, and Spiridion enjoyed the sight! Without one single word to relieve my embarrassment, he waited in solemn silence my tardy and faultering speech. His looks seemed to say: "each his turn: your's came first."—Yet even in this I acquit him of every cold and calculating motive. His conduct, I am certain, arose from resentment, not from meanness.

But whatever was the cause,—"Spiridion," cried I, as soon as I felt able to speak: "your searching eye need not tell me what I already know too well. I no longer am he who looked defiance at all on earth; and at Heaven itself. Sickness and sorrow have bent me to the ground:"—and, overcome by my recollections, I burst into tears.

A blush of shame now tinged Spiridion's features: he stammered an excuse; and telling me where he meant to lodge, begged I would call upon him: but awkward in his very apologies, he only, in trying to withdraw the dagger thrust into my

bosom, gave me fresh pangs. I inclined my head to thank him, but raised it with a glance of conscious independance which I left him to digest,—and darted away,

As soon as he was out of sight I turned back, and went home. All my business at Trieste was concluded. I determined to set off immediately. My chaise was brought round: the horses put to it, and my trunks fastened on.

Among the stones reserved from Khedieh was a singularly beautiful ruby. Often pressed to sell the precious gem, I had always refused to part with my carbuncle. It had been set apart to please my own eye,—perhaps, some day, to purchase a powerful patron. But to pleasure I was become indifferent, and I no longer needed an earthly patron. I slipped the sparkling stone, wrapped up in paper, between the folds of Spiridion's pocket book, which till now had never been out of my bosom, and, putting the whole under cover, sent it to him with the following superscription:

"To one who for his friend once gave up all, and whose devotion is best remembered when it no longer can avail, Anastasius, rich in worthless jewels, poor in all beside, sends this last token of ancient affection, and of endless gratitude."

No sooner was the parcel out of my sight, than I too departed.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was my intention to have travelled all night: but at the second stage want of horses stopped my progress. I therefore desired some refreshment, a fire, and a bed. The stove was lighted, a slice of cold meat set before me between a bottle of wine and a flask of more potent spirits; and, in answer to the last of my requests, the female who acted as waiter, pointed to a huge mountain of eiderdown in a corner of the room.

Having finished my supper, and hanging over the slowly warming stove, I insensibly fell into a review of all the various and motley vicissitudes which had marked my portion of that changeful dream called human life.—First I went back to its remotest periods, to those spent in the place of my nativity; played over all the gambols of my infancy, and all the frolics of my boy-hood; viewed in its minutest details the paternal abode, remembered the most trivial incidents of the family circle, and heard the peculiar sound of voice of each of its members—

their gossip, their scolding, and their loud peals of laughter—with a distinctness and a proximity which left the memory of the more important events of later years comparatively vague, dark, indistinct reminiscences. With the rekindling of my youngest flame, and with the retracing of my earliest flight,—that disgraceful flight which cut me off from all connection with the land of my birth, and entirely divided the first stage of my life from all its later periods,—I closed the first chapter of my history.

Scarce could my heart even now refrain from bounding, as I recalled the rapturous intoxication of my spirits, when, in the morning of my days,—like the young pilgrim with locks flowing in the wind, and wallet carelessly flung across the shoulder,—I set out upon the second stage of my journey through life: when, simply but smartly attired, the soft down just budding on my lips, and the infant hopes expanding in my mind, I went forth with erect crest and buoyant step, in quest of pleasure and of fame; and finally when in the Morea, reaping an ample harvest of both, I achieved my first prowess and heard my first praises. Hassan's lip had long been silenced by death: but the music of his applause still rung in my ears.

Launched next into the maddening vortex of the capital, I still smiled at the recollection of the Jew

doctor, shuddered at that of the Bagnio, and, though quite alone, averted my eyes as from a spectre, on remembering Anagnosti, pale, bloody, and with my murderous dagger buried in his breast! To fly the ghastly image I crossed the main, roamed in the plains of Egypt, and, after seeing myself successively a kiachef rioting in luxury and an outcast fleeing for his life, I in turns became a humble hadjee crawling on his knees at Mekkah, and a conceited coxcomb sporting his saucy wit at Stambool.

Now rose predominant the figure of my friend Spiridion! I mean the Spiridion all heart, all affection, of former days,—between whom and his namesake of yesterday the connecting link seemed wanting. Parted, by my own fault, from my only real friend, I again roved, successively a soldier of fortune at Cairo, a warrior in Wallachia, and a merchant on the Bosphorus.

But Ismir! But Euphrosyné!—The thought harrowed up my soul. To pluck the gnawing worm from my bosom, I plunged into the deepest desert, and joined the most daring of sectaries. At last, become a tender husband, I suffered for my sins in my amendment, and soon consigned to earth a fond and virtuous wife, when—spurned by one friend as I had spurned another—I fled to Arabs less godly but less faithless than the Wahhabees, and, under

their new banners, founded my worldly fortune in the plains of Khedieh. Growing a coward as I grew rich, I pursued—loaded with rubies and clothed in rags—my solitary course towards the setting sun, until casting off my slough in the concealment of the capital, I flew on the wings of parental love to the coast of Egypt;—and at Alexandria sought, saw, and won my child!

Oh! that I could here end my last chapter: that, to so many friends and relations, protectors and protected, one after the other swept away from the earth, I had not to add . . . . . but so it was!—and now, with all that I looked forward to of joy, of pride, and of stay, laid prostrate for ever, I had nothing left me but to sink irretrievably under one of those sorrows the more corroding, because they are unshared, unnoticed, unimagined by the surrounding throng;—and to waste away my small remains of life in tears resembling the rain drops that fall into the sea, untold, unheeded, and without leaving a trace.

Such was the feeling of sad, of entire abandonment in which my reflections terminated, that, to drive them away and to warm my withered heart, I rapidly drank off several draughts of the spirits placed beside me: after which, without undressing,

I crept under the swelling featherbed, desiring I might be called the instant the horses—expected home in the night—were ready to take me on.

In bed I found sleep, but not repose. A feverish restlessness insensibly grew as it were into a continuation of the last adventures of my life. I fancied myself dead, and lying in my coffin. The dim tapers already cast around the funereal glare which was to light my stiffened body to the darkness of the grave. Yet had I a faint perception of what was going forward. My limbs indeed were immoveable; but my eyes beheld, and my ears retained the power of hearing.

First appeared, as in a twilight, the persons most closely linked to my existence: my parents, Helena, Mavroyeni, and others. Their busts—for nothing more of them was perceptible—seemed floating in air. Sometimes they advanced, as if to take a nearer look at my countenance, gazed some time on me in silence, and then again retired, making room for others, who in their turn performed the same evolutions, and, after sating their curiosity, equally vanished in space. Two persons only of the mute assemblage remained, after all the rest had disappeared. At first they presented no features which I recognised, but insensibly they

assumed the resemblance, the one of Euphrosyné, the other of a venerable priest with a long snow-white beard, whom I had seen at Pera. Euphrosyné began by contemplating me awhile, like all the phantoms that had preceded her, in total silence, and, though seeming to smile sweet forgiveness on her unfeeling ravisher, wore a funereal look which thrilled me to the soul. She repeatedly beckoned to me with emphatic gesture to join her: but each time my leaden limbs refused to do their office. At last the old man spoke. "In vain," he cried, "you try to meet. Your paths in life ever lay too far asunder."

"Ah!" now exclaimed in her turn the weeping maiden—whose voice, till then unheard, thrilled me to the soul:—"if he cannot come to me, I can at least go to him!"—and with outstretched arms she sprung forward to share my darker destiny; but her lifeless form only fell like a mill stone on my chest. Gasping for breath, I struggled to disengage myself from the intolerable load,—when, suddenly, what I held in close embrace no longer was Euphrosyné, but—the fiend Sophia!

Rage now swelled my breast, as fury flashed from the eyes of my antagonist. The lion and the serpent grappled. Each fixed his fangs in the others quivering flesh: each strove to pluck the

heart from the others bleeding bosom:—until at last the baseless ledge on which we fought in air, gave way with a tremendous crash.

Twined in each others arms down we now sank together; and I continued falling, until I woke at last in inexpressible horror, and found myself lying on the floor of the room, weltering in a stream of real blood, drawn forth from my vitals by my unconscious exertions. The confusion of my ideas just left me time enough to rejoice that I had only been dreaming, ere returning perception brought to my remembrance how much there was in my dream of sad reality.

Scarce inferior to the fancied music of the spheres themselves, sounded at that moment in my stunned ear the hoarse note of the horn, which informed me that the driver was seated on his horse. Ill as I felt I thought I could not get away too fast. The post-master indeed had informed me of a novelty, only witnessed since these before peaceful regions had become the seat of war: namely robbers prowling in the neighbourhood. But who durst lay unhallowed hands on the already sentenced criminal! My death warrant, long signed, kept my life charmed, until the fatal hour of its lawful execution; and evil glances fall not more innocuous on spirits

broken with sorrow, than would the deadliest dagger on my heavy heart, already turned to stone by grief.

Disregarding therefore every entreaty and sinister foreboding of the landlord and his crew, I wrapped myself in my cloak, stepped into my calesh, and spite of the still undiminished darkness, rolled on again with renovated speed.

All that day, and all the ensuing night, I continued travelling without interruption: for, greatly as I wanted rest, I could no where bring myself to stop. It was only in proportion as I felt my body whirled along with greater speed, that my mind seemed to find somewhat more repose. A mysterious impulse, as it were, goaded me on without ceasing.

The sun of the third day was already lengthening the partial shadows that precede its disappearance, when I entered an extended heath, to whose beautiful and varied weeds heaven's declining luminary at that instant lent the glowing transparency which announces its proximate setting. With singular force did the gaudy scene revive all the deep-felt impressions which one of a similar description had once made on my younger mind in the plains of Ak-hissar:—or rather; it produced one of those moments in my life, when my sensations became so exactly the counterpart of what they once had

been, at some definite prior period perhaps long gone by, as to suggest the idea of my having, in a new point of space, reverted to an already experienced point of time; and of my going over afresh some former portion of my existence, already elapsed.

And, in fact, may not things created perform circles in time as they do in space? May not the limited scope of our present perceptions be alone the cause that prevents our embracing the vast revolutions produced by duration, as we compass the smaller circuits performed within the equally inconceivable boundaries of extension?—and may not one of the brightest prerogatives of that more perfect promised state, when time is said to cease, consist in that removal of its partial barriers, through means of which we shall be permitted equally to see the past in the future, and the future in the past?

Be that as it may:—no scene could, in the splendor of its detail, exceed the one which my mind thus irresistibly retraced. Every where a carpet of anemones, hyacinths, and narcissuses covered the undulating ground. The oleander, the cistus and the rhododendrons, blushing with crimson blossoms, marked the wide margins of the diminished torrents: glowing heaths, odoriferous genistas, thyme, lavender and jesmine, started

from every fissure of the marble-streaked rock; while its surface was clothed in a moss of emerald green, through which trickled diamond drops of never failing water. Alternate tufts of arbutus, and mimosa, and bay, intermixed with the wild rose and myrtle, canopied the beetling brow of the crag; but from the deep bosom of the dell between, shot up out of the richer soil, likely stately pillars supporting a cieling of fretwork, the ilex, the poplar, and the wide spreading plane. Here and there a presumptuous creeper—wily sycophant, raised by his very pliancy—overwhelmed with parasitic blossoms the topmost boughs of the tree on which it fastened; and from its supporter's mighty limbs, again fell in gay festoons to the ground. The air was loaded with fragrance: birds of every hue balanced their light forms on the bending twigs, and myriads of gilded insects emulated in brilliancy the flowers round whose honied cup they hovered.

Yet,—while other artists prize their meanest productions, nature often seems to set so little value upon her choicest works, that this paradise lay in a secluded nook, far not only from the more beaten track of the traveller, but even from the haunts of the thinly scattered natives. No path ran through it in any direction: its very outskirts were scarce

ever pressed by the foot of man, and its inmost recesses had not perhaps for centuries been darkened by his shadow. Every where the most lovely plants sprung up and again faded every year, without a single instant meeting the human eye:—but the concealment of these wonders produced not the least slackening in their progress: the activity of nature was not checked or diminished by the ignorance of man! Still did each later season see each varied form of vegetation, reckless of human blindness, expand at its due period, blow its full time in all its wonted splendor, and perform every successive function of its maturation and seeding, as it had done each former year.

Had I thence only inferred how little that self assumed lord of the creation, man, goes for in the eyes of Providence, even on that very globe of which he calls himself the supreme master, and which he considers as created for his sole use and purposes, the induction would probably have been just, though thus far little consoling:—but I went further. Since it seemed incompatible with all perfect wisdom that wonders, capable of affording exquisite delight, should be endlessly renewed only to be endlessly unenjoyed—endlessly wasted, I inferred that even our own humble globe might be visited, unknown to us its

ostensible tenants, by higher beings than ourselves, hovering in purer forms over their primitive haunts, and mixing unperceived with their still mortal kindred. Who could tell that the spirit of my own Alexis—wafted on the sun's untiring beams from its higher abode—might not at times flit among them; might not have sat on yon fair tulip which I so fondly gazed upon, and which bent its graceful head as I slowly passed by.

But time runs short! I may not dwell on such rambling reflections,—I must hasten on to the goal.

Some little perverse incidents, indeed, seemed now and then to start up on very purpose to keep it longer in prospect. My carriage broke down at one place: in another I myself was stunned by a fall:—but these incidental rubs affected me no longer. The single deep affliction which encompassed my heart, served as an impenetrable Ægis against all lesser ills. It rendered me impervious to their superficial punctures. Never emerging from that twilight in which there are no partial shades, since there are no partial lights, my mind, no longer accessible to hope, no longer felt the pressure of disappointment.

A little before the dawn of the fourth day however, there arose a somewhat singular circumstance, which affected me sufficiently to give a new direction to my movements. A pretty sharp ascent had

made me alight among the Carinthian hills, to walk a few yards, and shake off the morning chill, by which I felt quite benumbed. The road lay across a dark forest of firs, whose outline already was marked by the pale light of the morning against the cold grey sky, but whose deep bosom still presented unbroken all the black and mysterious indistinctness of night. The trees in their funereal hues seemed sable mourners, gliding in long procession down the hills, to range themselves on my passage: the bleak winds breathed through their waving boughs deep and mournful sighs; and the torrent, dashed from rock to rock, roared with hollow murmur in the chasm below.

All at once I heard—or thought I heard—in the wood a dismal moan, as from one in pain. I stopped, held my breath, turned my ear the way whence proceeded the sound, and, from within a close thicket not thirty yards distant, fancied some one addressed me the following words: "Speed on, Anastasius; thou hast not far to go."

My blood curdled in my veins: a chill of terror, thus far unknown, crept all over my person; I felt an inward shudder,—yet I determined to look bold. But, though I dashed like one delirious among the rustling bushes, I found no trace of mortal man!

My first attempt was to laugh off the incident.

No one joined in my uninfectious mirth; and soon the forced smile died away on my own lips.

Whether however the ominous words had actually vibrated on my ears, or had only rung in my heated brain, what did it signify? There needed not an express message from the shades below to inform me that my company was waited for: that, with a frame rent at every joint, I was at best but a vampire, only permitted to walk among the living until the last awful summons should fix it for ever among the vaster myriads already under ground. After a long period of very little change in my bodily state, I had felt my sufferings encrease so rapidly, since the fatal dream at the first stage from Trieste, that I could almost, by the regular and distinct progress of my declension, compute the utmost term I might reach, and the hour at which my last sand must run out, and make me bid this world farewell.

And little—in truth—did I reck the circumstance, which had thus narrowly circumscribed my fate. Even in my fullest vigour both of body and of mind I had often prayed that I might not grow old,—had endeavoured only to crowd events so thickly within the span of my existence, that its varied recollections might make my career, however short, appear longer on retrospect than the longest life of dull

undistinguished uniformity.—"Rather,"—had I often exclaimed—"let me even be felled to the ground, while an ample store of verdant boughs, waving in the breeze, may yet grace my sudden fall, than be permitted to wither on my stalk, unable to offer any attraction or to resent any injury, and indebted as for an obligation to those who merely suffer my presence. Let me not outlive all those from whom I might have obtained a passing tear, only to excite derision in those destined to outlive me!"

And now that health and spirits were already drained to the last drop;—now that, cankered by an inward worm, each bough already withered hung drooping to the ground, and not even a shoot remained to cheer by its later spring my own untimely autumn;—now that both what I loved best and what I hated most had already attained the final goal before me,—could I still wish to live—to live alone in the universe, without a spark of affection, or even of animosity left, to light with its fire my last lingering steps: Could I brook to stand, like the scathed oak in the wilderness, a conspicuous monument of heaven's fiercest wrath?—God forbid!

Then, what was the use of torturing my worn-out frame, only to seek far away what I might find so near? I could die any where.

Immediately I formed my resolution. Two stages back I remembered being struck by the appearance of a fir-clothed cottage, close to a country town, whose few inhabitants—kept up somewhat later than usual by some holiday festivity—had attracted my notice by their cheerful clusters. "Might not"—thought I—"that gold, now become so indifferent to its weary possessor, obtain me the loan of this coveted habitation, for the short time my body wanted one above ground?"

"This I determined to try: but found obstacles to my scheme even sooner than I had expected. My driver was of the true German breed—an automaton who, throughout the whole length of his stage, could only move according to the impulse received on setting out. The advantage of receiving full payment for a task only half performed, was what his brain refused to conceive: only, he never had heard of people stopping half way on their journey, to turn back to whence they came; and he never should—God helping—lend his assistance to such an innovation. The cane was shaken in vain at this imperturbable idiot,—even the pistol's threatening muzzle made to exert its dumb oratory close to his ear, without the smallest effect. The immoveable *schwager* would rather be shot dead on the spot than submit to become instrumental in the nefarious deed

of turning his horses heads: so that my servant had to pull him at last off his brother brute, and to usurp his lawful place, ere I could effect my retrograde movement:—nor did I consider this as one of the least achievements of my life.

Equally arduous did I, on my return to L—, find the main business which brought me back. The owners of the cottage—dull plodding people like the postboy—wanted time to consider of my singular proposal. They could not resolve on such a measure in a hurry: and the first determination they were able—after much hesitation—to come to, only consisted in a promise of the habitation at a period so remote, that I must have taken possession of a more lasting mansion long ere it arrived. Even when afterwards the wary couple agreed—on the strength of my ill looks, and hollow cough—to let me have the hovel immediately for the whole term of my life, they still evinced some desire of inserting as a clause in the lease, *when* I was to die. At last however, through dint of constantly enhancing my offers, all difficulties were overcome. I took possession of my cot, and my tenacious landlord went away, half grumbling at his good bargain, half grinning at my strange whim, and wondering at the stranger price I paid for its indulgence.

The last stage of my terrestrial journey thus

achieved, the last place of halting on this side the house to be changed no more, thus occupied, I immediately made the few arrangements necessary for the comfort of my transient abode, and sent for a physician from the neighbouring town, to render my bargain as little losing as possible. On examining my symptoms the sage shook his head, and judiciously observed that I might linger a good while yet, or might die very soon: but would do well at all events, to take his medicine. This I received, but took care not to waste on my incurable ailments: notwithstanding which cautious conduct my weakness soon encreased to such a degree, that a walk round my garden became an exertion.

Near me lived a young couple, whom my other neighbours made the constant theme of their praise: —and most disinterested it seemed; for the husband had only gained, by serving his country as a soldier, some severe and painful wounds, while the wife had lost, by preferring the wounded soldier to a hale peasant with a heavy purse, the countenance of all her kindred. In return she had secured the smiles of a large family of her own; and her only embarrassment was how to give her children bread. Of love alone there remained a most plentiful store: but even of this ingredient it was difficult to say

whether, by rendering each consort an object of constant anxiety to the other, it alleviated their sufferings or encreased their solicitude.

To get sight of these worthy people was not so easy as it might seem. They were proud: they liked not a stranger to witness their honourable indigence, and they dreaded the importunate offer of his superfluity. Even when at last—through dint of unabating perseverance—I obtained leave to visit them, they shewed the greatest ingenuity in eluding the drift of my visits. With respect to the state of their finances they were downright hypocrites. One would have supposed they wanted for nothing. Fate however ordained me to collect from their own mouths—without any thanks to their candour—the most practicable mode of relieving their necessities.

Once, on a Sunday evening, as the husband, at rest from the week's labour, and with only the weight of his own little wife hanging on his arm, had sat listening across the fence which divided our properties, to the narrative of some of my adventures, and had heard with equal awe and concern how the soundest parts of my life had been full of death spots; how pride, passion, love and hatred—every feeling, every lure, and every stimulus—had in turns swayed my existence with such

ill-poised force, that each during its reign wholly silenced all the rest, until, exhausted by indulgence, each again left its rivals to take a dire revenge; how by my own ingenuity I had contrived ever to render useless all the gifts profusely showered upon me; and how finally my whole life had been a struggle with a bounteous Providence, which should do and which undo the most,—the little woman at the conclusion of the story fetched a deep sigh, and the husband hereupon giving her a sharpish look, she with a blush observed, what a pity it was, a tale so eventful and so strange should remain unrecorded:—Conrad was so good a penman!

At first I spurned the idea. I had indeed learnt a little of the world, and at my cost; but of composition I knew nothing; and though, in my days of buoyancy and conceit, I might frequently have planned to gratify the world with my motley memoirs, in my days of humiliation and weakness I recoiled from the arduous task. That very weakness, however, at last persuaded me. I was no longer able to take any exercise, and I wanted some occupation sufficiently interesting to prevent a still restless mind from preying upon a feeble and failing body. Besides—I own that I felt a faint wish not to let oblivion wholly blot out of man's remembrance the

name of Anastasius. Nor could the scheme encounter great difficulty on the score of the difference of idiom between me and my destined secretary: for Conrad, educated as a gentleman, had moreover acquired in his campaigns a sufficient knowledge of the French language—our thus far ordinary medium of communication—to write in it correctly what I should dictate.

If therefore I still only caught at the proposal slowly; if I still a while made a shew of outward reluctance survive my inward assent, it was only to obtain on my own terms the assistance proffered—and to extort a right to estimate, at least in a limited degree, my obligations to my scribe, as merchants do the services rendered by their correspondents,—a proceeding, however, so haughtily rejected at first, that I must have despaired of success, but for the soft whisperings of pity in the bosom of my new friends. They saw my frame waste away so fast, that at last they blushed to let an unseasonable—I may say an unsympathising—delicacy, any longer deprive my few remaining days of their only solace; and permitted me to name them in my will. This I eagerly did, and then committed to their care my person and my fame. No sooner was the bargain thus struck, than we sat down. I

dictated,—more or less at a time, according to my strength and spirits—Conrad wrote: and this is the fruit.

Upon the whole the task has afforded me a salutary relief from the tedium of my constrained situation. Only when I have happened, while ruminating upon my own affairs, to cast my eyes upon my honoured scribe—who sits there smiling to be thus himself unexpectedly brought forward, while waiting with uplifted pen the sequel of my meditations—and chanced to catch the stolen glances of affection exchanged between him and his amiable helpmate, working by his side, some drops of bitterness would mix even with this last pleasure. "Such," thought I, "might have been my own fate with my Euphrosyné; and such also . . . . . ," but already Conrad's incipient frown checks my digressing any further.

Once or twice, indeed, encreasing weakness has been near putting a stop to my work, in the midst of its progress. Each time, however, the performance was, after a short interruption, again duly resumed:—and Heaven has at last permitted its completion.

At thirty five I here complete its last page and sentence. At thirty five I take leave of all further earthly concerns: at thirty five I close,

—never more to re-open it—the crowded volume of my toilsome life. In a few weeks, days—perhaps hours—will for ever drop over my person, my actions, and my errors, the dark curtain of death;—when nothing will remain of the once vain and haughty Anastasius, but an empty name, and a heap of noisome ashes.

O ye who tread their scattered remnants!—ere you execrate that name, the theme of so much obloquy, remember my sufferings: be merciful to my memory,—and may Heaven's mercy rest upon yourselves!

Here ends the author's own narrative: what follows has been added from the account of the gentleman he names Conrad.

Anastasius, having completed the last pages of his memoirs with great effort only, fell almost immediately after into an irremediable languor. Every day that dawned now threatened—or rather promised—to be his last: for his existence was become so full of misery, that his end seemed desirable. Yet could not his sufferings—intense as they were—for a moment subdue his fortitude. Never was he heard to utter a syllable of impatience or complaint. Whenever his debility permitted him to converse, the theme was his adored child.

"Were my heart opened"—said he one day—"you would find his name inscribed in its core. In the winning of my Alexis I lost health and strength, but it was the losing of him which gave me the death blow. Now that nothing more remains for me to do but to prepare for my exit, I could have wished—had I been a great man, enabled to indulge all his fancies—to be carried to the spot where he lies, there to breathe my last by his beloved side: but such luxuries an outcast, a homeless wanderer must not think of. Enough for me, when my hour is at hand, to have in his gentle spirit an angel on high, to intercede with his father in Heaven, for his mortal one departing this earth."

The third morning after this speech, Conrad, coming in at an early hour, found not his patient, as usual, on his pillow. Anastasius had made shift to creep out of bed, and was kneeling before a chair on which rested his face. At first he seemed in a swoon:—but, discerning the approach of his friend, he held out his trembling hand to him, and, trying to raise his head, faintly cried out: "Heaven takes pity at last. Thanks, O thanks for all your goodness!"—and immediately relapsed. After a second interval of apparent absence, a second fit of momentary consciousness followed, when Conrad, stooping, heard the poor sufferer utter, but in a

voice almost extinct: "O my Alexis, I come!" and immediately saw his head fall forward again. Conrad now tried to lift him into bed, in order that he might be more at ease. There was no occasion: Anastasius was no more.

His body, laid out—by those who owed to him their restoration to comfort and affluence—in a sort of state, was by them committed to its last mansion with somewhat more solemnity than he had desired. They inherited half his property: the other half had been bequeathed to the poor of the place; and, though staunch Roman Catholics, its inhabitants—it is said—still bless the memory of the young Greek.

Note.

The editor acknowledges that the effect produced by the loss of his child on a man like Anastasius, seemed to him—even allowing for the peculiarity of the adventurer's situation—somewhat improbable, until in Mariner's account of Finow, king of the Tonga islands, he found what power the feelings of nature will sometimes, among semi-barbarous nations, retain even over minds in other respects ferocious and pitiless.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note.

1. p. 5. *Confiscation of the paternal estate:* those who accept offices and titles from the Sultan, are considered as submitting to become his slaves, and giving him an arbitrary right over their lives and inheritance.

2. p. 6. *Bergamo:* the ancient Pergamus.

3. p. 9. *Its immense cemeteries:* among the Turks, in proportion as death extends its conquests, cemeteries are enlarged; and as in the vicinity of great cities the tombs have cypress-trees planted round them, their distant appearance is that of a forest. The burying places which surround Constantinople on all sides are immense; but chiefly those at Scutari; from the predilection which even the Turks of Europe preserve for being buried in Asia.

4. p. 12. *Sultan Mahmoud's horse:* actually interred in the cemetery of Scutari, under a dome supported by eight pillars.

5. p. 16. *Shah-Nishin:* name given to the project-

Note

ing windows or gazebos in use at Constantinople.

6. p. 20. *Halebeen:* from Haleb or Aleppo.

CHAPTER II.

1. p. 44. *St. Mark's dazzling images:* Venetian sequins, stamped with the figure of that saint, and the most current gold coin in the Levant.
2. p. 51. *A light Barbary haïck:* or cotton cloak, worn by the Barbaresques.

CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 110. *Coordish horsemen:* the Coords or inhabitants of Coordistan, lead, like the Tartars, a pastoral and predatory life; and roam all over Asia Minor, for the purposes of pasture and of plunder.
2. p. 110. *Ansariehs:* a tribe supposed to worship the evil spirit, and, unlike the Mohammedans, by no means tenacious of the chastity of their wives and daughters.
3. p. 115. *Kaffié:* small caravan.
4. p. 119. *Yulfa:* a suburb of Ispahan.

CHAPTER V.

1. p. 139. *Bairak:* Turkish standard, or regiment.

Note

2. p. 144. *Serdar:* reception room.

3. p. 148. *Ishallah:* please God!

CHAPTER VI.

1. p. 154. *Kabilé:* small Arab tribe, subordinate to a larger.

CHAPTER VII.

1. p. 185. *Within the fifth generation:* thus far extends in honour the obligation of an Arab to carry his revenge for the slaughter of a kinsman.

2. p. 193. *Haïck:* vide supra, page 51.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. p. 218. *Within three or four Conacks:* or days journey.

2. p. 219. *To untie my horse's legs:* the Arab mode of securing horses during the night, consists in tying their legs to a stake driven in the ground.

CHAPTER IX

1. p. 251. *Turkish Santon:* or itinerant saint, of the sort that travel about, living upon the credulity and superstition of the lower orders.

Note

CHAPTER X.

1. p. 255. *He soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in magic:*—an art believed in by all the Mamlukes, and cultivated by many.
2. p. 275. *A derwish with his sugarloaf cap:* made of felt.
3. p. 280. *Tekkieh:* monastery or building in which the derwishes perform their devout exercises.

CHAPTER XI.

1. p. 281. *Kaflé:* small caravan.
2. p. 281. *Imam:* priest.
3. p. 283, *Cazi-asker*: chief of the order of Turkish magistrates; of which there are two: one for Roumili, and one for Anadoly.
4. p. 283. *Medressé:* Mohammedan endowed college.
5. p. 284. *Khodgea*: teacher, preceptor.
6. p. 284. *Muderrees*: members of the higher departments of the law.
7. p. 286. *Antakieh:* the ancient Antioch.
8. p. 288. *Leaden images*: of their saints, which some of the orders of derwishes distribute.
9. p. 291. *Hadjee-Becktash*: the patron saint of one of the principal orders of derwishes.
10. p. 293. *Malkyané:* (vide vol. first, page 288):

Note

fief of the nature of an *appanage* or jointure.

11. p. 294. *My shaggy hair:* some of the orders of derwishes deviate from the custom of the Turks, in wearing their hair very long.

12. p. 294. *Disturbed all the angels in my beard:* the Mohammedans, from some such prejudice, deem it a sin, after once they have suffered their beards to grow, to cut them off again.

13. p. 295, *Donanmas:* Fêtes given by the Turkish government on the occasion of public rejoicings, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. p. 380. *Spiridion's tablets were composed of the substance so called:—peau d'ane* is the special name given in French to tablets of that description.

2. p. 390. *Its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced:* by the treaty of Tolentino, concluded between the Pope and Buonaparte, the fairest provinces of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and the finest statues of the Vatican, had been ceded to the French.

THE END.

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